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Frontispiece

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FRANCIS LATHROP, the artist, died almost four years ago, bequeathing his entire collection to the Metropolitan Musem of Art. Unfortunately, the conditions of the bequest were such that it could not legally be accepted. The collection of Japanese prints was probably the most important historically ever formed. I have been selling the prints and paintings at private sale, but it takes years to dispose of a collection this size. There are over five thousand prints and almost three hundred paintings still unsold. Among these are many of the finest. The entire net proceeds of this sale go to form a fund to be known as the "Lathrop Fund," to be used to purchase paintings by American artists for the Metropolitan Museum. Every purchaser is therefore a contributor to that fund. This spring I have marked the prices still lower, it being my duty to settle the estate as rapidly as possible, so that a rare opportunity is now offered to collectors.

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COLLEGE ART ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA

THE third annual meeting of this organization, representing over fifty of the leading colleges and universities of the United States, was held in the Assembly Room of the Harper Memorial Library at the University of Chicago on the 29th and 30th of December.

Their purpose is to promote and standardize efficient instruction in the fine arts in the American institutions of higher education.

The opening address of the president of the Association, Professor Holmes Smith, of Washington University, emphasized the necessity of placing the study of the Fine Arts on par with other college subjects, and suggested definite methods of procedure for the organization to this end.

Prof. F. B. Tarbell, of the University of Chicago, presented evidence in Greek sculpture of the free and direct attack on the marble without the modeled lay figure in clay or plaster, from which the finished marble is reproduced by mechanical process in more recent sculpture. His argument was supported by reference to the slight variety in similar forms; by the absence of marks, suggesting mechanical reproduction in unfinished pieces; by tendencies to compose figures out of pieces of marble, rather than in one piece; by the avoidance of division in the marble through conspicuous parts of the sculpture, and by the different depths of background given to different parts of the same frieze, suggesting that no finished model was prepared before the attack upon the stone.

The subject, "Fine Arts as a Requirement for the A. B. Degree" was well presented by Prof. A. V. Churchill, of Smith College. Professor Churchill's assertions that "History has been rewritten on the evidence of fine arts yet undiscovered," was argument for the necessity of a study of these arts by those who presume to know and understand cultural development.

A paper on the subject, "The Teaching of Arts in the College," by Prof. O. S. Tonks, of Vassar College, in which it was asserted that technical work in drawing, painting and modeling had no place in the college course, aroused much discussion.

It was evident from this discussion that a majority of those present favoured technical work as a laboratory process, supplementing the study of theory, history and philosophy of esthetics.

Prof. Arthur Pope, of Harvard University, gave a detailed and illustrated presentation of "Drawing and Painting in College Courses," as developed at Harvard. The purpose of these courses was emphasized as cultural rather than professional and as comparable to methods of teaching English Composition.

The reports of two important committees of the Association, one on "The Investigation of the Condition of Art Instruction in Colleges and Universities," Prof. Allen Marquand, chairman, and one on "College Art Courses," Prof. G. H. Chase, chairman, were referred back to committee for further investigation.

The Association voted affiliation with the American Federation of Arts.

Professor Sargeant, of Chicago University, was elected president of the Associa-

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"FISHING BOATS IN FOG."
FROM AN ORIGINAL LITHOGRAPH
BY CARLOS GRETHE.

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The INTERNATIONAL · STUDIO ·

VOL. LII. No. 205 Copyright, 1914, by John Lane Company MARCH, 1914

PENNSYLVANIA PRE-EMINENT

BY W. H. DE B. NELSON

A PROPER dignity, allied with good tradition envelopes Philadelphia as with a mantle; the flavour of the Republican Court hovers over the city and may be detected in its clubs, its streets and its people. Nowhere is this distinguishing atmosphere more apparent and more beneficial than in the sumptuous building devoted to the Fine Arts, where the 109th annual exhibition is now being held. The occasion is sacrosanct. Artists appear to combine in sending their best work, and everybody of importance and of taste makes a point of bowing to the President on Reception Day and enjoying the good things that the gods offer so profusely. It is so customary to chronicle a good show as to make it unnecessary to state that this year proves no exception. One may go further and say that it is by general acclaim the best exhibition as yet held in Philadelphia, and more enjoyable, too, for the reason that fewer paintings were accepted, whereby the standard of excellence was raised, and the galleries do not present that crowded appearance which spreads boredom and fatigue in the ranks of the visitors. To come to figures, 330 paintings and 189 works of sculpture, 519 exhibits in all, are on view, as opposed to 890 last year and 750 in 1912. Such figures are eloquent witness that the committee of selection for 1914 have used their powers with fine discretion. It stands to reason that some canvases on exhibition strike the observer as below the mark and cause wonderment how they came to be admitted, but they serve a useful purpose in acting as foils and directing the gaze to worthwhile canvases, which are here a-plenty. Great surprises there are none, except, perhaps, the Gold Medal for the best portrait, bestowed upon Robert Henri, which, though merited, was unexpected. The Temple Gold Medal has fallen into good hands. Elmer Schofield, though young in years, has long held the stage with his big concepts, powerfully brushed in, line and mass well adjusted, colour restrained but strong. *Hill Country* and *Waterfall*, both in Gallery F, repre-

Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, 1914

PORTRAIT OF MRS. HAROLD SANDS — BY LEOPOLD G. SEYFFERT

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Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, 1914
STUDY FOR AGNEW CLINIC BY THOMAS EAKINS

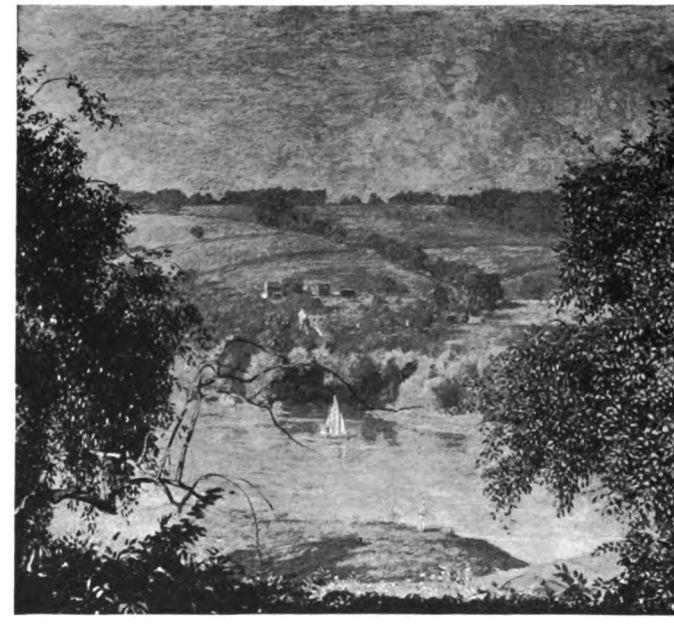
sent him at his best. We consider the latter the better of the two. In the same gallery is a fine contribution by Childe Hassam, *Rainy Day: The Oyster Sloop.*

The portraits by Robert Henri, so reminiscent of Manet, come as a relief from the ordinary portrait painting, which is but a standardized pictorial convention—a replica of the photographer's art. Alas, that so much of this stuff disgraces galleries and exhibitions all over New York and elsewhere!

Mr. Henri's Irish types are full of life and colour, splendidly characterized and modeled. He would do well to subdue a tendency to overpunctuate with dashes of flesh colour of very violent reds and crimsons. This idiosyncrasy forces the beholder to stand at a greater distance than an ordinary room would permit of.

The ability of the Academy to subdivide into small rooms has made it possible to give a display of twenty canvases by Jonas Lie, who lately returned from Panama and caused a sensation at Knoedler's Galleries by the bigness and freshness of his work. William Ritschel shows his *Rocks and Breakers*, which won the Gold Medal at the Winter Academy, New York, and as a pendant a large canvas entitled *Blue Depths: Carmel, California.* As a sea painter, Mr. Ritschell stands deservedly high, and is carving his initials upon the rock of fame. Thomas Eakins' *Study for the Agnew Clinic* is an example of sound portraiture that arrests one willy-nilly and demands homage. It is the fashion to say "Splendid! Magnificent!" whenever a Sargent comes to view, but we must confess that the *Waterfall* leaves much to be desired. After paying respect to the background, there is nothing else in the canvas that soars above mediocrity. M. Jean McLane has two good canvases in Gallery B. Her portrait picture which obtained the Walter Lippincott Prize is a delightful study of insouciant childhood and the yellow tones in the clothes are remarkably luminous. It fairly clamours for popularity; but as a sounder, robuster painting we prefer *Luncheon.* Both are exquisite examples of plein-air portraiture, of which Martha Walter shows herself in *Windy Day by the Sea* to be an excellent exponent.

George Bellows strikes a belligerent note in his *Snow Dumpers*, which is, without a doubt, one of the strongest and most vital pictures of the year. Beauty he despises in art, but the passing show,



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OVER IN JERSEY BY DANIEL GARBER

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PORTRAIT STUDY
BY CECILIA BEAUX

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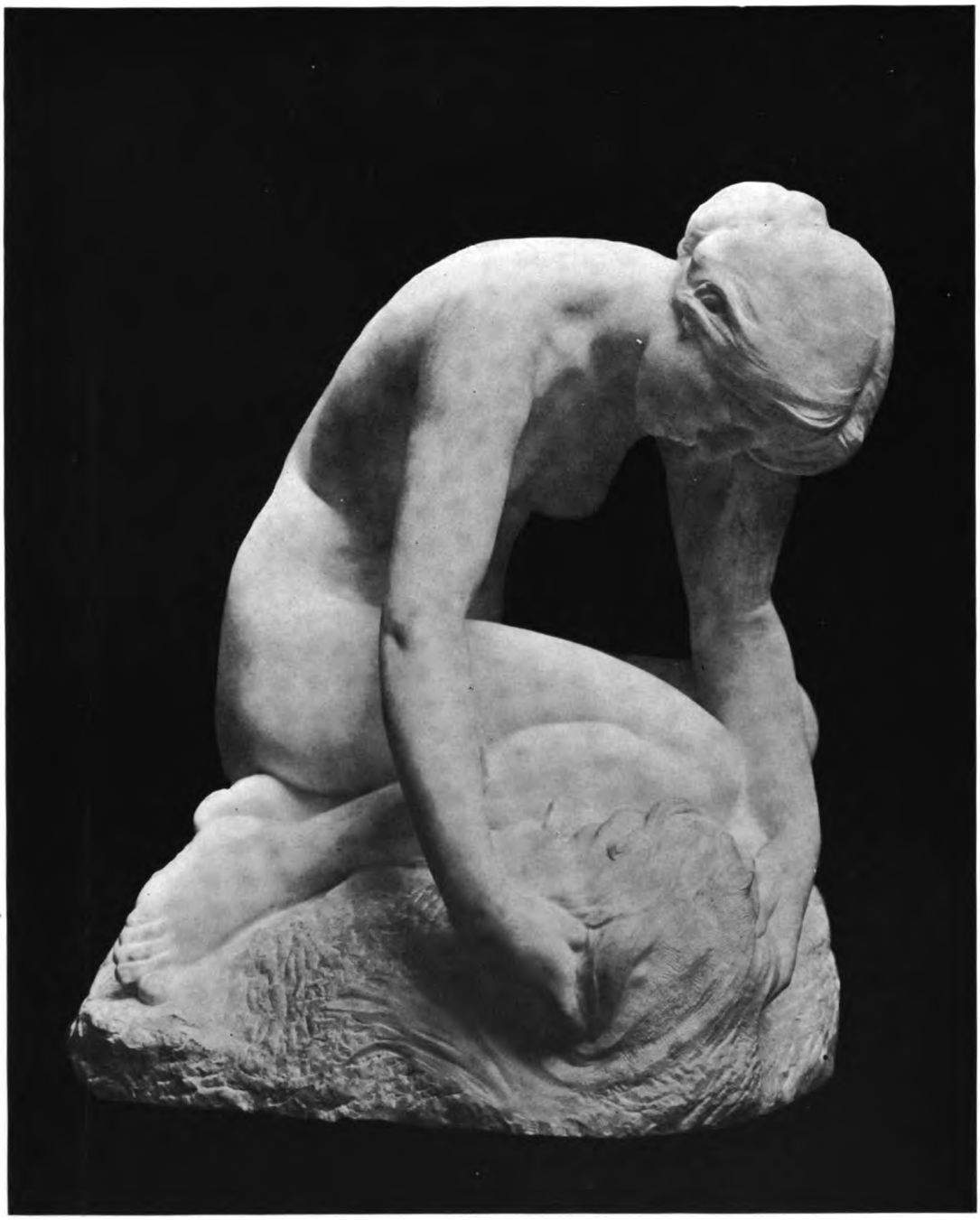

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MUSE FINDING HEAD OF ORPHEUS
BY EDWARD BERGE

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Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, 1914

PLAYFULNESS
BY PAUL MANSHIP

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Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, 1914

WATERFALL

BY WALTER ELMER SCHOFIELD

full of life and movement, is dashed with palpitating colour upon his canvas. Witness *Polo Crowd*. There is no beauty in his people, his ponies nor the colours of his palette, but there is a wonderful feeling of life and energy, which so many of the artists overlook as unimportant, or fail to grasp. Edward W. Redfield is well represented, with fine out-of-door subjects, which will live in the memory long after this exhibition is over. A charming little still life by Emil Carlsen in Gallery H makes us wish that he would leave sea and portraiture sometimes and devote more time to such work, in which he excels. A very prominent picture is Richard E. Miller's *Spring*, a figure in strong light and the tenderest tones of green playing throughout the theme. Leopold G. Seyffert is well represented, having four good portraits in places of honour. The good taint of Whistler is on him, but he has sufficient individuality to be himself.

If subject were the most important consideration in judging a landscape, the Jennie Sesnan Gold Medal would hardly have fallen to Robert Spencer's *Five O'Clock, June*, a group of factory hands quitting work, tall grey buildings of unattractive form as the setting; the weary plod of the toilers, the contrasting life in the fresh greenery of spring, and the dull grey walls, have been finely handled and compel one to halt and admire. We cannot approve Glackens' *Family Party*, despite its cleverness and colour, but his *Bathing Hour* and *The Green Car* are object lessons to those willing to concede a hearing to the ultra-modern school. There is a spontaneity and vigour in the work of these young artists, such as Glackens, Gifford Beal George Bellows, and others, which cannot fail to upraise American art. J. Alden Weir shows a very sympathetic portrait, poetically conceived, called *The Orchid*, which blossom gives the resonant note in the symphony. Among the many excellent painters of snow scenes, such as Scofield, Redfield, Garber and Gardner Symons, must be included Charles Rosen, who is represented by

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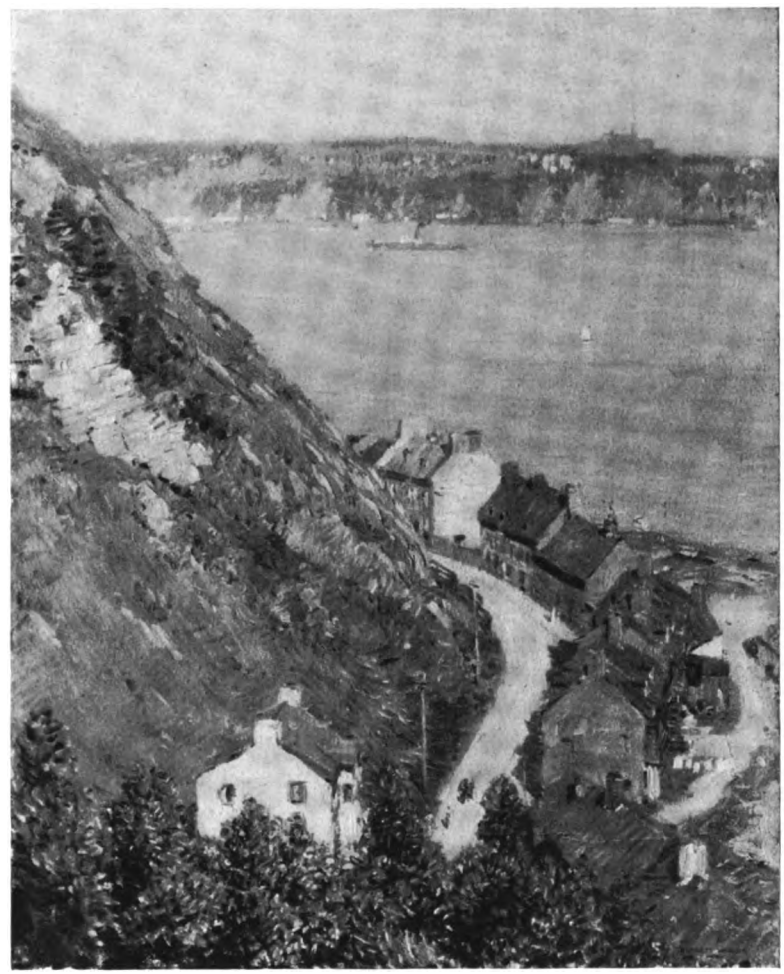
A Winter Morning, good in tone, full of atmosphere, fine in construction. Paul Cornoyer is well represented with *Old New York*. Theodore Wendell has painted strong midsummer light in his much-admired canvas, *The Hayfield*. The mellow mediævalism of Hawthorne is apparent in his two excellent canvases, *The Widow* and *The Lovers*, which so strangely rub shoulders with *The Polo Crowd*—a quaint fellowship of art, indeed! If asked to name the best landscape on exhibition we should be sorely tempted to call Gardner Symons' *Across the River*. The distant bank, topped with trees, the muddy stream and the punts in the foreground make a delightful ensemble; the planes have been well observed, while the tonal quality is excellent. It has all the earmarks of a masterpiece. Gari Melchers shows some good, firm modeling in his mother bending over her babe, entitled *Maternity*. The same subject by Lillian Genth is a splendid contrast. They have selected different types of motherhood and have worked out their motif in a totally different spirit. While Gari Melchers has been attracted by physical forces, Miss Genth has drawn more upon the spiritual suggestions offered. Each has obtained a convincing and charming result. Among the younger portrait painters who are earning strong recognition, Leopold G. Seyffert is showing as many as four canvases, his best portrait, in our opinion, being that of Mr. Charlton Yarnall, pose and treatment being very similar to his last year's portrait of Leopold Stokowski, conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra. It is easy to perceive Mr. Seyffert's artistic parentage, but there is no discredit in following so good an example until strong enough to renounce his discipleship and stand alone.

Adolphe Borie is represented by two well-executed pictures—one, *In Wyoming*, depicts a young Diana of the mountains, figure and landscape in excellent harmony. The other canvas, which is better in characterization, has already been noticed. With regret we missed Henry R. Rittenberg, who is equally clever as portraitist or still-life painter. W. W. Churchill has three canvases in his well-known smooth and distinguished style, which is shared by W. McGregor Paxton, with four to his credit. Both artists are past masters of *la belle pâte*.

In Gallery B one must not overlook Gerrit A. Beneker's *The Wage Earner*, which is a powerful proletarian type, but would be more convincing if the flesh tones had been naturally treated; everything in the canvas has been darkened to call attention to the face and hands, admirably modeled, but in colours that do not belong to the horny-handed toiler. Armin C. Hansen has an excellent painting in *The Belated Boat*. Helen M. Turner's *Summer* has fine decorative quality.



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QUEBEC

BY EVERETT L. WARNER

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TENEMENT MOTHER
BY MARIE D. PAGE

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IN THE VILLAGE
BY EDWARD W. REDFIELD

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BLUE DEPTHS
BY WILLIAM RITSCHEL

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Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, 1914

FOUNTAIN BOY WITH FISH — BY JANET SCUDDER

Place de la Concorde, Paris, by George Oberteuffer, is fine in colour and composition, and has the right local feeling.

McSorley's Ale House, in Gallery E, by John Sloan, shows that no subject is too mean or sordid for a painter's brush; it is a vivid reproach to the idealists and ranks with Glackens, Bellows and Company in being vigorous and vital. Quite a different canvas is *Avatar*, by Arthur B. Davies, which has been described as a tango tea. Allegories bear many constructions, and it is immaterial what Mr. Davies in his medieval consciousness has really evolved, but as an arabesque it is bizarre and attractive in line and rhythm. Good things in Gallery F, as yet unmentioned, are Chauncey F. Ryder's *The Fishing Village;* an excellent portrait by Julian Story; *Sun Mists*, by Willard L. Metcalf; *Surf Snipe*, by Richard Blossom Farley; *Springtime*, by Walter Griffin; Childe Hassam's beautiful design, entitled *The Yachts;* Gretchen W. Rogers' *Young Girl;* and an exquisite flower arrangement by Everett L. Bryant, entitled *Peonies and Iris.*

The Sealskin Muffs, by Josephine Paddock, is a creditable performance, but is far behind her canvas which made such a stir last year in New York, *Miss Trelawney*, also on exhibition. There are not many able seascape painters among the women artists; Alice Kent Stoddard sets a good example in her two exhibits, entitled *Wind and Waves* and *The Equinoctial.*

The sculptors make a strong showing, and much praise is due to the management for the tasteful manner in which the statues and bronzes have been arranged in juxtaposition with the paintings, both gaining by the contrast. Thirteen exhibits represent Grafly's able pupil, Paul Manship, who is carrying everything before him, including the George D. Widener Memorial Medal, awarded to his *Duck Girl, Fountain.* His *Playfulness*, a mother, seated, romping her babe upon her lap, with one limb extended, is a joyous design, splendidly modeled, and one of his best things. Albert Jaegers is seen in his portrait bust of ex-Speaker Joe

Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, 1914

SPRING — BY ADOLPH BORIE

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Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, 1914
POLO CROWD
BY GEORGE BELLOWS

Cannon, a very strong bit of characterization. Albert Weinman shows an heroic portrait bust of Lincoln. Lillian Baer's *Ideals;* Bessie Vonnoh's little Mowgli girl and butterfly; Chester Beach's *Achievement;* Brenda Putnam's *Parting;* Edith Parsons' *Faun* and her plump little *Duck Baby;* the spirited work of Joseph J. Mora, and Mahonri Young's *Scrubwoman* are charming studies both in serious and in whimsical statuary.

THE HUMPHREYS COLLECTION AT THE CARNEGIE INSTITUTE, PITTSBURGH

THIS collection, the property of Dr. Alexander Humphreys, president of Stevens Institute of Technology, of New York, consisting of 158 paintings by 61 American artists, was placed on exhibition at the Carnegie Institute on February 21 for an indefinite period.

The history of American landscape art can readily be traced in this notable collection.

For many years Mr. Humphreys has been gathering together paintings by Americans, and to-day his collection ranks with such famous ones as those made in past years by Thomas B. Clarke and T. T. Evans.

The one hundred and fifty-eight pictures which have been selected from the Humphreys collection to be shown in Pittsburgh are his choicest paintings, and will give a fine opportunity for a fair judgment of the work of American painters. Many of these painters have pictures in the permanent collection of Carnegie Institute, or have exhibited in the International exhibitions. One of the unusual features of this exhibition is a group of water-colours by Winslow Homer. As many people consider Homer even more remarkable as a water colourist than as a painter in oils, this group will attract especial attention. Among the paintings by the earlier men, the Dr. Humphreys collection contains seven pictures by Wyant, three by Inness, eight by Martin, three by Fuller, three by Hunt, three of Theodore Robinson's, twelve by Ranger, nine of Murphy's and two of Twachtman's. And of the later men there will be four pictures by Dessar, eleven by Dearth, seven by Dougherty, three of Walker's, three by Childe Hassam, four of Daingerfield's.

Director Beatty has done a great thing for American art in attracting such a splendid group of paintings, of which we shall have more to say in a later issue, along with a reproduction of Winslow Homer's *A Voice from the Cliffs.*

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Exhibition of Western Artists, 1913-1914
THE CLOUD BY L. H. MEAKIN

THE SOCIETY OF WESTERN ARTISTS, 1913–1914
BY ERNEST BRUCE HASWELL

It too often happens that to reflect analytically upon art is to reflect after the manner of the mirrors in the temple of Smyrna, which represent the fairest images as deformed. But there is a truth of vision that is the result of frequent short visits, and with this has come the realization that in the 1913 exhibition of the Society of Western Artists, there is not an "exceptional" canvas. Now this is indeed a relief, in a day when the craze for cleverness, brilliancy and stunning performance seems to have got hold of us. Here is a group of painters, pure and simple, keenly alive to the suggestions of light and atmosphere, the pictorial quality of facts, the capabilities of whatever can display the especial powers of the medium in which they work. As usual, the landscape predominates. Sincerely painted bits of gorgeously tinted shore and hill, shimmering sands and amethyst peaks lend a pomp of colour to this year's exhibition.

Leading this pageant of colour are the canvases of Forsyth and Meakin. William Forsyth this year reveals more than ever the wealth of his resources. Bold, free and strong, as well as sympathetic, his landscapes run the whole scale of reds and yellows, shading into rich browns.

As some rare human friends, the canvases of L. H. Meakin seem always at their best. More than ever he has concerned himself with colour. It is not the colour of that mountain side that he tells us in *An Effect of Rain*, nor the greyness of that cloud within a cloud, but of colour in its infinite combinations. This he does in a manner individual and poetic—attempting no striking pictorial effects, but dealing with the more delicate and fleeting aspects of nature with reticence, tenderness and truth.

Full of richly harmonic beauty is *A Pool*, by Clifton A. Wheeler, overshadowed by trees through whose tangled branches an occasional gleam of retreating sunlight filters. His *In the Garden*, another canvas done in an entirely different spirit, is clever, but not altogether satisfactory.

Two distinctly different notes are struck by Hurley and Anderson. The radiant glow of joyous sunshine on shrubbery and trees and distant figures in light attire have been very effectively set down by Martinus Anderson, in two pictures of

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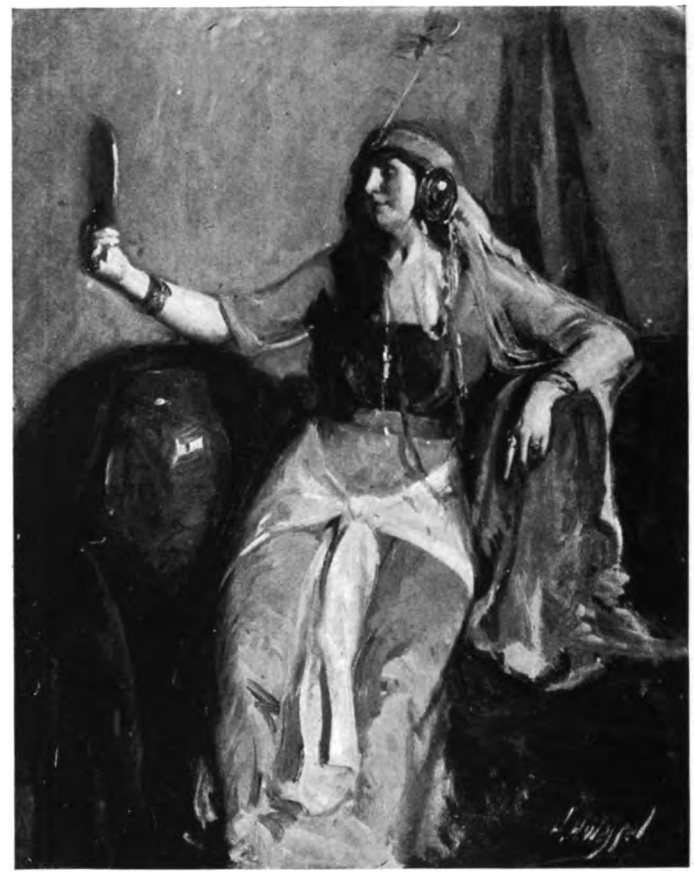
much warmth and simple colour scheme, while in direct contrast is E. T. Hurley's *Contentment*, full of the quiet beauty of snow-covered spaces, pervaded with blue as with the smoke of incense; though this same blue has caused the picture to suffer from a certain monotony of colour. Though fine in composition, E. H. Wuerpel's *Symphonies* possesses this monotony along with a solidity that renders rather flat what should be atmospheric.

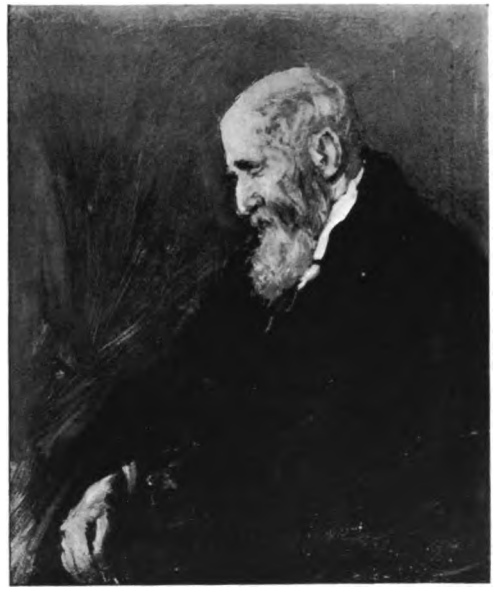
Fred G. Carpenter undoubtedly has an interesting style, but secondary to this and to every other quality is the placement of the figures in the space that they are to decorate. His work may fitly be called epigrammatic. And aside from a brilliant superficiality, he seems to paint only for applause of performance. Characterized by a decorative realism united with good draughtsmanship and subjective interest, the sketches of Parisian life by Maud Squires are distinctly personal and infinitely more serious.

There is a sober brilliancy about the pastels of Otto Stark—never an over-insistent note. In *Twilight* and the *Afterglow* he realizes the rich harmonies of the evening light on sky and water. It is a poetic realism, an ability to grasp more than the visible beauties of nature that ever pervades his work. It cannot be said that T. C. Steele is at his best. His *March in the Woods* and *Early Spring* are just a little too autumnal.



Exhibition of Western Artists, 1913-1914

ORIENTAL STUDY BY HERMAN WESSEL



Exhibition of Western Artists, 1913-1914

AN OLD MAN BY CARL G. WALDECK

Two works of similar tonality and similar sentiment by Hanson Puthuff and Edgar Payne, both depicting belts of woodland and undulating, dim forms of mountains, remind one forcibly of Wendt. If these men have been influenced by him, they may be said to have derived from Wendt and not to be unworthy of the descent.

As with previous exhibitions, very few portraits are shown, but there is a depth, strength and seriousness about Carl G. Waldeck's head of an old man, while Gustav von Schlegell and Fred G. Gray deserve mention. Pauline Palmer has painted a portrait of her mother in a crisp as well as sympathetic manner. Symon's *Bridge* displays that indefinable essence of greatness that

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one always feels in standing before his canvases. yet the composition is unsatisfactory. Brown has in *Gathering Clouds* grasped the mighty aloofness of the desert and the loneliness of waste places. Entirely different in spirit but no less fine and painterlike is Corwin's *Grey Day*. Gloucester Harbour stretches out before us, with here and there a boat standing out against the still luminous water Another interpretation of the same scene by Herman Wessel is full of breadth and spontaneity. Still better is an *Oriental Study* of his, rich with blues and wine reds, truly Oriental, without a touch of the bizarre.

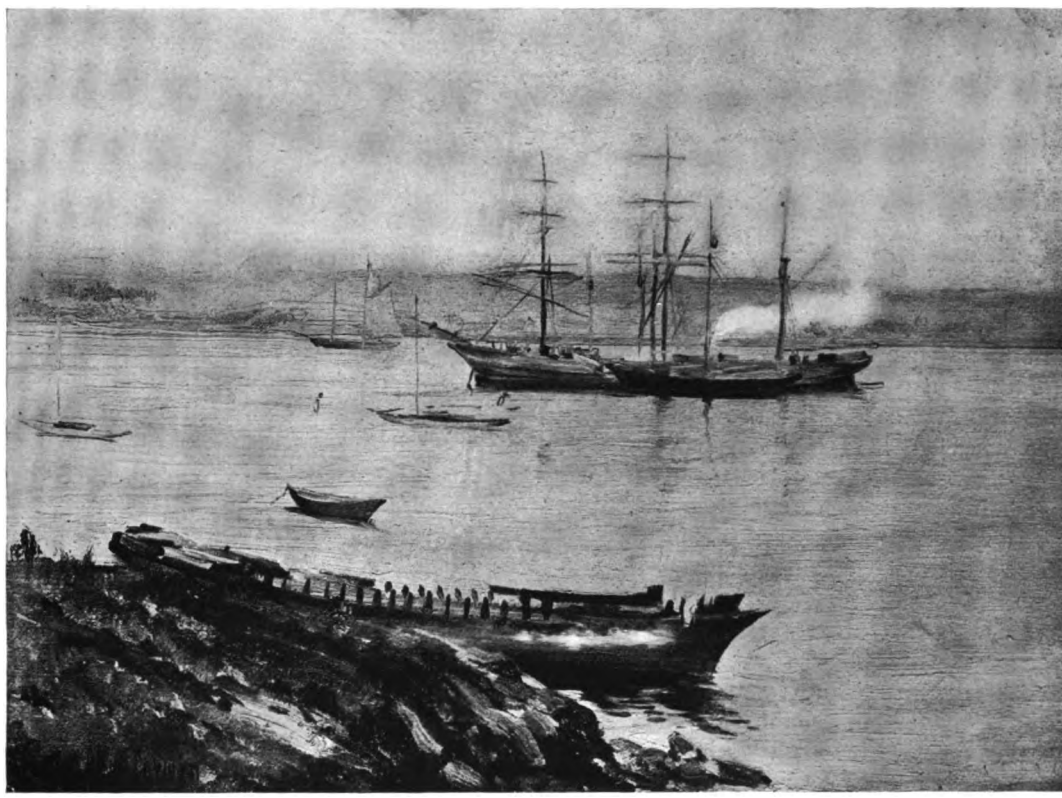
Always grasping something above the mechanics of her craft, Alice Schille this year has painted *St. Germaine des Pres* with her characteristic sense of the effect of mass and proportion.

J. H. Sharp occupies a unique position in American art. Never relying upon daring innovations, he paints the Indian with a truthfulness and technical skill that will cause his work to be valued, not only as a record of a fast-disappearing race, but as distinctive American art. From his studio in New Mexico he has sent two canvases.

Most effective is *The Pastoral* by C. F. Galt, with its glow of sunlight on soft brown limbs and a piping, goat-footed Pan. Another figure piece by Dawson Watson, lacking in colour and drawing, falls far short of that painter's usual charm. Disappointing, too, is Adam Emory Albright's *Silver Sea*, too prettily picturesque and far inferior to *Big Fish up the Creek*. In this he successfully combines restraint with vitality and delicate notes of colour with force of expression. The same might be said of C. F. Brown's *Autumn Clouds*.

An Afternoon Call by W. M. Clute and two marines by Paul M. Gustin deserve acknowledgment. There is only one piece of sculpture, the work of Clement J. Barnhorn, done for the Seamen's Institute in New York. The interpretation of the subject *Christ Walking on the Water*, displays tenderness and fine idealism.

The lack of sculpture, portraits and etchings is to be regretted. Of the latter Earl H. Reeds's *Highway of the Wind* displays poetic as well as substantial treatment. A number of other craftsmanlike etchings were contributed by Cecilia M. Stuever and E. T. Hurley. In short, a most excellent exhibition, in spite of the deficiencies named above.



Exhibition of Western Artists, 1913-1914

GREY DAY BY CHARLES ABEL CORWIN

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Exhibition of the Work of Clarkson Dye

THE CLOUD — BY CLARKSON DYE

A RECENT EXHIBITION OF THE WORK OF CLARKSON DYE IN SAN FRANCISCO

THE recent exhibition of the work of this western painter at the H. Taylor Curtis Art Rooms in San Francisco, proved an interesting note among the displays of the year, and was marked by peculiarities that caused varying comment.

It has been assumed that a painter must confine himself to but one metier—must look out into nature from but one window, so to speak. But the attention was arrested here by diversities in treatment which, in a lesser artist, would be harshly criticised. Yet, even the sternest critic must admit, that the sincerity with which the various themes are handled, is ample justification for what some would term the painter's idiosyncrasies of expression.

The big, distinctive note that pervaded the canvases was the evident search in nature for elusive moods; as if scorn were accorded his subjects in any state but that of sunny smiles, of outbursts of passion or great restfulness. This was exemplified by five paintings of Mount Tamalpais, each with a widely varying record of temperament. One, *Glory of Dawn*, showed the earliest beams of the sun on the mountain, dispelling the mists and rosy clouds above; another, *The Invader*, handled with much dignity and restraint, revealed mists of cold fog, rolling in vast columns and filling the valley below. *Cloud Capped Tamalpais*, *Toward Evening* and *Fog-Banks*, showed the same search for temperament in nature and were generally admired.

If any adverse criticism of these paintings were earned, it might have been in the inclination to hardness; but this inclination was not disagreeably prominent and it is felt that it is not permanent. Even where these faults occurred, one found recompense in the certainty of draughtsmanship and effective distribution of light and shade. It is felt that the pictures have expressed everything that the artist had wished to say, not always graciously, perhaps, but with precision, directness, and irresistible appeal.

There were twenty-one canvases in the exhibition. Outside of the ones referred to, the most striking were *The Cloud*, *Old Colombo Market* (just before day-break) and *The Old Home* (moonlight).

Local critics unite in perceiving a leaning toward the style of Inness and Keith, without, however, any reminder of these artists in either theme or treatment.

E. S. L.

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THE SENEFELDER CLUB AND THE REVIVAL OF ARTISTIC LITHOGRAPHY.

In the revival of artistic lithography, the Senefelder Club has played no small part—yet the Club has grown out of the revival—the revival is not due to it. But like other movements, when the time came, the Senefelder Club was ready, springing full-born from the lithography of the past, full of the traditions of the past—and full too of the life of the present.

But far more is due to the encouragement given to artistic lithography by the Editor of The Studio from the very first number, in which was a print by R. W. Macbeth, and this was followed by a long series—a series which continued for many years—of distinguished drawings in lithography made by artists of distinction, prominent among whom was Whistler, and Whistler practised lithography not as so many have done, because they thought it the thing, but because he found it a sympathetic, responsive medium. His lithographs were always appreciated by the few but their reception by the many was mixed. "Piccadilly," in which by lithography he hoped to appeal to the public, collapsed almost with the first print. True, "The Whirlwind," a now forgotten paper, carried on a cyclonic existence at the price of a penny a number for some months, but even the fact that Whistler contributed three lithographs to it could not keep it alive though his prints sold out the numbers containing them, mainly to careful collectors, who have since unloaded their copies at many hundred per cent. profit—as your collector sometimes does. Whistler's hope that he could appeal to the people through lithography, and by cheap publications, was rudely dispelled, and he soon found that those who collected his lithographs were the same as those who treasured his etchings, and that though lithographs could be, like etchings, printed in unlimited numbers, the people cared nothing for them and when so printed the collector of the time would not have them. To stop or discourage this cheapening, lowering, of lithographs is one of the aims of the Senefelder Club. But in those far-away days there was a feeling for art among artists, and there were two or three artists—Whistler, Keene, Beardsley—artists who were something more than shopkeepers running swell shops called studios. They wanted to publish their works, and lithography was in the air, and lithographs appeared month after month in The Studio, "The Art Journal," "The Magazine of Art," "The Albemarle," "The Pageant," "The Savoy." Even the names of most of these publications are forgotten, all save The Studio are dead. Then came the centenary of lithography and the great exhibitions in London at South Kensington, in Paris, and in New York at the Grolier Club. The painters, who are always all there, rushed in, made their one lithograph at the bidding of F. Goulding and the Academy, and were sure it would bring them fortune and maybe fame, which did not so much matter, but as neither one nor the other arrived at once, they abandoned lithography immediately; it did not pay—pay, pay, pay, is the cry of the painter in the land; even the Academy, which had endured lithography, spurned it, and critics ignored it, or, in their ignorance, described it as a pleasing fashion of reproduction. Dealers mostly would have nothing to do with it—it was only lithography, a commercial process, oblivious of the fact that their pockets were filled by the fabrications of the most commercial etchers. Portfolios were issued, posters were made, books were illustrated by lithography. A few artists, following Whistler—Legros, Shannon, Thomson, and Rothenstein—took it up, some even getting presses and doing their own printing, but scarce any one wanted their prints. Neither the people nor the prophets would have lithography, the presses were abandoned and the prints remained in the artists' portfolios or the cabinets of the dealers.

There were other and more vital reasons why the revival of artistic lithography was so long in coming: mystery and expense drove most artists from it. I doubt if it will be believed, but it is a fact, that until Whistler had some of his lithographs printed in Paris he saw nothing of etching or printing them; he made a drawing either on stone or paper, handed it to the printer and then he knew nothing more—and was not allowed to see anything more—till he got a proof of it; at least, this was the case during many years. In one shop where he worked there was a closed door which opened to none but the proprietor and the printer, never to the artist. He succeeded in lithography, but it was because he triumphed over this secrecy and mystery: he succeeded despite it—most others succumbed to it.

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And it was not until the County Council started classes in lithography, ably carried on by Mr. Jackson, that the secrets and the mysteries were exposed and found to be mostly made up of lemon juice, trade unionism, stale beer and hide-bound stupidity. And then text-books began to be published, and really the great encouragers of lithography, as they have described themselves and been described, began under the instruction and direction of artists to learn a little themselves. The revival of artistic lithography has come about despite the difficulties caused by professional lithographers, not because, as is usually said, of their encouragement. For the British lithographer as a rule loathes the artist and hates to have him about.

From the schools comes the "Neolith," a magazine illustrated, written and printed entirely by lithography. Some of the more brilliant younger men found in lithography, in the "Neolith," a most sympathetic method of work and they have continued to practise it with success ever since. Soon they found another difficulty besides secrecy; that had broken down, but they could not break down expense, which has been in the hands of some of these worthy advocates of the artistic importance of lithography—provided the lithographs were printed in their shops—the great reason why the revival of artistic lithography has been so long in coming about—artists in this country could not afford to practise it. And the loudest advocates charged the highest prices for their work, and sent in their bills promptly, and then two things happened: the faint-hearted and light-pocketed were driven away, while those who cared and had money enough bought presses of their own. Will it be believed that some of the British firms which most loudly were calling upon artists to come to them and practise the art charged those who came more than American prices, and twice as much as equally good work is done here for by workmen with no arty-and-crafty-pretensions? I do not say that in every case the professional printer was a drawback. Thomas Way drew Whistler's attention to lithography; he helped the artist, and Mr. Bray, the printer, carried out his instructions. But had Whistler been allowed to work in the shop instead of spending his time in the office waiting for proofs, to etch his plates, and to stand over the printer, we should have had more and more remarkable lithographs from him. As for the rest of us we were simply driven away by the cost of printing. With one's own press and a capable printer, one can do for eighteenpence what some of these encouragers of lithography charge twenty-five shillings for doing, after the artists have told them how to do it!

These are then the reasons why the revival has been so long on the way. But now the artists have broken open the closed door between the office and the shop, have been given fair prices, laughed at the stupid regulations of the trade union—will it be believed, in this country a printer may not move a stone under penalty of something happening to him from the union?—and there are men in each shop who do nothing else but count stones. Artists have studied in the schools, bought their own presses, found new ways of working, and the revival has come about, the tide has turned. We have had much to contend with—the apathy, the unwillingness till lately of most dealers to sell, to show, or even to have in their shops or galleries a lithograph. If you asked them why—they were too big. You pointed out that the badder and bigger an etching was the better and quicker it sold; that a good lithograph might be big—that some of the biggest were the best. Well, nobody wanted them. Finally the reason, the real root of the matter, was disclosed. Dealers—there always have been exceptions—did not want lithographs because they finally confessed if they sold them, as they easily could, it would interfere with their trade in real hand-made manufactured, boomed and inflated-priced copper plates which they happened to control, or the hack they owned who turned them out. Therefore, till lately, collectors were warned against the lithograph, and as most collectors are the products of most dealers, they did as they were bid and avoided the lithograph. Here, too, there have been exceptions and there are now many notable collections of lithographs being formed both publicly and privately. Another matter; little as the average art criticism of this country is worth, if it is of no artistic value it is useful as an advertisement; but most British art critics' art writing is confined to oil paint—and among oil painters to their pals—or else they belong to a family of parrots who all repeat the same prattle and syndicate it round the country. These critics, not knowing anything about art, fight shy of lithography and still refuse to notice it, and we lose much amusement, because some of them have become from sad experience rather conscious that when they write they make themselves ridiculous. So knowing nothing, they ignore—instead of finding out about—lithography.

On the other hand, there are some admirably equipped critics in the country who now realise the importance of the graphic arts and lithography

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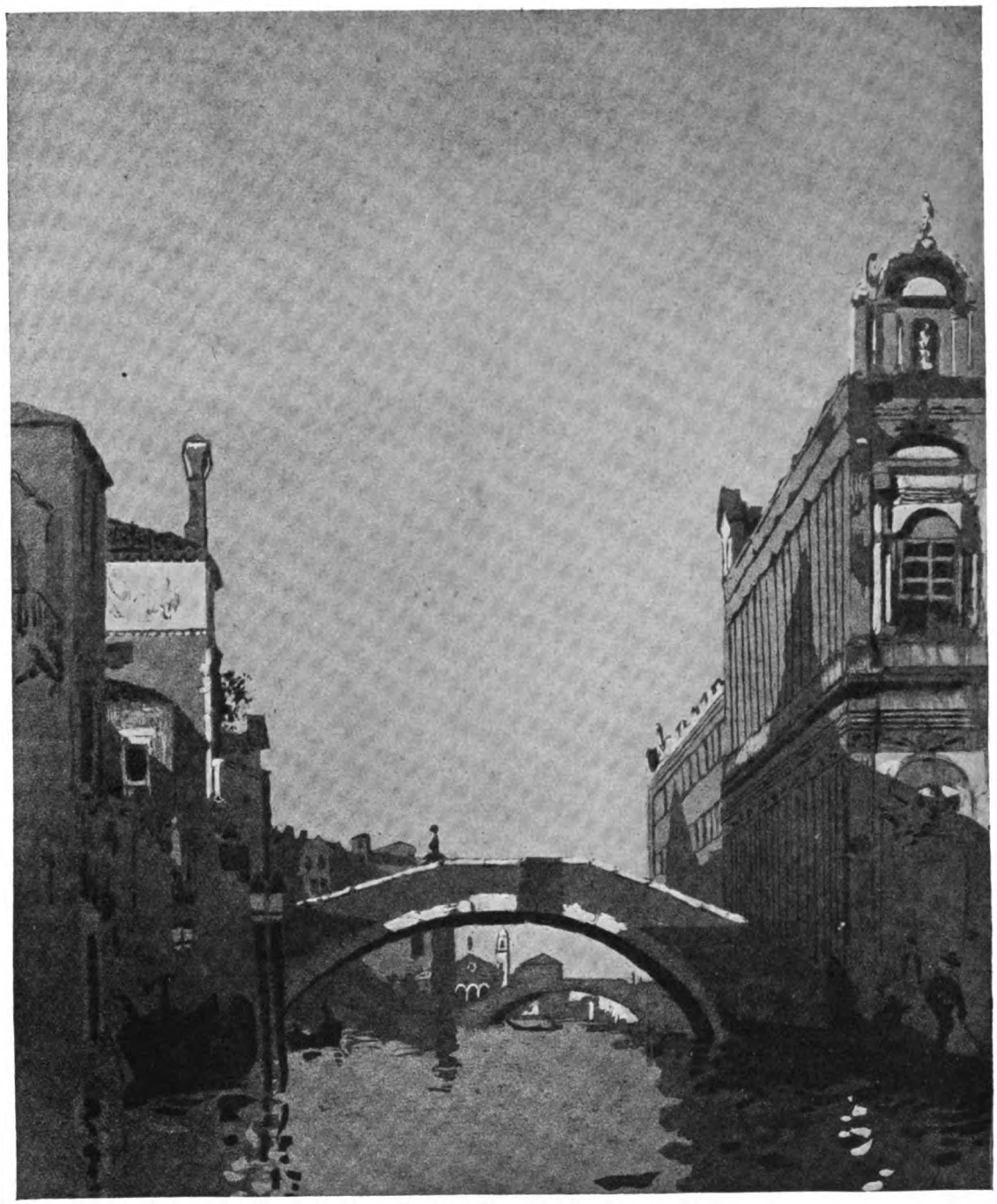

(Senefelder Club Exhibition, 1913)

"IL PONTE." FROM AN ORIGINAL LITHOGRAPH BY J. KERR-LAWSON

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amongst them. In the British and South Kensington Museum collections under the present able keepers of the departments of prints; in German, French and Italian Galleries; and in the great collection in the Library of Congress at Washington the best modern examples of the revival of lithography are being gathered together. And there are dealers now who show the works of living men, and who are proving that lithography is as vital, as personal a form of art as etching or engraving.

It was to break away from the professional printer, to educate the critic, to help the collector, to win the support of the dealer—and above all to do the best work we could—and, as our rules say, to "encourage artistic lithography," that the Senefelder Club was started at a meeting called some five years ago in the studio of J. Kerr-Lawson. A little group of four men soon got together and founded the club—A. S. Hartrick, F. Ernest Jackson, J. Kerr-Lawson, and myself. We took a studio, bought a press and hired a printer. We would not only print our own designs, but for a consideration those of embryo lithographers, who would hang about the door, waiting their turn to use the press, there would soon be more presses and copperplate presses, and finally wealth beyond the dreams of Matisse and all his backers and it should all come out of the Senefelder Club. But before all this came to pass the proprietor of the studio wanted it for a kindergarten. The press was taken over by one of the four as a bad debt, the printer vanished, and so did all this part of our programme. We broke in the door of the professional printer, or bought presses. Mr. Marchant became our agent, and we added members to our little society. In the five years of our history we have seen artistic lithography again restored to its right rank among the fine arts; we have succeeded in adding to our membership such practising artists as Anthony Barker, H. Becker, F. Brangwyn, John Copley, Miss Gabain, John McLure Hamilton, Miss Hope, Spencer Pryse, D. A. Wehrschmidt, in fact all the artist lithographers of Great Britain who have made a name for themselves, save Rothenstein, Shannon and Sullivan, and we hope ere long they will be amongst us as they are with us. The directors and keepers of the Luxembourg, the Print Rooms of the British and Victoria and Albert Museums and of the Library of Congress have become honorary members, and we have a lay membership of over one hundred. We have a home at the gallery of Goupil and Co. in London, where our fifth exhibition has just been held. We have given forty-five exhibitions in the Provinces, on the Continent, and in the United States, and several in London. As a Society, we have exhibited in almost all the great national and international exhibitions, on several occasions representing this country. And we have found a practical printer whose pleasure and pride it is to help us in our experiments and let us work freely in his shop.

We feel that to have accomplished these things in five years is something to be proud of. But we are proudest of the fact that, through the Club, we have in this country helped to bring about the revival of artistic lithography. Another great factor in our favour has been the recent developments in technique and mechanism, developments which will bring the artist again in touch with it. Lithography languished for years because the original artist was forced out of the art by the professional litho-artist, a copyist usually skilled in the highest degree, capable of anything but making a work of art, though some distinguished artists were trained as lithographers. Then it was taken up by commerce and that came near killing it, and another blow was struck by wood engraving, for a lithograph until yesterday could not be printed with type as a wood or process block can, and in an age when every "work of art" is founded on cheapness and hustle, lithography was out of it. Within a few months all this has been changed. Not only can a lithograph now be printed on an ordinary press with type, but the photographer, the curse of modernity, and the engraver, usually no better, have been completely eliminated, and in a short while the artist's lithograph will, as an illustration, be given straight into the reader's hands. Whether he will have the sense to appreciate it, doesn't so much matter, but all artists will, and this will cause the greatest revival of artistic lithography and it will come about in the immediate future. Other causes for the revival are the improvements in transfer paper, and the wonderful discovery of the method of transferring—but at the same time preserving—the artist's drawings. Senefelder speaks of this, but it has only been practised within the last few years.

Still now we can say, in the words of Senefelder our patron, with which he closed his invaluable book: "The Complete Course of Lithography" (1819), "I desire it [lithography] may spread over the whole world bringing much good to humanity through many excellent productions, and that it may work toward man's greater culture, but that it may never be used for evil purposes. This grant the Almighty. Then may the hour be blessed in which I created it."

JOSEPH PENNELL
(President, Senefelder Club).

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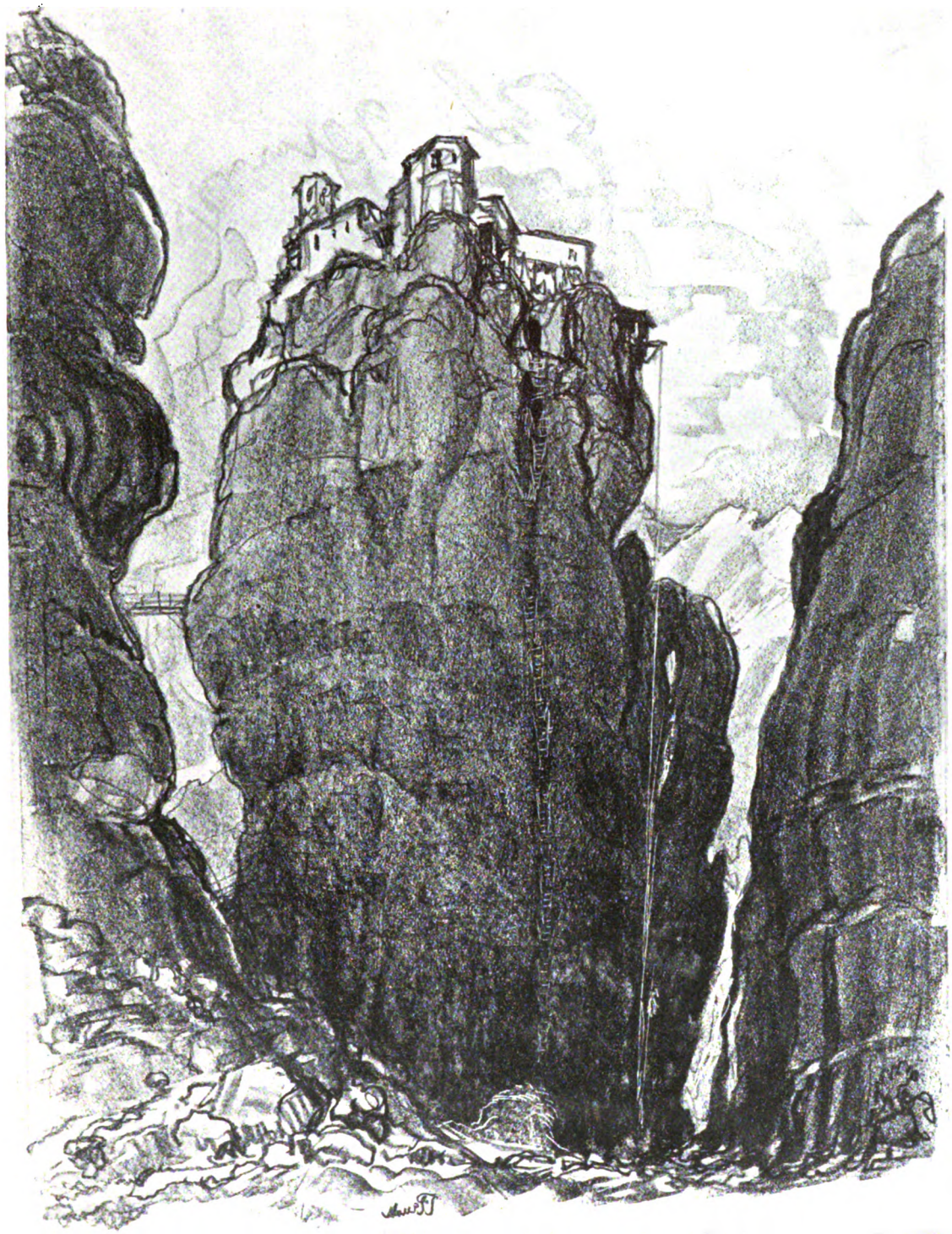

"THE HOME OF THE BAA LAAM IN THE LAND OF THE CASTLES IN THE AIR, METEORA." FROM AN ORIGINAL LITHOGRAPH BY JOSEPH PENNELL

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"THE CONNOISSEURS." FROM AN ORIGINAL LITHOGRAPH BY OTTO GREINER

(Senefelder Club Exhibition, 1913)

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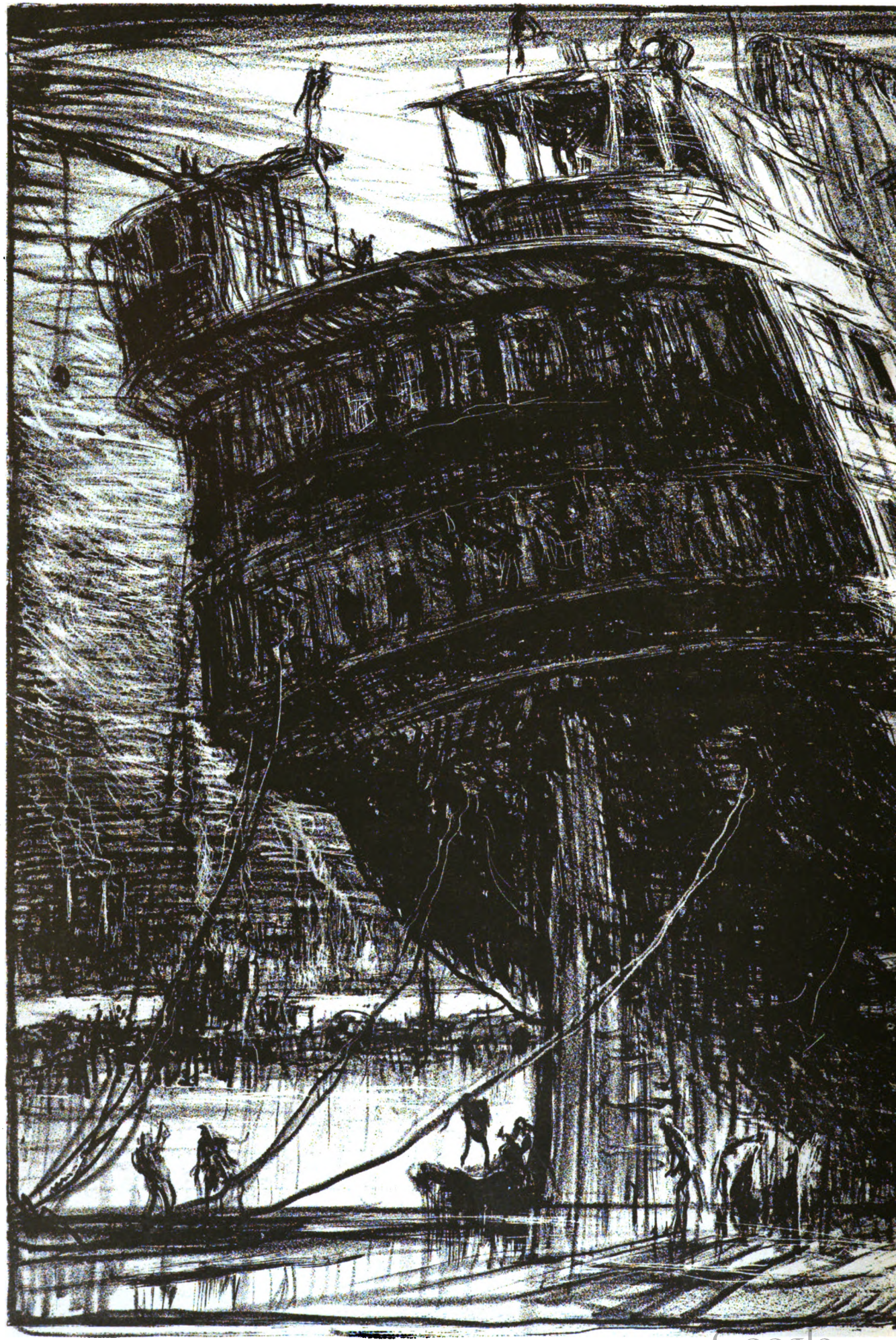

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"Breaking up the Caledonia" Auto-Lithograph by Frank Brangwyn, A. R. A.

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"THE MAN ON THE HILL." FROM AN ORIGINAL LITHOGRAPH BY A. S. HARTRICK

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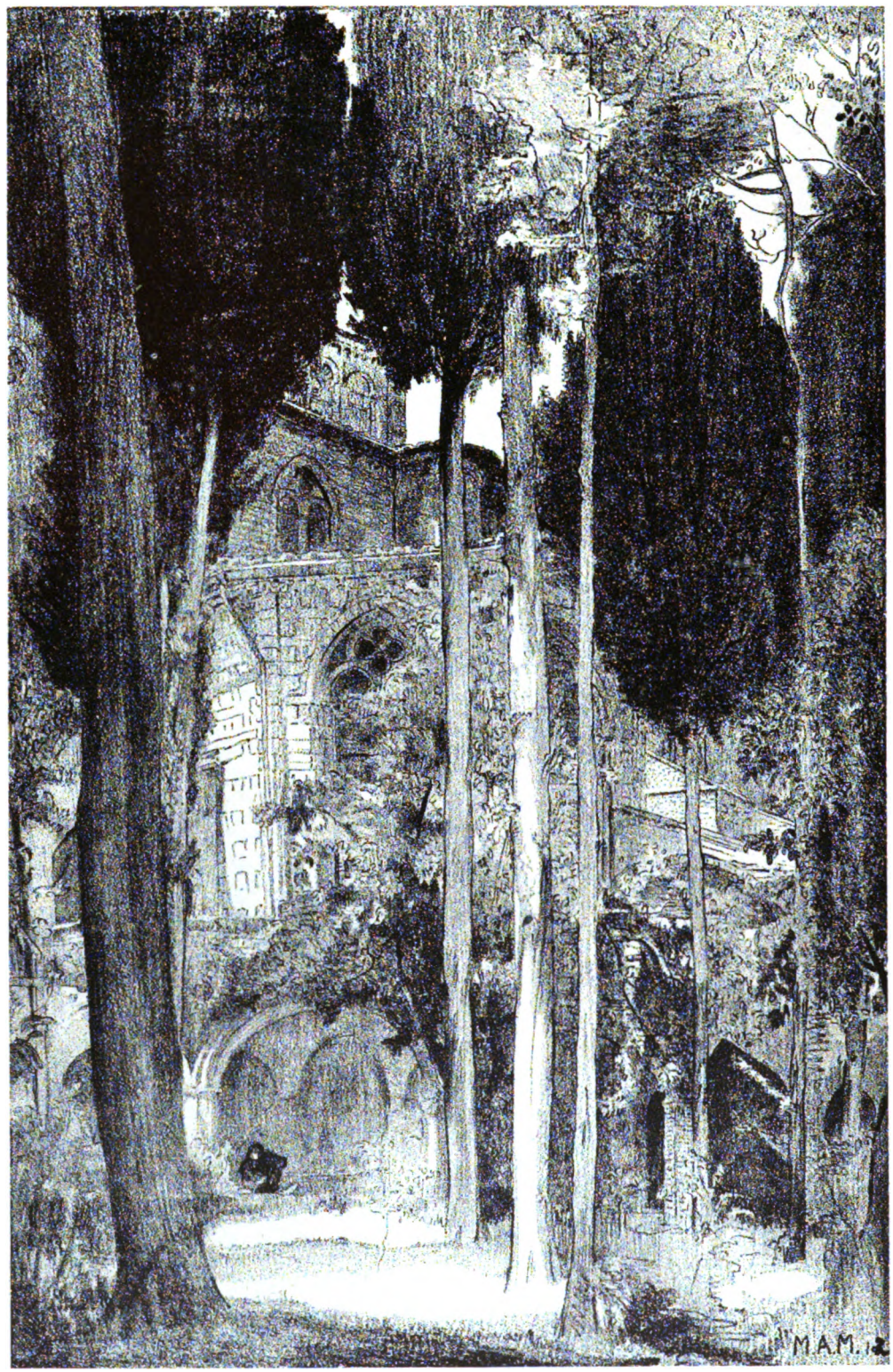

"THE MONKS' CEMETERY, SAN FRANCESCO, ASSISI." FROM AN ORIGINAL LITHOGRAPH BY MAUD A. MATHERS

(Senefelder Club Exhibition, 1913)

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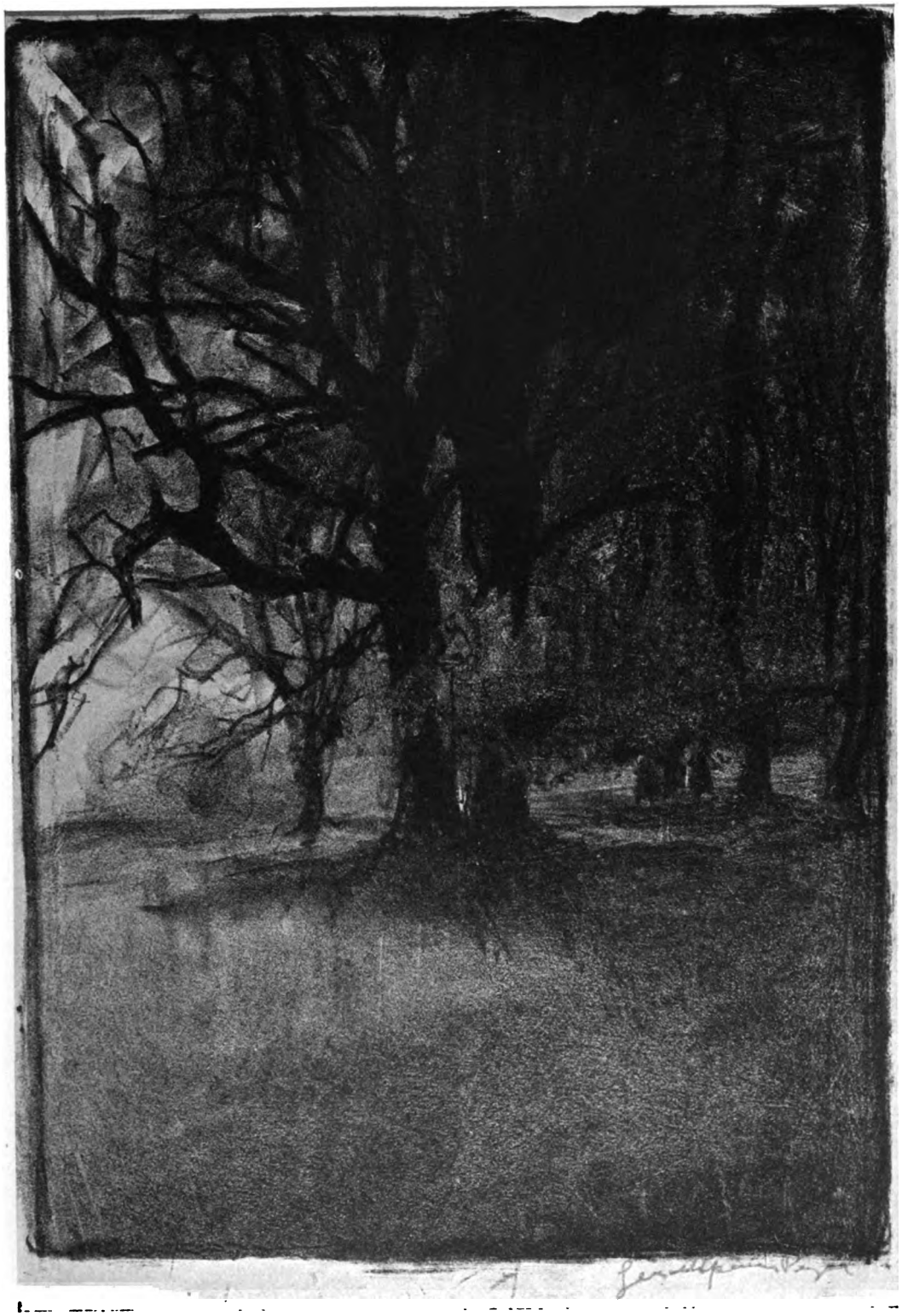

(Senefelder Club Exhibition, 1913)

"THE ELMS AT EASTON GREY"
FROM AN ORIGINAL LITHOGRAPH
BY G. SPENCER PRYSE

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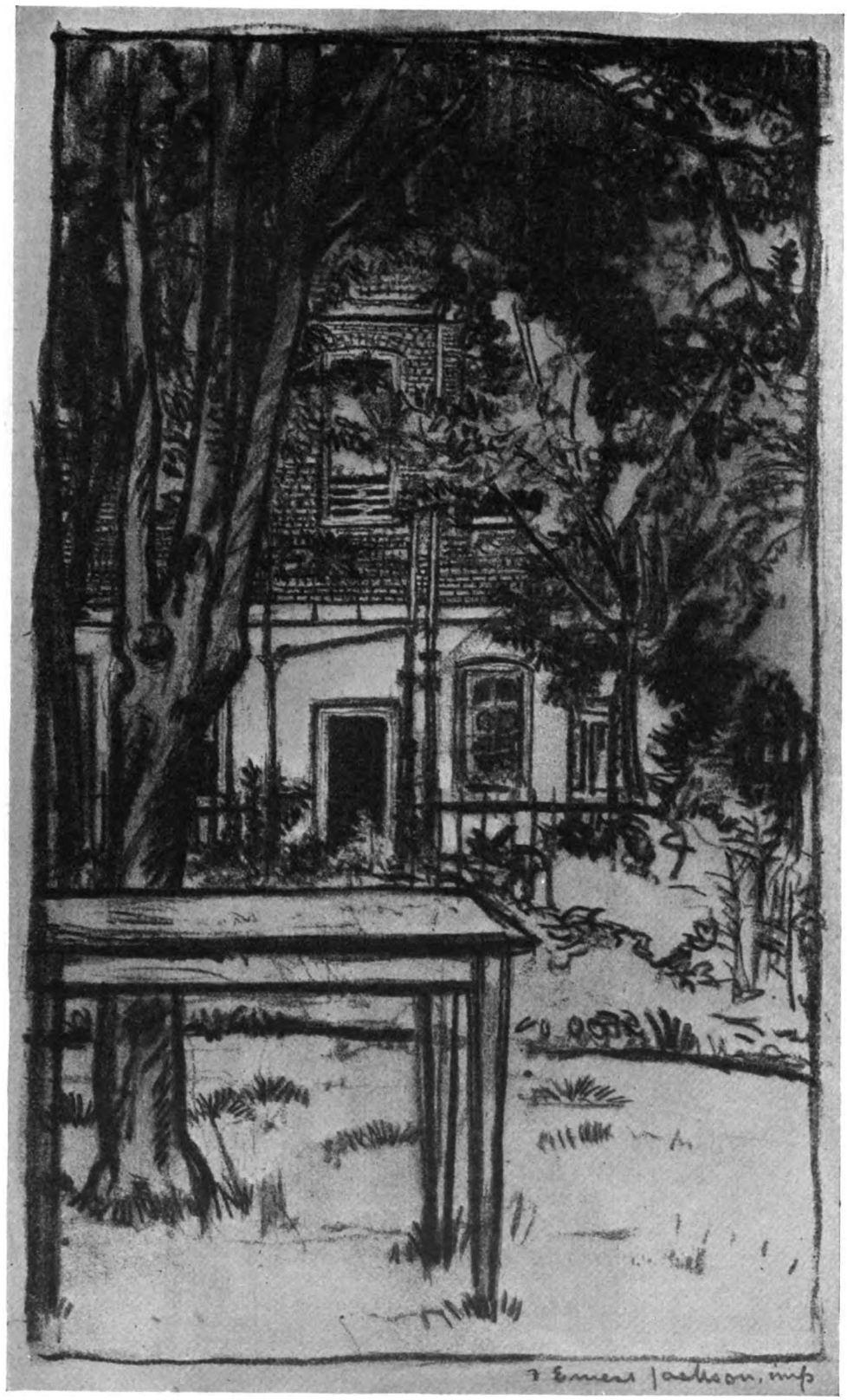

"THE BACK-DOOR." FROM AN ORIGINAL LITHOGRAPH BY F. ERNEST JACKSON

(Senefelder Club Exhibition, 1913)

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(Senefelder Club Exhibition, 1913.)

"MEDITATION." FROM AN ORIGINAL LITHOGRAPH BY W. ALISON MARTIN.

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(Senefelder Club Exhibition, 1913)

"ST. GILES'S AND THE BANK." FROM AN ORIGINAL LITHOGRAPH BY STANLEY CURSITER

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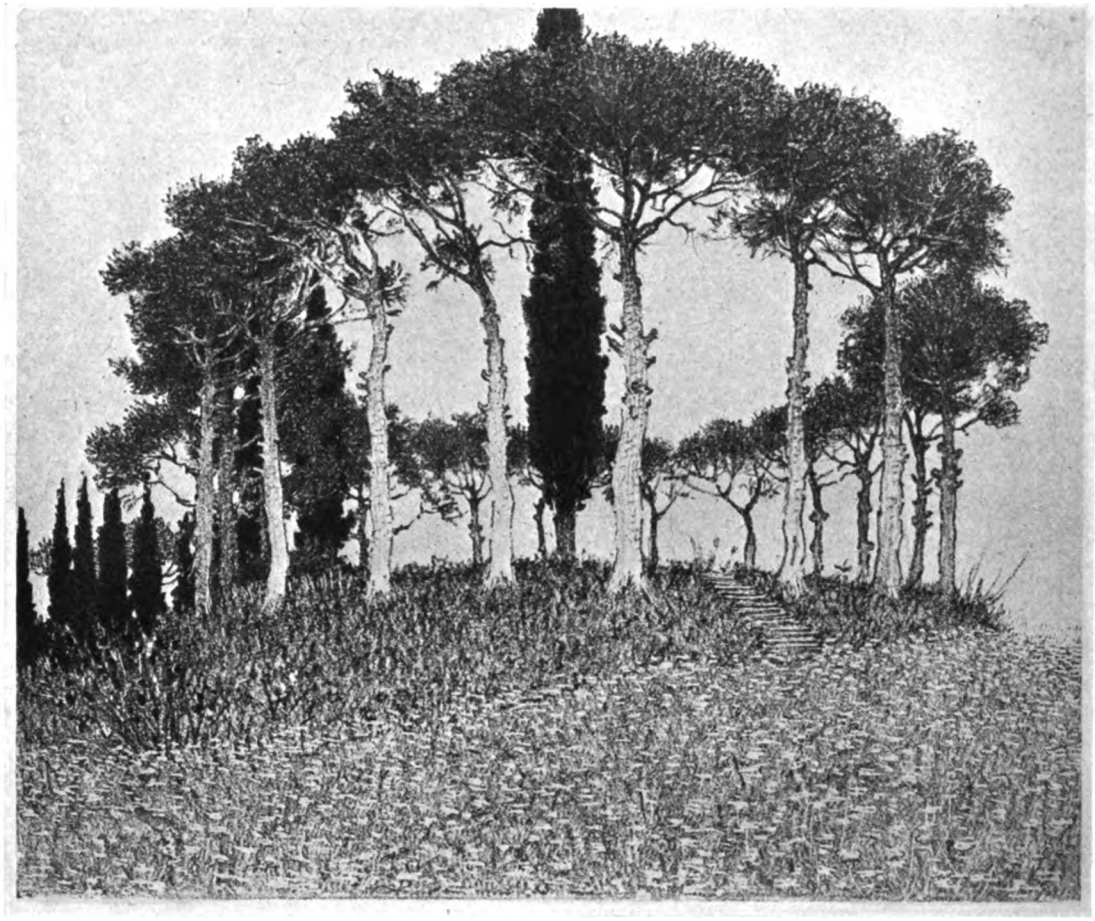

"ARCADIA." FROM AN ORIGINAL LITHOGRAPH BY GIUSEPPE UGONIA

(Senfeelder Club Exhibition, 1913)

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Fred Stratton

THE PICTORIAL ART OF MR. FRED STRATTON. BY MALCOLM C. SALAMAN.

THE pictures of Mr. Fred Stratton are unlike any others that are being painted to-day. They cannot be labelled as representing any of the *isms* of the passing hour, for the latest pictorial fashions and fads have influenced them not at all. On the contrary, Mr. Stratton's pictures are the absolutely individual expression of an intensely sensitive and thoroughly sincere artist, who goes his own way as a painter, pursuing his own artistic ideals. If you should ask Mr. Stratton for an artistic classification of himself he would probably answer characteristically: "I am just a person who feels very deeply the beauty and joy of the world and of life, and who tries to express it beautifully." He has been called "the last of the Idealists," which, of course, is foolish, for in art there will always be idealists, as there will always be those for whom, as for Mr. Stratton, art is not merely the practice of a decorative or a graphic craft, but a high function of the spirit, by which the artist may make others feel the emotion he has himself experienced through some manifestation of nature stirring his imagination and his senses. If, then, Post-Impressionism, Cubism, Futurism, as we see them blatant in our galleries, have nothing to say to his art, he is content to be encouraged by the message he may find in any art that conveys the ideal of the marriage of truth with emotion, the union between what the eye sees and what the heart feels. So it was not unnatural that when Mr. Stratton began painting romantic and idyllic woodland scenes, it should immediately be said that the influence of the Barbizon school was paramount with him, that he had a strong affinity with Corot. Certainly he has this, but it does not reveal itself in any conscious imitation of style or subject, but in a similar temperamental love of like aspects of nature, with imaginative understanding of their moods and mysteries, and a cognate yearning to express their poetry in pictorial visions. Writing of the Barbizon master long ago, that fine critic, the late Albert Wolff, said: "This poet has hours when his thoughts take their flight toward mysterious regions, and then in some site incomparably grand in its very realism, he makes the murmur of the

"MOONRISE" *(The property of Sir Ernest Schiff)* OIL PAINTING BY FRED STRATTON

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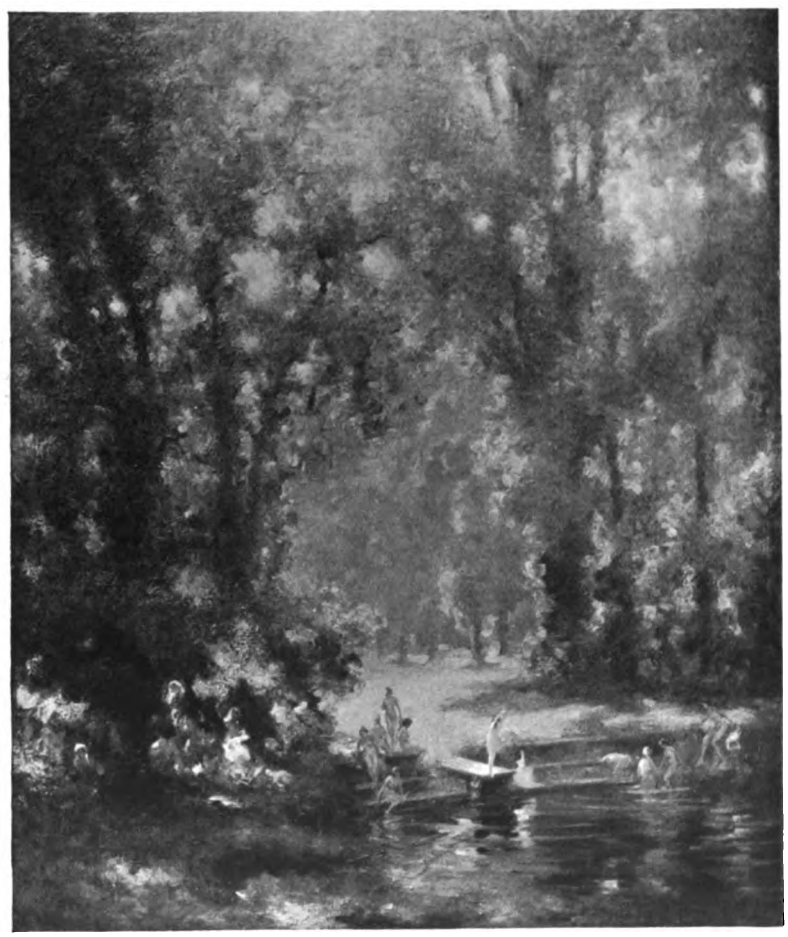
foliage speak by the supernatural apparition of nymphs and fauns, even as the bard believes he hears the voices of spirits in the whisper of winds passing through the trees. But these figures, whether those of nymphs or of simple fishers, are always a complemental part of the scene; the incarnation of an emotion the artist has felt; so true it is that in art the subject is naught, and that its whole value is in the impression it can communicate." Now, that might very well have been written of Mr. Fred Stratton painting the Sussex woodlands, and interpreting in beautiful pictures the emotions their lovely witcheries have aroused in him, when the lambent joy and glory of sunlight or the stilly twilight has transfigured the trees and the glades, peopling them with exquisite fantasies. For never were our English woodlands—and Mr. Stratton has seen no others—painted with more of the true intuitions of poetry. Of this artist it might be justly said, as Leigh Hunt said of Keats, that he never beholds a tree without seeing the Dryad. Look at the original and fascinating *Forest Ecstasy*, reproduced here—this is as genuine an inspiration as any that painter ever put upon canvas. Let his own words describe its origin. "It is an attempt to arouse the emotion that I felt when standing under the trees on a brilliant summer day. It was all so beautiful that I asked myself, 'What should I do if there were more than this? If Pan should begin to pipe! I should go mad with joy, become ecstatic.' Then I imagined the woods alive with troops of happy, healthy nymphs and semi-humans dancing through the sunshine, and I felt a positive ecstasy."

But with such a conception ready to his hand, Mr. Stratton did not go slap-dash at his canvas, in the approved fashion of the moment, content to convey a rhythmic impression of something that might possibly be guessed to mean a dance in the sunlight, but at any rate would serve for a decorative pattern. His methods have a pride of thoroughness they inherit, perhaps, from an older tradition, which yet, because of the vitalising emotion, keeps his art in line with the art that is always alive. He set about designing and painting a picture that should express his conception with the best art and craft at his command. And, after his usual custom, he made innumerable sketches, studies and finished drawings from nature—every figure being carefully drawn in the nude from life, even though draperies should be added for the sake of colour — and then he painted the whole picture more or less from memory, the memory constantly refreshed, for he lives always in close and intimate touch with nature.



"THE DIVER" OIL PAINTING BY FRED STRATTON

This picture, and the others reproduced here, may be regarded as typical of Mr. Stratton's pictorial attitude towards the world, which is that of the poet and the romantic impressionist rather than

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"FOREST ECSTASY" OIL PAINTING BY FRED STRATTON

"THE WOODLAND STREAM" OIL PAINTING BY FRED STRATTON

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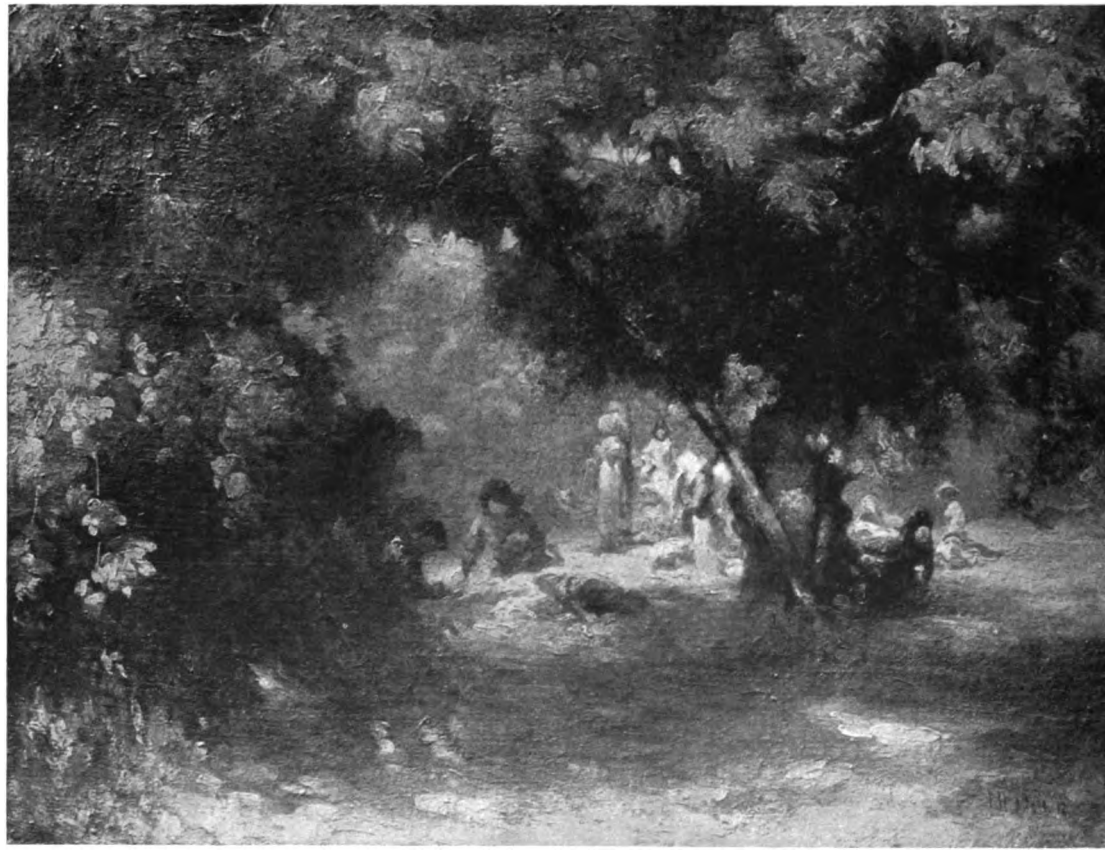
of the realist. Except for three years when he was in London studying figure drawing, Mr. Stratton has lived all his life in the country. His home for some years past has been in the picturesque old Sussex village of Amberley, with its thatched cottages, under the shelter of the spacious Downs, and near by are the wooded banks of the Arun and the noble park of Parham, all rich with inspirations for this painter-poet of the woodlands. Never, indeed, could he live far from the companionship of trees, which he knows and understands in all their stages of growth and all their moods as they vary with the changes of the day and the season. There is no need for him to tell you, as you look at his pictures, that he loves strong, healthy, vigorous trees, limpid and sparkling water, sweet-smelling earth, and lush grass, with the shine and gleam of the sun over all, and the atmosphere vibrating serenely; that he loves to paint rich pure colour; and always to dream of youth, lovely and healthy and natural. You may see all this expressed with beautiful and vital artistry in *Forest Ecstasy*, just mentioned, in *The Diver*, *The Woodland Stream*, *Summer*, and *The Picnic*, a little gem, in which you will find passages of paint of a quality and a purity of colour rare to equal in the painting of to-day. But these sunshine pictures express only the glad, joyous phases of this painter's temperament; there are many beautiful night pictures which reflect the deeper poetic emotions aroused in him when he finds himself, in the stillness and mystery of the twilight or the night, alone in the meadows or on the Downs, or in the quiet lampless village. With what a magic touch he can paint moonlight, with what a romantic sense of its mysteries he can suffuse the atmosphere, may be seen in the lovely *Moonrise*, which I should rather name with Shelley's line, "Where music and moonlight and feeling are one." This indeed is how I interpret the original water-colour sketch, which hangs on my wall before me as I write, a constant joy. Here, in the first inspiration, is all the essential poetry of the picture; it sings in its frame. Of Mr. Stratton's water-colour drawings I must write another time; they are a vital and most important expression of his artistic self.



"THE PICNIC" *(The property of Sannyer Atkin, Esq.)* OIL PAINTING BY FRED STRATTON

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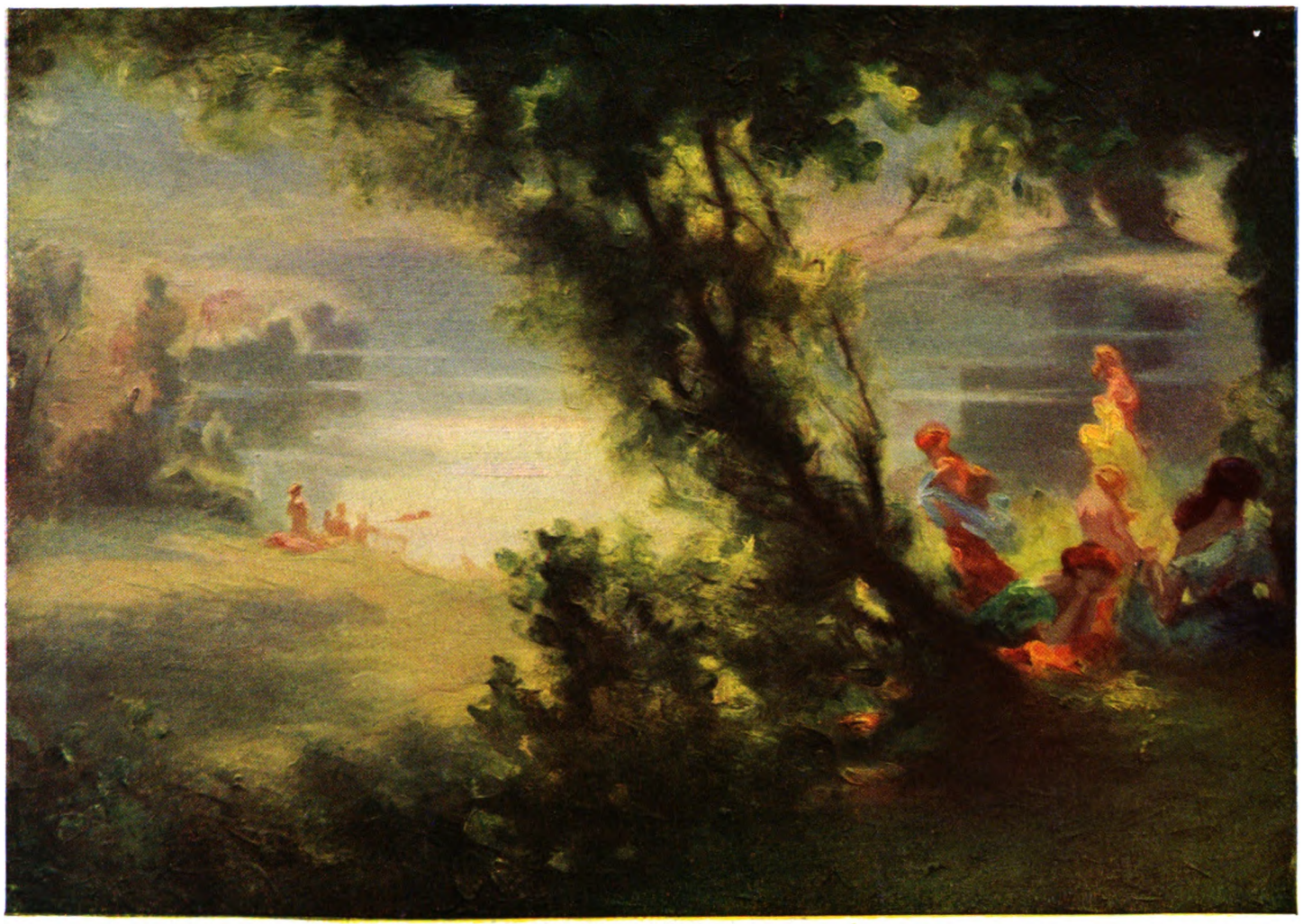

"SUMMER." FROM A PAINTING BY FRED STRATTON.

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SOME NOTABLE PICTURES AT THE SECOND NATIONAL LOAN EXHIBITION

"WOMAN AND CHILD IN ART"

(GROSVENOR GALLERY, LONDON)

"GEORGE, THIRD EARL COWPER, COUNTESS COWPER, MR. AND MRS. GORE, AND THE TWO MISS GORES"
BY JOHANN ZOFFANY, R.A. (1733-1810)
(By permission of Lady Desborough)

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"PORTRAIT OF A LADY." BY BERNARDINO LUINI (1475–1533)

(By permission of R. H. Benson, Esq.)

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(By permission of the Hon. Mrs. Ronald Greville)

"THE GOLF PLAYERS." BY PIETER DE HOOCH (1630–1677)

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"LADY PALMERSTON (AS A CHILD) AND HER SISTER HARRIET." BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, P.R.A. (1769–1830)

(By permission of Lady Desborough)

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(By permission of Adolf Hirsch, Esq.)

"MARY GAINSBOROUGH, AFTERWARDS MRS. FISCHER." BY THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH, R.A. (1727–1788)

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"MRS. BONFOY" (1753–54). BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P.R.A. (1723–1792)

(By permission of the Rt. Hon. the Earl of St. Germans)

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(By permission of Sir Edgar Vincent, K.C.M.G.)

"PORTRAITS OF THE ARTIST'S DAUGHTERS"
BY THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH, R.A.

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"CAROLINE, FIFTH DUCHESS OF RICHMOND" BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, P.R.A.

(By permission of His Grace the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, K.G.)

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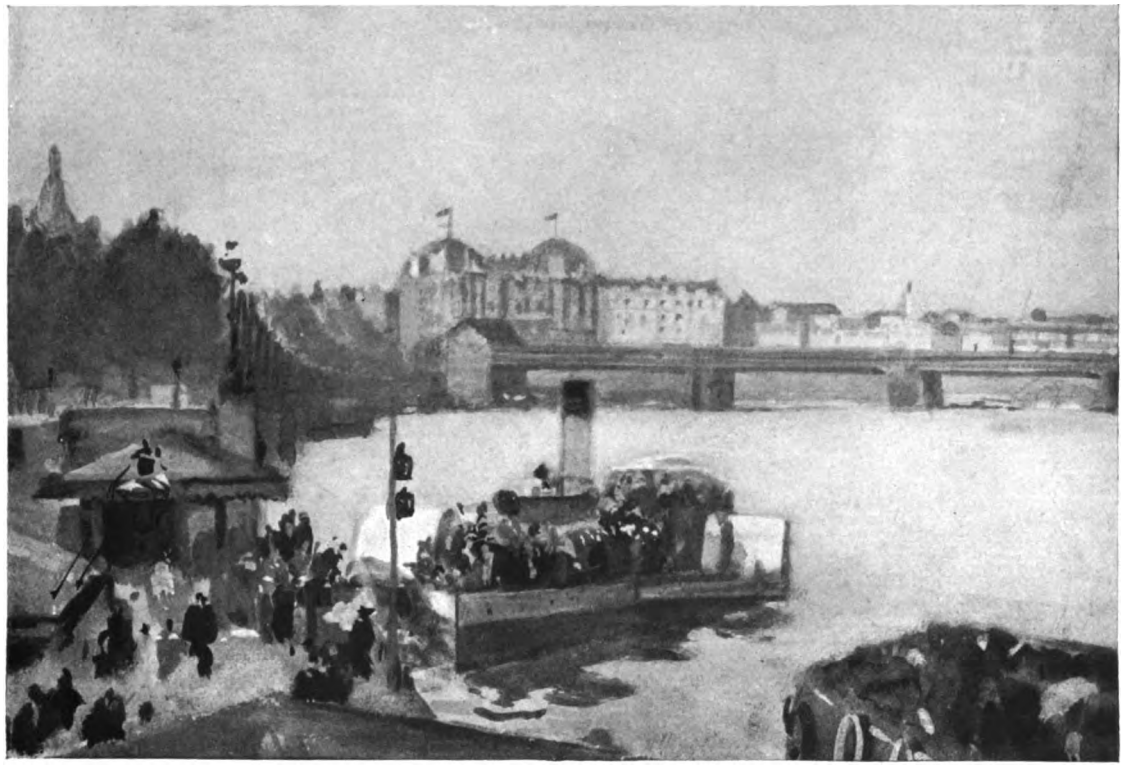
CECIL KING, R.B.A.: A PAINTER OF CITIES.

IF it were necessary to define the position which Mr. Cecil King occupies among present-day painters, he would probably be best described as a realist, because he concerns himself entirely with records of the world about him and with studies of the things he sees. And yet such a definition would be liable to be misunderstood if it were put forward without some qualification. Realism, as a term in art, is very often grievously misapplied. It has been claimed, for instance, by a class of painters who go out of their way to seek subjects from the most decadent and repulsive side of life and who delight in representing the most debased aspects of modern humanity. An artist calls himself a realist because he presents with a blatant and exaggerated affectation of reality subjects that are happily comparatively uncommon, because he shuts his eyes to the many beauties of the world and hunts assiduously for the few gross and hideous things which saner men are anxious to forget. He idealises ugliness, and the more unpleasant he can make his idealisations the more loudly he asserts his claim to be considered a devoted lover of truth and an uncompromising delineator of the real facts of existence.

We may be thankful that Mr. Cecil King is not a realist of this sort. His realism is, indeed, of a much truer and more rational type, something much more intimately related to the characteristic actualities of our times and much more attractive in its rightness of outlook and sense of propriety. For what he really does is to study shrewdly and sensitively those aspects of the world which most of us who have kept our instincts reasonably clean habitually see. He will, no doubt, disappoint the specialists in abnormalities who look at one small side of life and are blind to everything else, but he will please and convince the far larger number who have the good sense to prefer the agreeable things and derive enjoyment from the art that deals with them.

But, again, he does not belong to that school of realism which insists upon the exact statement in a painted work of every trivial detail that the laborious observer can discover in nature. He holds the conviction that such exactness as this is opposed to true reality and that its inflexible pedantry defeats the end of art. What he wants is to create the impression of reality by seizing upon



"WESTMINSTER PIER" WATER-COLOUR BY CECIL KING, R.B.A.

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and recording the essentials which give vitality to a scene or a subject and by ignoring those unimportant things which, if they were insisted upon, would confuse the impression of truth that he wishes his picture to convey. It is by showing fully and sincerely the right character of his subject, by making other people see it as he saw it, and by presenting it with all its salient characteristics properly related one to the other, that he believes the sense of reality can be made most apparent; and he works always with this intention in his mind.

In all the work he has done so far the most striking quality has been a remarkable acuteness of observation which makes his rendering of the motive chosen curiously convincing. There is never any doubt about his meaning: he does not hesitate or fumble with his record of what is before him; he makes up his mind before he starts about what he is going to do, and he does it in all good faith. If he fails, it is not because he has been uncertain in his intention but simply because technical things have not gone quite as he hoped and proposed they should; if he succeeds—as he usually does—it is because his mind and hand have been in happy agreement and because the mechanical difficulties of painting, with which every artist, no matter how long his experience, has to struggle, have not hampered his freedom of expression.

The certainty and directness of his art, its confidence and its frankness of purpose, are qualities which come without doubt from his temperamental characteristics, from his keenness of perception and his readiness to attack the most difficult problems of practice; but something, too, is probably due to the variety and breadth of his early experiences. The comprehensiveness of his training, it may fairly be assumed, accounts in part for the rapidity of his development as an artist and for the way in which he has made a place for himself in the front rank at an age when most artists are still fighting hard for the first signs of recognition. Young as he is, he occupies an assured position, and he is accepted without question as having a special claim to the consideration of all serious students of modern art.

Born at Gunnersbury in 1881, he was educated at Haileybury and after leaving school he studied for

"IN THE MARKET-PLACE OF BRUGES" WATER-COLOUR BY CECIL KING, R.B.A.

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"AFTERNOON AT THE TREVI FOUNTAIN, ROME."
FROM A WATER-COLOUR BY CECIL KING, R.B.A.

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Cecil King, R.B.A.

"BY THE STEPS OF ST. PETER'S, ROME" WATER-COLOUR BY CECIL KING, R.B.A.

a year or two with the idea of adopting engineering as his profession and became a student member of the Institute of Civil Engineers. But during this period he was acquiring also some knowledge of art practice by attending the evening classes in drawing at the Goldsmiths' Institute, New Cross. In 1903 he finally abandoned his engineering studies and went instead to the Westminster School of Art, where he worked in the life class under Mr. Mouat Loudan, and shortly after he joined the Artists' Society and the Langham Sketching Club for the evening practice in drawing and composition which has proved a boon to many young artists.

A visit to Holland followed in 1904, where his study of the pictures of the Dutch marine painters revived in him one of the ambitions of his childhood—to become a painter of the sea—and in 1906, in which year he exhibited his first picture, in the galleries of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, he went to Paris to work for a year at Julian's under Jean Paul Laurens. While in Paris he attended also a class for composition, illustration, and similar subjects, directed by Steinlen; and he spent much of his spare time in sketching people and things in the highways and by-ways of the city.

When he returned to England, having gained greatly in knowledge and understanding of his craft by the judicious use of the opportunities which Paris offered to him, he began to make a name as an illustrator. His drawings were accepted by the "Sphere," the "Illustrated London News," and other papers; and by the "Illustrated London News" he was sent to Paris to make drawings of the flood scenes and to Portugal to illustrate episodes in the revolution of 1910. At this time, too, he was busy with poster-work for various shipping firms, with designs in which he was able to satisfy some of his earlier aspirations towards marine painting.

But although all these varieties of occupation have played a very important part in the formation of his artistic character, the influence that has, perhaps, counted for most in his development and in making him the artist he is to-day has been his love of travel. Ever since he left Paris he has seized every opportunity of seeing the world and of working in as many places as possible abroad. Already his wanderings have taken him to France, Holland, Belgium, Spain, Portugal, Italy, and Morocco, and he has ambitions, which he hopes before long to satisfy, to visit India, China, and other parts of the East, and to cross the Atlantic and paint the cities of America.

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The notable point about the work he has done in these diverse parts of the world is that it does not show him to be under the domination of any preconceived idea about the way in which he ought to deal with the material he chooses to handle. Unlike many other artists who have painted in foreign countries, he does not bring a home-made convention to bear upon his subjects but allows the local characteristics to direct, as far as may be necessary, the quality and method of his interpretation. He seeks to enter into the spirit of the place, to find out what makes it different from other places he has seen, and to show that he understands and appreciates at their full value the distinguishing peculiarities of the scene before him. In his pictures of foreign cities and towns the fact that the motive has been found abroad is impressed upon the observer not merely by the statement of the obvious unlikeness of the general architectural design to that which he has been accustomed to at home, but by touches much more subtle which convey a vivid impression of the foreign atmosphere and even of the foreign life. Mr. King feels the difference between the countries he visits, and this feeling pervades every part of his picture.

Naturally, this implies on his part an uncommon acuteness of observation, much shrewdness of insight into the things which are scarcely susceptible of strict analysis, and an uncommon degree of receptivity. But these are parts of Mr. King's equipment as an artist which he has assiduously cultivated and to the development of which he has devoted considerable care ; and their effectiveness has been increased by his readiness to take advantage of every opportunity that has been offered him to extend his knowledge of places and things. He might fairly be described as possessing an incurable but none the less wholesome craving for the sort of information that is likely to be of use to him in his career. Wherever he goes he finds something worth learning, and evidently he does not forget what he has learned.

If one were to attempt to sum him up, probably he would best be described as a painter of life—a description that may at first sight seem odd when applied to a painter so much of whose work consists of pictures of architectural motives. But the archi-

"SANTA MARIA IN COSMEDIN, ROME"

WATER-COLOUR BY CECIL KING, R.B.A.

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(The property of Cecil J. Brown, Esq., Lucknow)

"SAN PIETRO IN VATICANO, ROME"
WATER-COLOUR BY CECIL KING, R.B.A.

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tecture he paints is not dry diagram, the formal elevation or the exact and elaborate study of detail which an architect would give us. It reflects the sunlight and takes its tone from the atmosphere by which it is surrounded, it is the background against which the drama of the city is played. Treated as he treats it, there is life in it; it is not an inanimate thing but something that appeals eloquently to our fancy as being intimately connected with the people whose character it reveals.

Chiefly, Mr. King is occupied in his paintings with problems of light, colour, and aerial tone, with considerations of decorative construction, and with suggestions of the flicker and movement and restless activity which are so evident in all places where humanity congregates. His cities, sunny or dull, bright in hue or drably grey, are always in a bustle and full of hurrying people who have plenty to do and no time to waste in picturesque lounging. But in this the artist reflects rightly the spirit of the age and is true to his realistic principles. If in such pictures as the *Eikon Basiliké*, *Regent Street*, *Westminster*, and *Morning on the Riva*, *Venice*, to quote some typical examples of his work, he had not taken fully into account the human element, there would have been little truth in his presentation, and the meaning of his work would have been seriously diminished. As things are he has brought the living note vividly before us and succeeded definitely in impressing upon us a clear conviction of the truth and significance of his art.

About his technical procedure it is scarcely necessary to say much. An admirable draughtsman, he fully understands how much licence is permissible in the treatment of buildings and other objects of fixed form so as to secure breadth of effect without losing soundness and strength of construction, and he knows thoroughly what to accentuate and what to eliminate to express the general character and feeling of the scene before him. Rigid attention to plain fact he does not pretend to give; how much exactness or how much distortion in his superficial facts is needed to give the impression of truth he has made a subject of careful study. And if one can judge by the results he has achieved his working method is one to which even the most captious of critics could scarcely take exception.

W. K. West.

"IN THE KASBAH, TANGIER" WATER-COLOUR BY CECIL KING, R.B.A.

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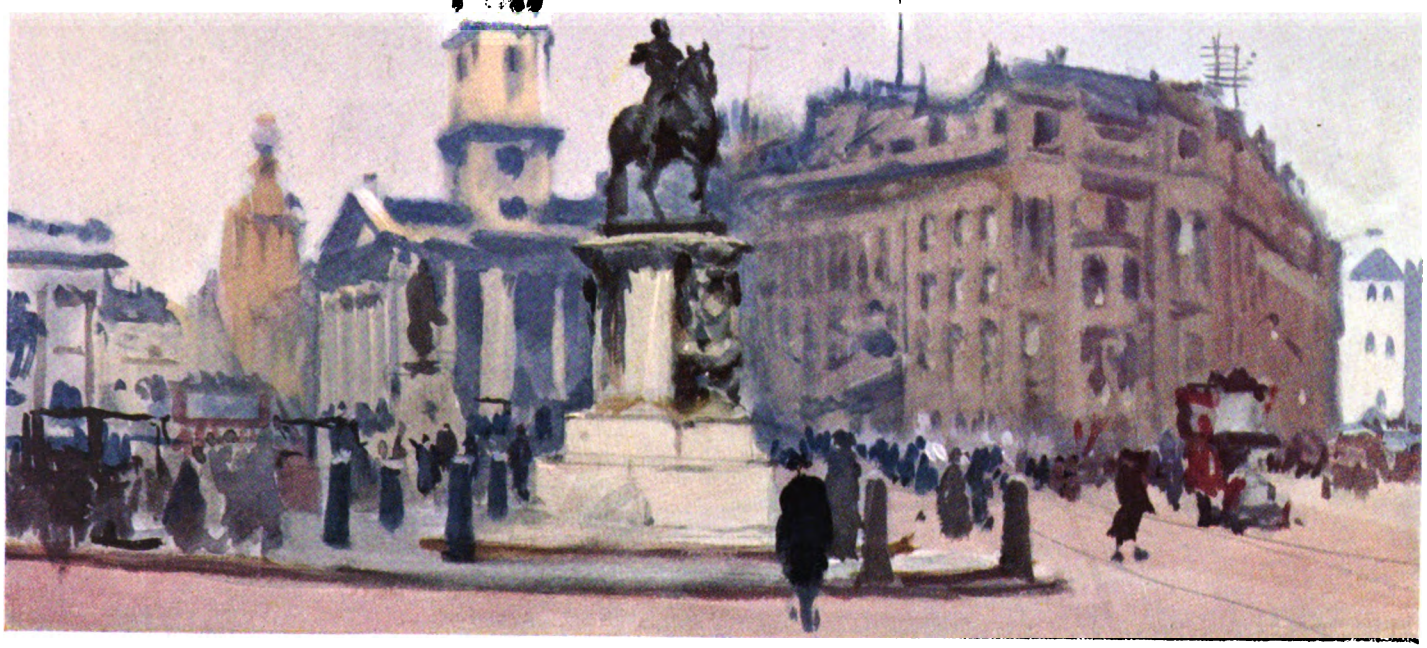

"EIKON BASILIKÉ." FROM A WATER-COLOUR BY CECIL KING, R.B.A.

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"MORNING ON THE RIVA, VENICE"
WATER-COLOUR BY CECIL KING, R.B.A.

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"REGENT STREET, LONDON." WATER-COLOUR BY CECIL KING, R.B.A.

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NOTES ON SOME AUSTRALIAN LANDSCAPE PAINTERS.

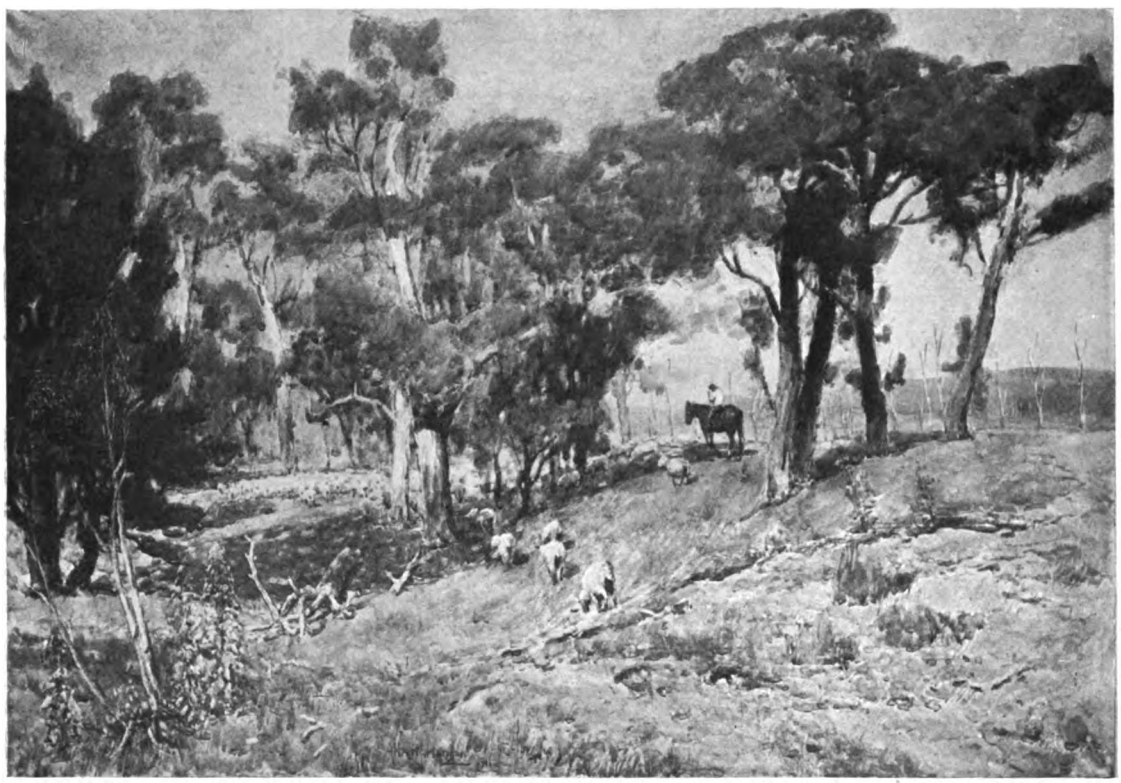
THERE is a slow-growing appreciation of the Australian artist by those who understand and love art for itself, yet there are still those that depreciate art or anything else that is Australian in character and say that there is no real art in this land. Hence the chief thing lacking with the Australian artist is patronage; it is the painful truth that buyers are not so numerous as they ought to be. The average Australian is keen in the pursuit of the "almighty dollar" and is incapable of enjoying many of the pleasures that art affords, but if anything in the way of sport is going on, the Australian is there. When, however, one considers the works of Australia's leading artists, many of whom know of no other light than the great glare of an Australian sun, one cannot help feeling that there is growing up a natural art all new and peculiar to this great continent.

Light seems to be the end and aim of all artists in their work, and as art is cosmopolitan, the competent craftsman will paint the atmosphere that surrounds him and that will permeate his work and show his personality; so it is with the Australian artist, who can paint out of doors the whole year and therefore strives after light.

Australia is a country of blue skies and distant horizons, but it has of course no splendid art history like the countries of the old world.

The creative artist is a rarity here; we have no great schools like those of England, France and other European countries; models are scarce to the figure painter, and what with this drawback and the lack of encouragement from those in a position to help them, it is no wonder that many of our young men who show talent as painters of the figure go to Europe and settle there. Yet there are a few men who, as painters of land and sea, stand out like rocks in mid ocean.

Prominent amongst these is William Lister Lister, president of the Royal Art Society of New South Wales, a society which has been in existence for more than thirty years. Mr. Lister has held the post for the past fourteen years. He paints equally well in oil and water-colour and his works are known all over Australia. He is a realist, and knows how far to go with colour; he does not experiment in search of quality but puts the colour on and there it remains. His works are large; he paints these large canvases to show the bigness of



"FAIR DROVING WEATHER" BY ALBERT J. HANSON

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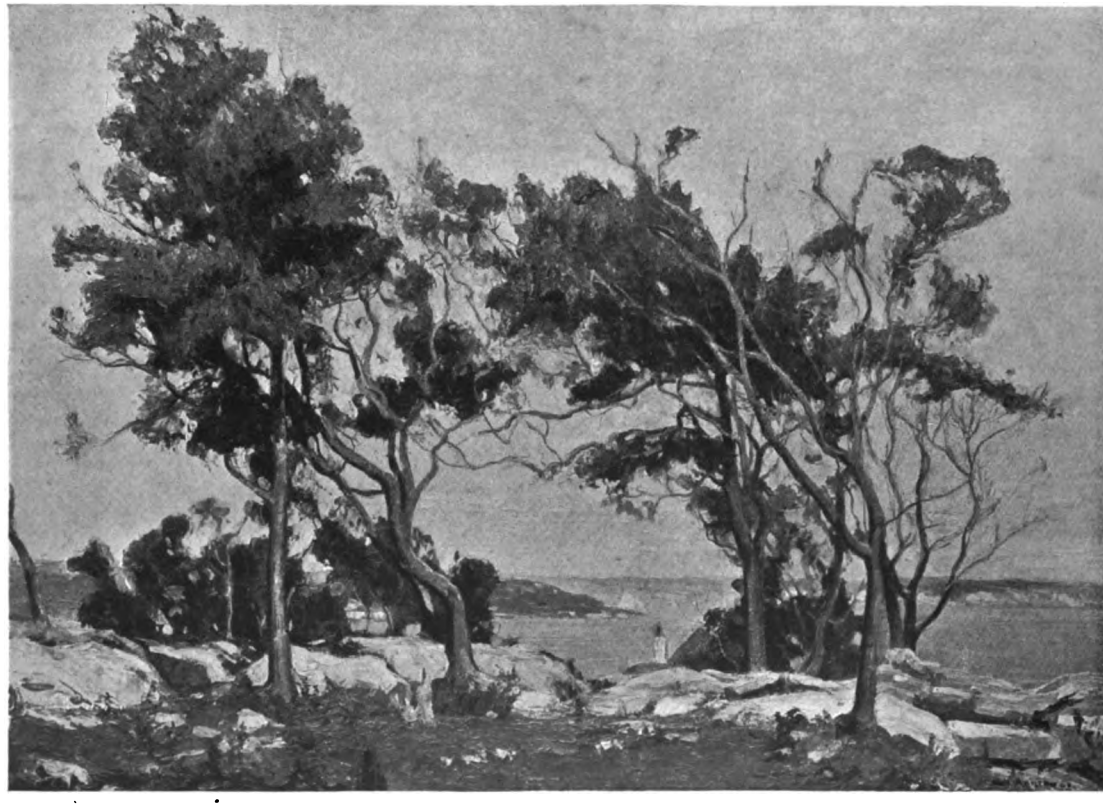
his subject. He works every picture out in the open, for he is a great believer in painting under the skies. He loves to paint the great silent and mysterious Australian Bush. In his picture *The Golden Splendour of the Bush*, in the National Gallery at Sydney, we have a picture that one is apt to think hard, but if it is looked at for a few minutes in the right direction of vision this idea will soon be dispelled. The picture called *Clearing* here reproduced was exhibited at the annual exhibition of the Royal Art Society three or four years ago, and represents a typical scene in the Australian Bush. This man feels deeply in the work he enjoys so much, and the sincerity he puts into it is exemplified in all his works. One of his latest pictures has for its subject Canberra, the place selected as the site of the capital of the Commonwealth.

In Walter Withers we have a Victorian artist of great merit, who paints his pastorals with a sympathetic and poetic feeling. His work is different from that of any other Australian artist. He does not get away from the influence of the French school in his feeling and technique, and he sees Australian landscape through English eyes. But his pictures are always full of charm, quiet in tone and subject; with him there is no striving after prettiness, but he gives us his landscape as seen through the medium of a poetic nature which is clearly revealed in his very fine picture *The Silent Gums*, the best this artist has painted. This picture, which is now in the National Gallery of Victoria at Melbourne, has already appeared in these pages, and, like *On the Wallaby*, now reproduced, is very Australian in character.

Frederick McCubbin, another Victorian artist, has done much to reveal the poetic side of the Australian Bush. His works are distinguished by their undoubted sincerity. In a series which includes *The Pioneers* (National Gallery, Melbourne), *On the Wallaby Track* (Sydney Gallery), *A Bush Burial*, and *Down on his Luck* he has given us faithful pictures of the rough life of the early settlers, and his work is always characterised by fidelity to subject. His *Winter Sunlight* was reproduced in this magazine in 1909. Mr. McCubbin was at one time president of the Victorian Artists' Society, but he now belongs to the new Australian Art Association which was started a few months ago by certain members of the older society who were not satisfied with the policy it was pursuing.



"SYDNEY HARBOUR FROM CREMORNE POINT" BY WILL ASHTON

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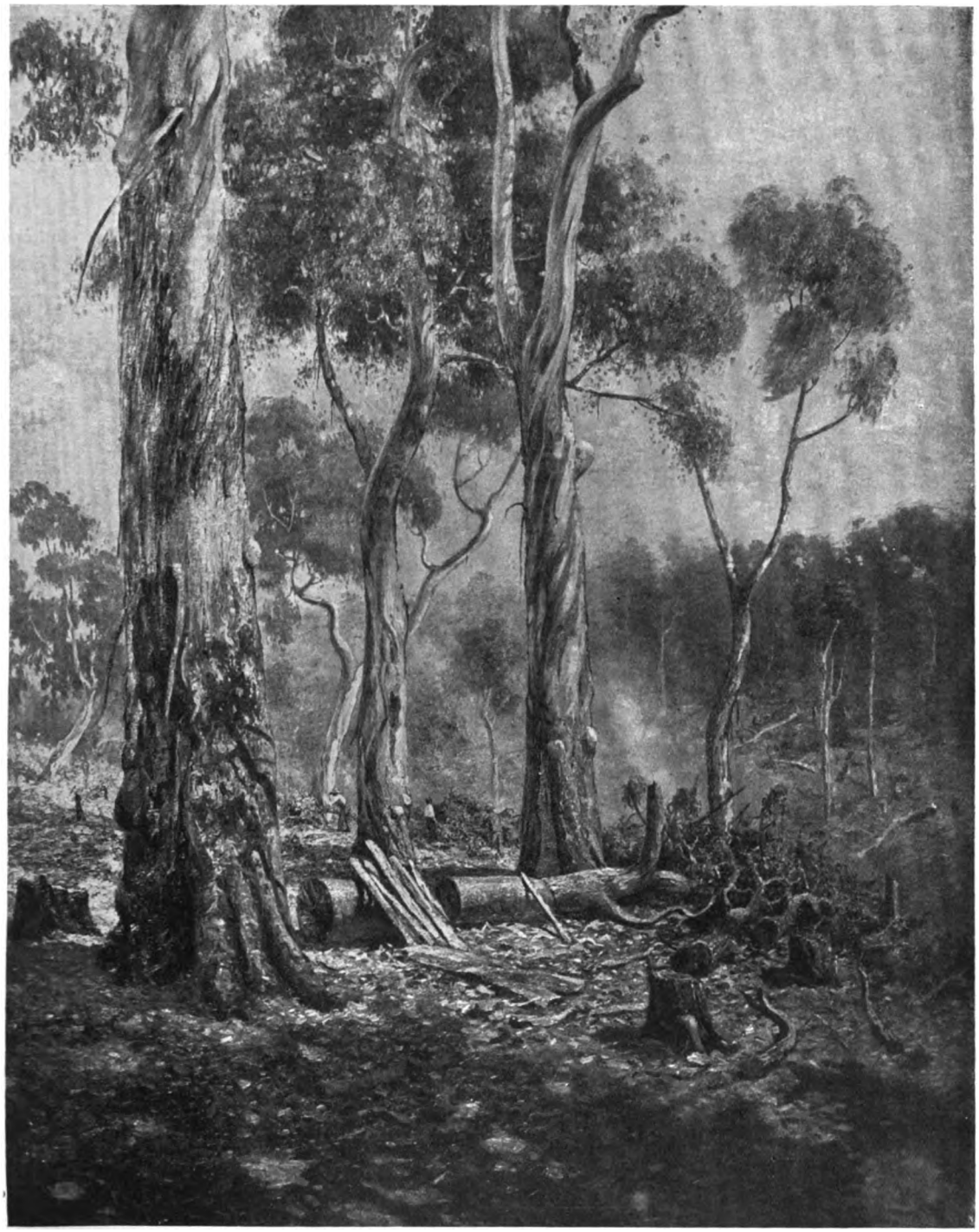

"CLEARING." BY W. LISTER LISTER

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Mr. Withers is also among those who have joined the new body.

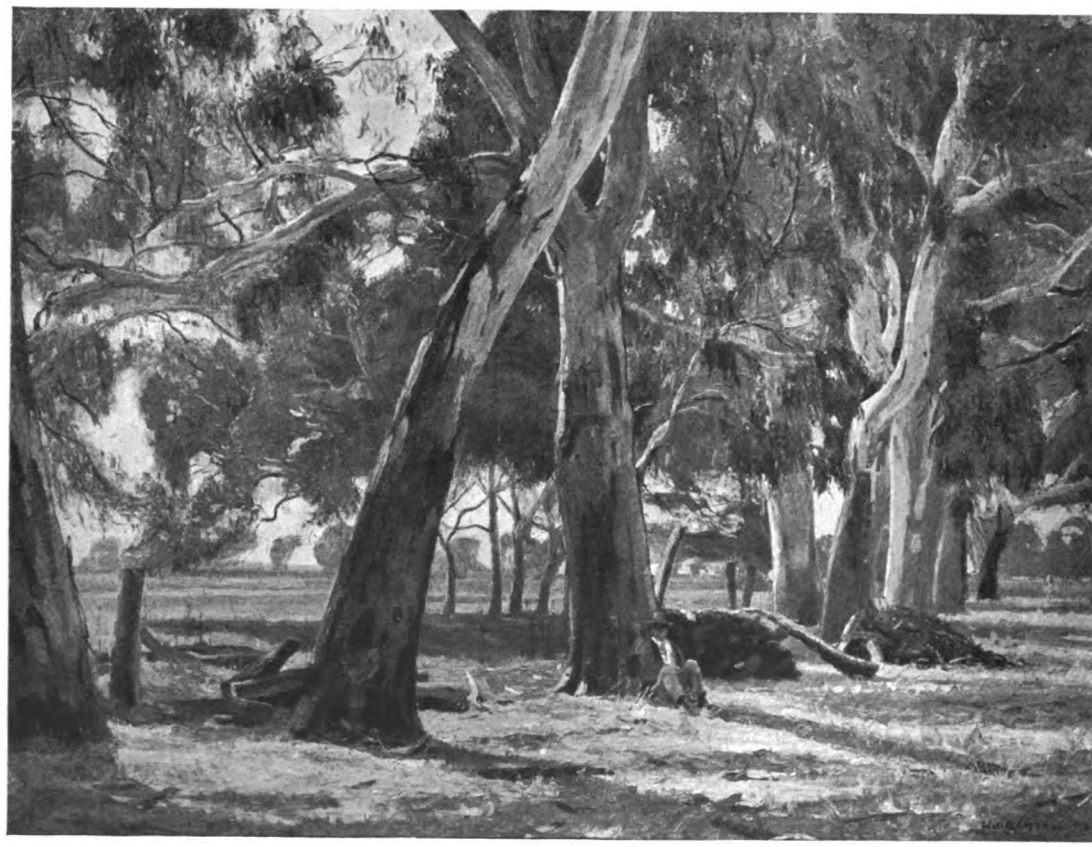
Will Ashton belongs to the younger generation of Australian artists; his reputation has leapt forward very quickly, until to-day he stands as one of the leading painters of the Commonwealth, though only just over thirty. He is represented in the National Galleries of New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia and Western Australia. His canvases are fine in composition, and always dignified; he paints with the brush of a painter of maturer years. He always sees the bigness of his subject, and the breath of nature pervades his work. One of his pictures, a fine landscape of the Australian Bush, has just been purchased for the Western Australian Art Gallery. His marine subjects, to which he is now devoting much attention, are distinguished by bold technique, luminous colour and fine movement.

Albert J. Hanson, whose work is known all over the Commonwealth, is represented in the National Gallery of New South Wales by five large water-colours, and other State art galleries are enriched by his pictures, which are all Australian in character, and painted with a rare fidelity and truth to nature. He delights in painting the heat of the Australian sun, and one feels that he paints with the true feeling of the artist. In his picture *Fair Droving Weather* one feels the very heat of the day and imagines the smell of the eucalyptus. He paints in oil as well as water-colours.

Hans Heysen, like the other artists, is a painter of light, which is one of the themes for nearly all his works. He paints the bush land with a highly sensitive and poetic temperament, and his work is characterised by originality sincere and dignified. He is represented in several Australian galleries, and reproductions of his works have from time to time appeared in this magazine.

Australia owes a debt of gratitude to these great pioneers of art who have breathed into their work the pure and undefiled love of their profession; by the fine fruit of their labours they are building up a national art of pure Australian life, and are dedicating their work to posterity as a proof that Australia is not behind other nations in producing men who shall leave their footprints on the sands of time.

JAS. ASHTON.



"MID-DAY REST" BY WILL ASHTON

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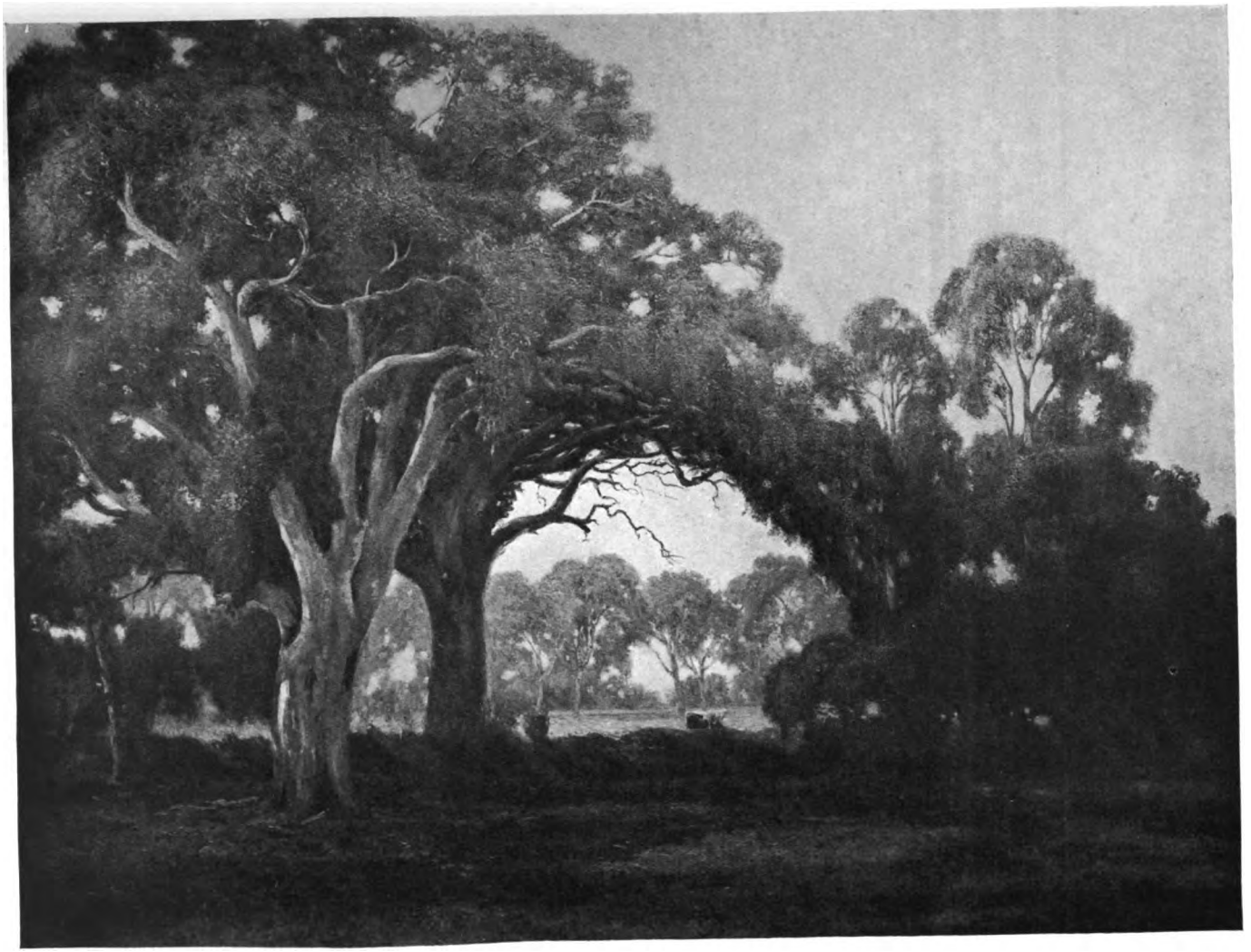

SHADY PASTURES"
BY EDWARD DAVIES

(Adelaide National Gallery)

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"ON THE WALLABY" BY WALTER WITHERS

"THE COAST NEAR SYDNEY" BY ALBERT J. HANSON

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SOME DESIGNS FOR EX-LIBRIS

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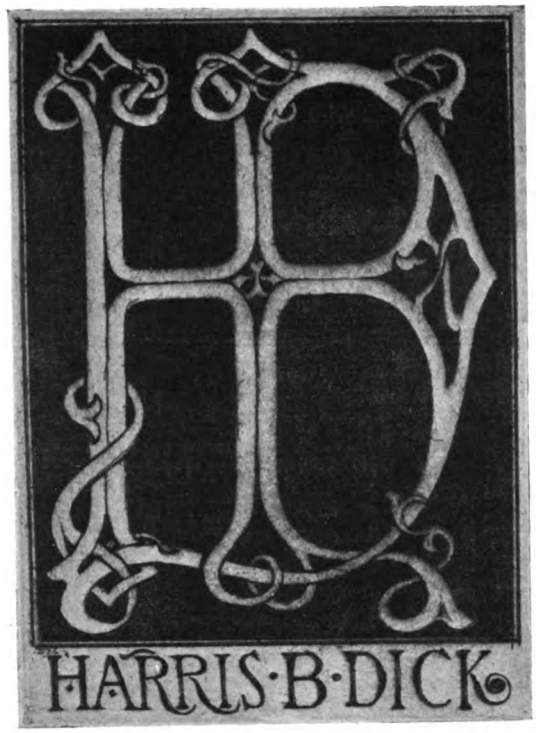

BY D. Y. CAMERON, A.R.A.

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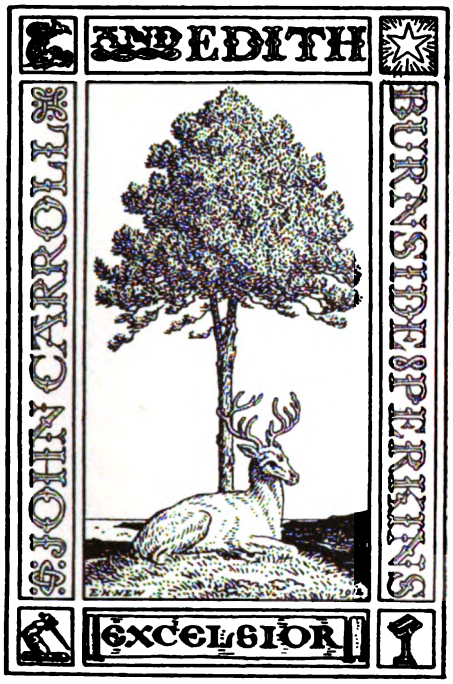
Designs for Ex-Libris



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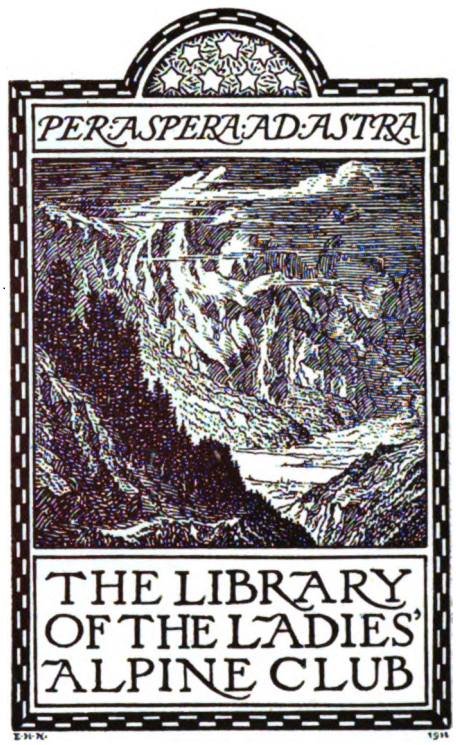

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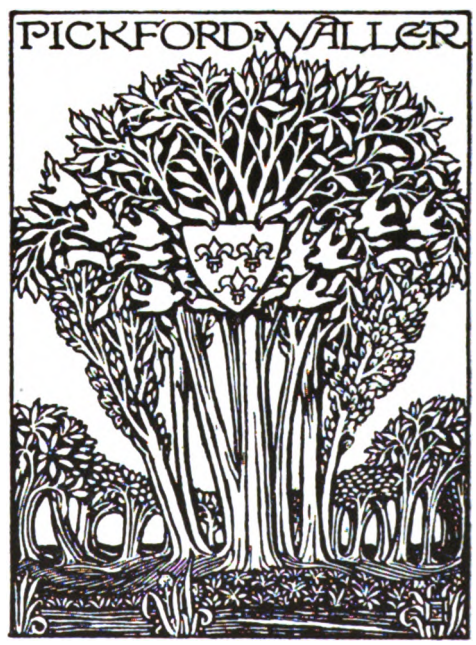

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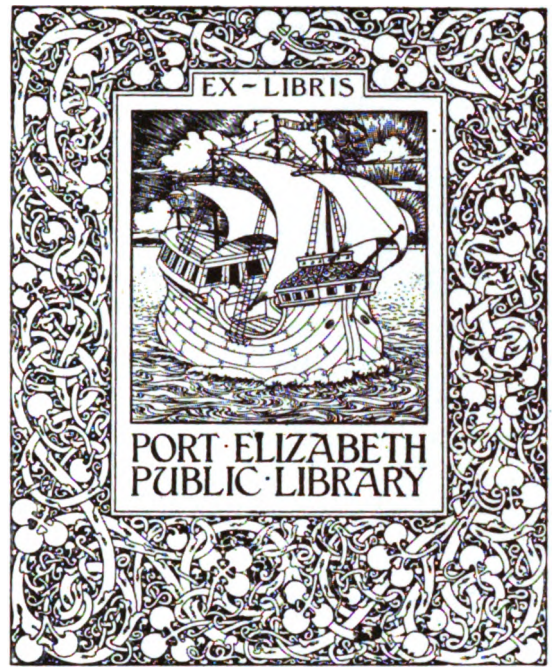

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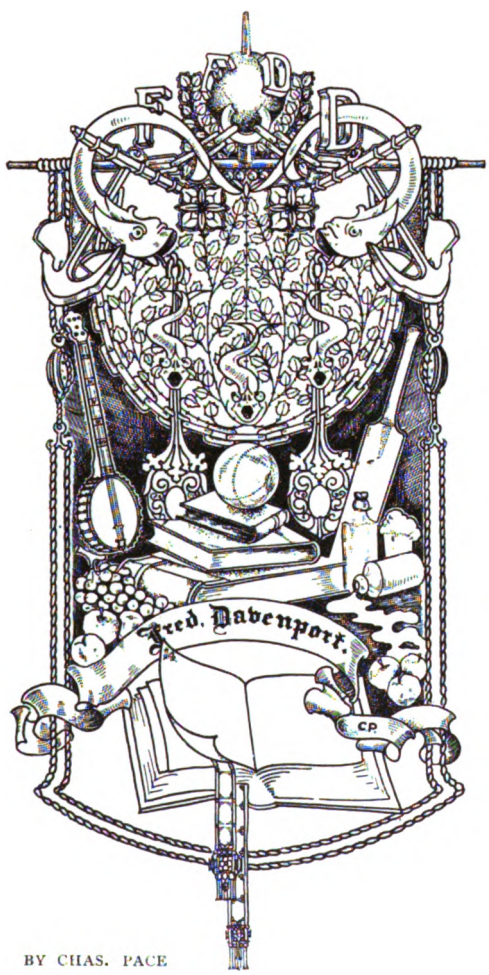

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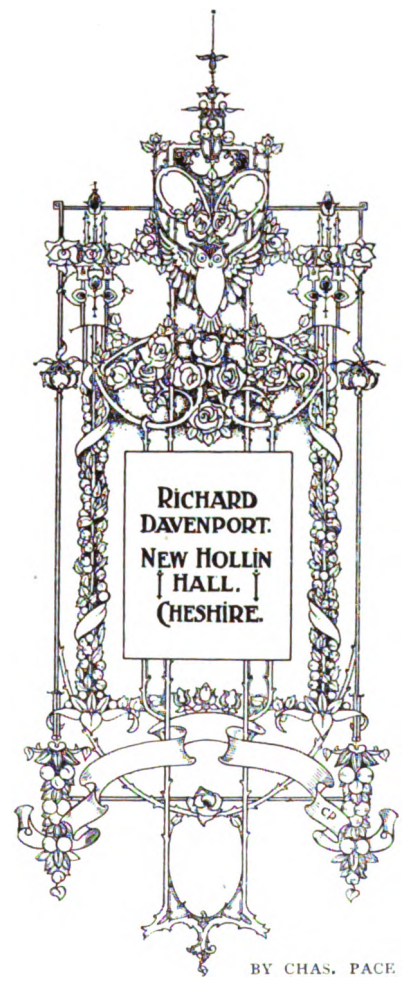

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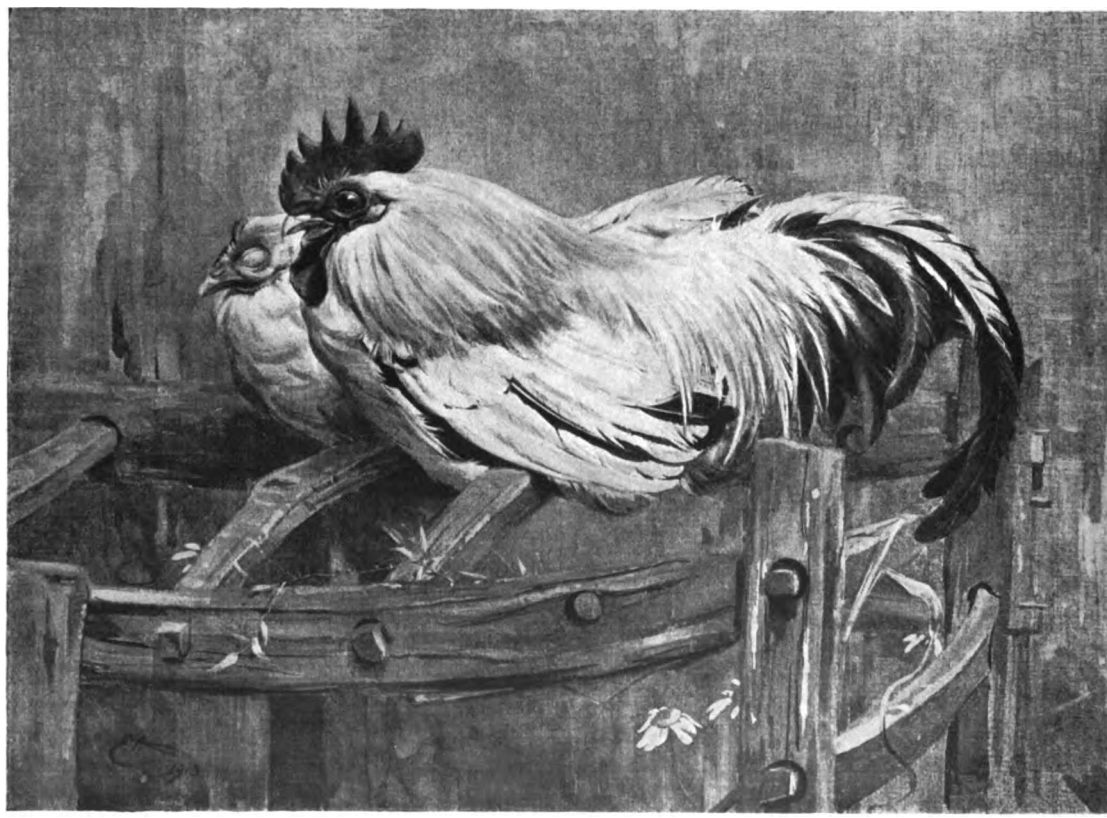
STUDIO-TALK.

(From Our Own Correspondents.)

LONDON.—The first exhibition of the Society of Animal Painters—a new association of which Miss Lucy Kemp-Welch is President—was opened early in January at the Leicester Galleries. There was in it a great deal of interesting and important work by the members of the Society, all of whom are well-known painters of animal and sporting subjects. From Miss Kemp-Welch came several small paintings of pastoral motives treated with much vivacity and power; the most notable of these were the admirable study of horses, *On the High Ground*, and the two smaller pictures of the same type, *The Turning at the Hedge* and *The Hour of Rest*, but her capacities were not less effectively displayed in the clever sketch, *Sunshine and Shadows, Hyde Park*, a subject of a very different order. Excellent, again, were Mr. Arthur Wardle's *Polar Bears, Indian Leopards* and *Lions*; Mr. Briton Riviere's delightful moonlight picture *Voices of the Night*; Mr. Edwin Alexander's *Young Gull* and *The Old Crate*; Mr. G. D. Armour's brilliant sketch *In the Bull-ring*; and Mr. George Pirie's able painting of ducks, *At The Water's Edge.* Among other memorable contributions were the *Impression of Cows in a Stream*, and *Cow and Calf*, by Mr. A. J. Munnings; *At Ewhurst, Surrey*, by Mr. H. W. B. Davis; and the sporting pictures by Mr. John Charlton and Mr. Frank Calderon.

The landscape exhibition, held for the nineteenth year at the Old Water-Colour Society's gallery last month, again showed changes in the names of the exhibitors, but Mr. R. W. Allan, R.W.S., Mr. Matthew Hale, R.W.S., Mr. Leslie Thomson, R.W.S., linked it in their work with its original history. Perhaps because the "studio-piece" can only be an interpretation of nature when it is the work of an imaginative painter, it was in the smaller landscapes, such as Mr. Campbell Mitchell's *Summer Morning, Argyllshire*; Mr. Leslie Thomson's *Poole Harbour*, Mr. Arthur Friedenson's *Blustery Weather on Avon*, Mr. Frank Walton's *On Forest Green, Surrey*, Mr. Mathew Hale's *Cagnes—near Cannes* that the evidence of convincing contact with nature was forthcoming on this occasion.



"THE OLD CRATE" *(Society of Animal Painters, Leicester Galleries)* BY EDWIN ALEXANDER, R.W.S.

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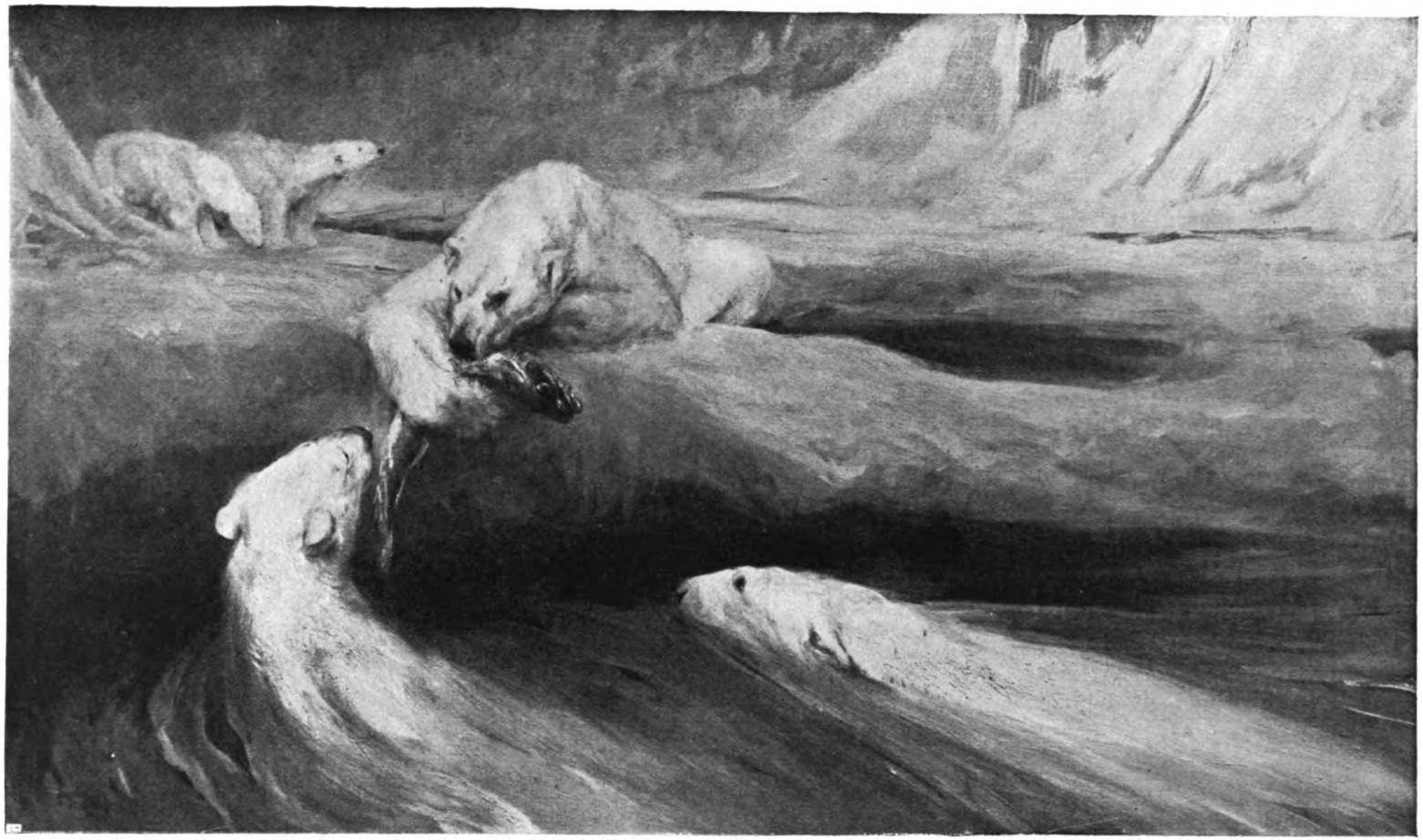

(Society of Animal Painters)

"POLAR BEARS." BY ARTHUR WARDLE

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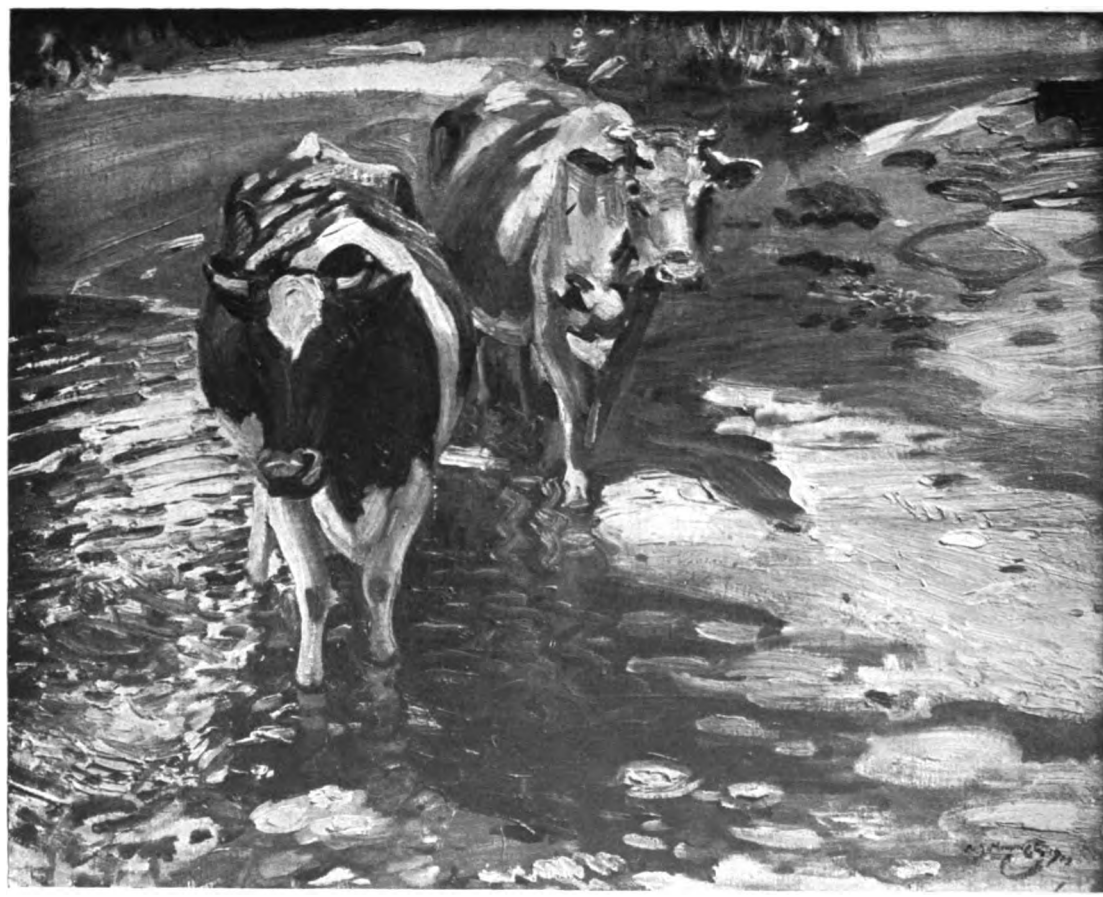
The Post-Impressionist and Futurist Exhibition at the Doré Gallery, organised by Mr. Frank Rutter, has afforded another opportunity of studying in England the developments of these movements. There is a general significance underlying the endeavour to arrive at subjective expression which they represent that no one who is a student of modern art can afford to disregard. But it must be the hope of all who have been nourished on the great achievements of the past in art that we have in this present phase the beginnings of something infinitely greater than itself.

At the Ryder Galleries, which have been moved from Albemarle Street to much larger premises at 44 Conduit Street, a very interesting exhibition of fans was held during January. Most of the better known of our modern fan painters were adequately represented in the collection brought together and a great deal of noteworthy work was shown—there was hardly anything, indeed, which did not call for serious consideration. Perhaps the best fans in the exhibition were *The Vase*, *The White Garden*, the *Rose Fan*, and *Cleopatra*, by Mr. George Sheringham, *The Bridal Fan*, *Eve*, *The Market-place*, and *The Ballet*, by Mr. Bellingham Smith, *The Venetian Fan*, and *The Fan of Flower Spangles*, by Mrs. Mary Davis, and *The Lake Fan*, *Design for a Fan*, and *Les Indolents*, by Charles Conder; but there were others of great interest by Mr. Charles Shannon, and Mr. G. W. Read, and a remarkably effective design, *St. Cecile*, by Alastair.

At the Goupil Gallery last month Miss E. M. Heath was showing a number of small oil-paintings which had attractive technical qualities and an agreeable quality of suggestion. They were not particularly ambitious, but certainly they realised sufficiently what they aimed at—the expression of the gentle, quiet and restful charm of pastoral landscape. In the same gallery were some pieces of sculpture by Mr. Eric Gill, things of a conventional type and marked by a not very convincing affectation of primitive simplicity.



"IMPRESSION OF COWS IN STREAM" *(Society of Animal Painters)* BY A. J. MUNNINGS, R.I.

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"BEHIND THE SCENES." FROM A TINTED PEN DRAWING BY LESLIA NEWALL

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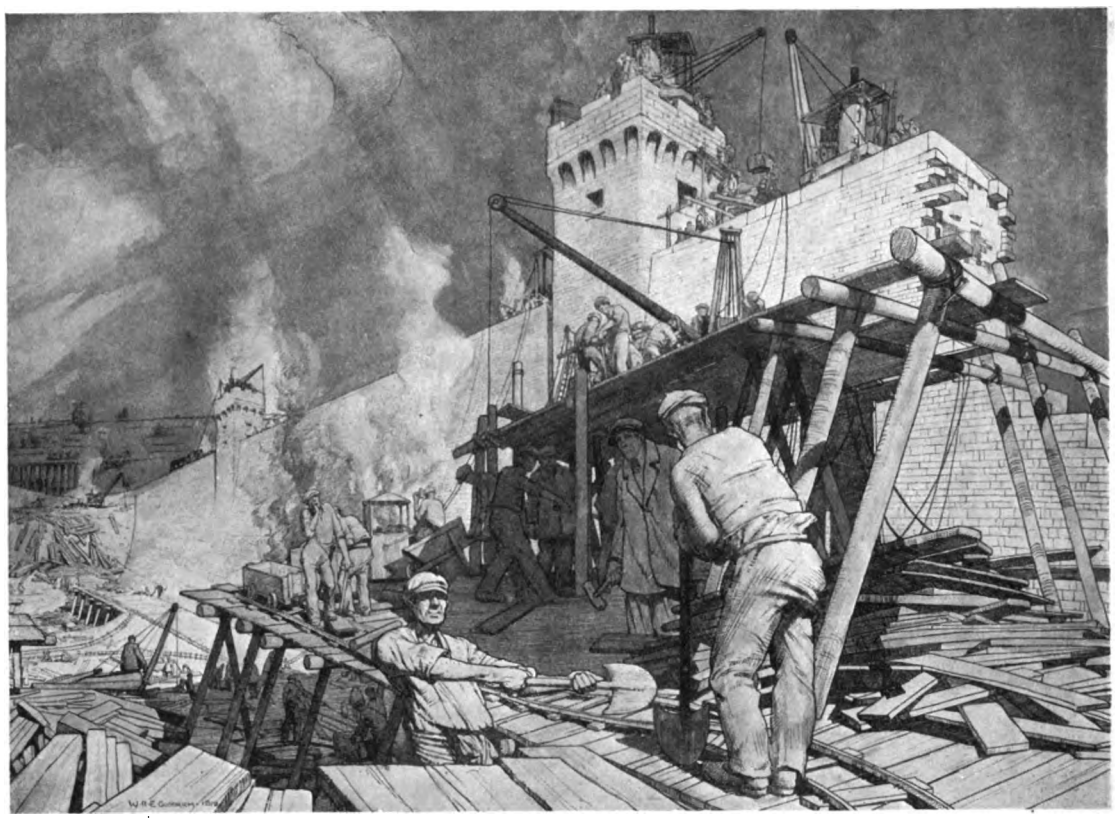

"THE HOWDEN DAM, DERWENT VALLEY WATERWORKS, NEARING COMPLETION." DRAWING BY W. R. E. GOODRICH

Other exhibitions of the past month calling for a reference are Mr. Wynne Apperley's at Walker's Gallery, "Sunlight on the Ruins of Rome," exhibiting the treasure house for artists of a certain temperament amidst the work there of modern excavators; and at the Leicester Gallery Mr. Claude Shepperson's original drawings for "Punch" showing that reproduction does not always do this fastidious draughtsman justice.

The tinted pen drawing by Mrs. Leslia Newall which we reproduce on page 63 shows that this artist, who though married is not long past her teens, has a marked feeling for decorative composition. She was for more than two years a student at the Slade School, an institution in which perhaps more than any other in London sound draughtsmanship is inculcated as the essential foundation of all good art. On leaving the Slade Mrs. Newall became a pupil of Mr. Byam Shaw and we may infer that under him her natural instinct for decorative expression has been encouraged.

The excellent drawing of *The Howden Dam* which we reproduce on this page is by a young Sheffield artist, Mr. W. R. E. Goodrich, who after studying at the Sheffield School of Art and in Italy is now entering upon an artistic career with much promise of future success.

The Chelsea Arts Club's Annual Costume Ball will be held at the Royal Albert Hall, Kensington, on Wednesday, March 4. As on previous occasions, the arrangements are in the hands of Mr. G. Sherwood Foster, 15 Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.

Messrs. Yamanaka and Co. are holding an exhibition of Japanese decorated screens by Old Masters in the galleries of the Royal Society of British Artists, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall. The exhibition remains open till the 26th inst.

EDINBURGH.—The novelty of the exhibition of the Scottish Society of Artists, which opened in the Royal Scottish Academy Galleries in December, was the collection of pictures by Post-Impressionists, Futurists, and Cubists. It has always been the aim of the society to have in its annual collection some examples of phases of artistic work that the young

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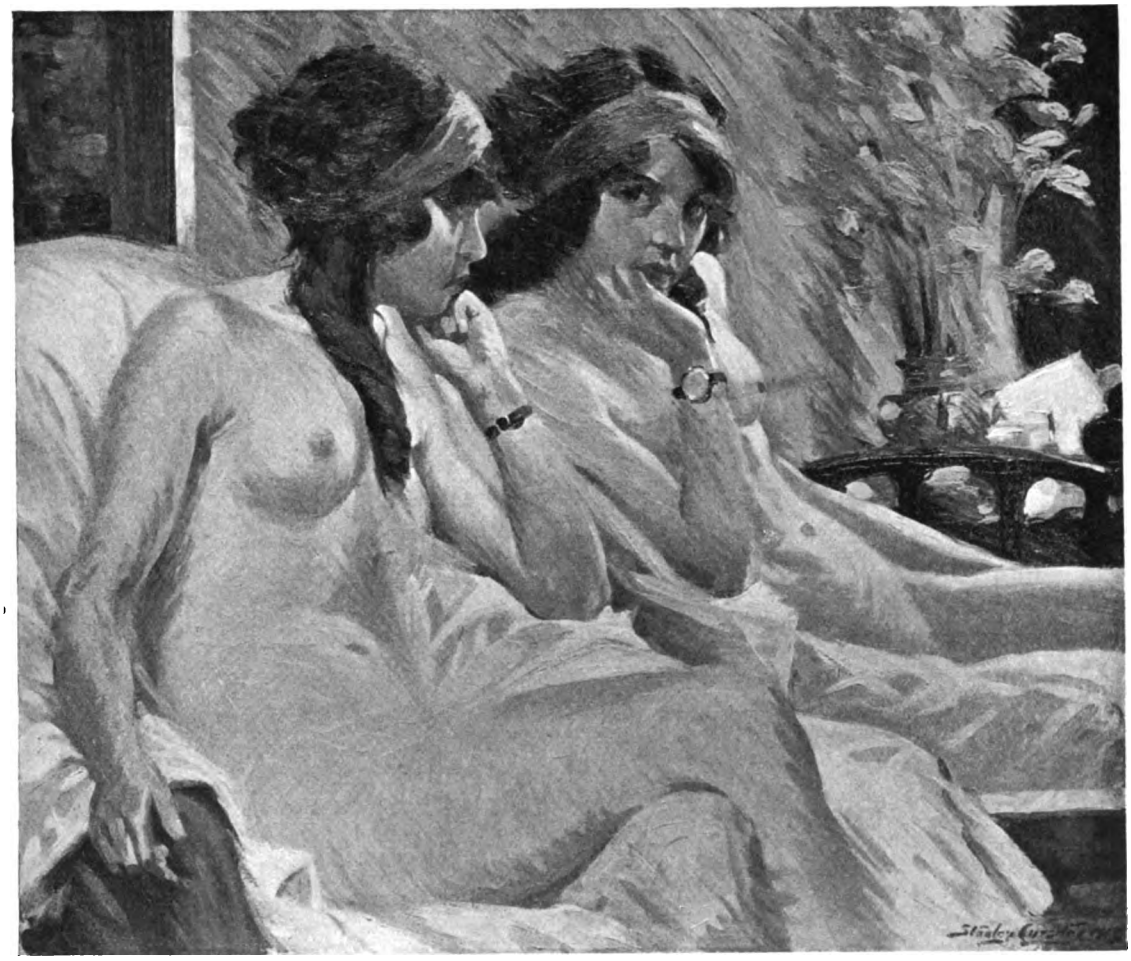
men may see and judge for themselves as to the value of modern departures from accepted ideas. There has never hitherto, however, been an importation so arresting whatever may be its ultimate effect in influencing Scottish art. The most important of these exhibitors were Paul Gauguin, Ruigi Russolo, G. Serusier, Paul Cezanne, Henri Matisse, Van Gogh, G. Severini, J. D. Fergusson, and Duncan Grant. That some of the younger men are not unaffected by these modern developments was seen in Mr. S. J. Peploe's fruit and flower studies, which are a limited and tentative essay in Cubist practice, and Mr. Stanley Cursiter's frankly Cubist presentation of the busy scene at the west end of Princes Street.

Of the four hundred and sixty-one exhibits three hundred and seventy-seven were works in oil and water-colour, the remainder consisting to a small extent of sculpture and largely of applied art in the form of ironwork, jewellery, enamels, and pottery. Among the oil-paintings, Mr. Hornel's *Springtime in the Woodlands* with its merry bare-footed children breathed the joyous spirit in the richness of its colour orchestration and the full harmony of its design. Mr. Robert Noble contributed a beautiful meadow landscape mostly in cool colour with a line of golden corn-field in mid-distance, Mr. W. M. Fraser a piece of river-side scenery with a group of trees after the style of Corot, and Mr. Arthur H. Jenkins a picture of a convent garden at Perugia that is beautifully co-ordinated in colour. Other notable landscapes were a series of four by the late Mr. J. Campbell Noble, a warm friend to the society from its inception, a sunlit farmyard scene in France by Mr. C. H. Mackie, a small but very charming Italian landscape by the same artist and a view of Cramond Ferry interestingly treated by Mr. Mason Hunter.

The Chairman of the Society, Mr. David Alison,



"THE MIRROR" *(Society of Scottish Artists)* BY STANLEY CURSITER

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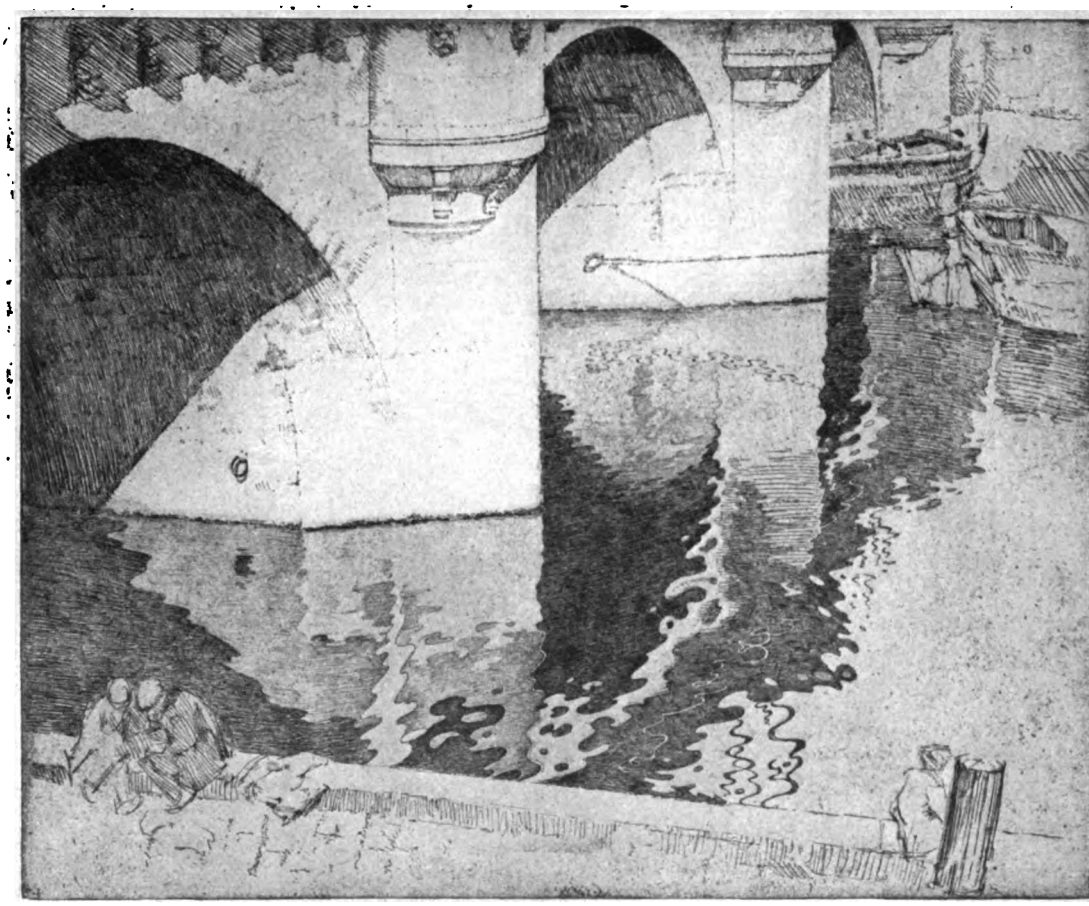
showed three portraits of which the principal, an almost full-length of Mrs. Pollok-Morris in a black evening-dress with a scarlet lined cloak, marks a further step in the career of one of the most promising of the younger portraitists. Mr. Stanley Cursiter's *The Mirror*, though presented as a sketch rather than as a finished product was one of the most outstanding works in the collection, particularly in the modelling of the head and the upper part of the figure. Mr. Robert Hope in his portrait of Miss Jessie Ritchie has given character to his subject combined with beautiful colour, and other good portraits were those by Mr. J. Martine Ronaldson, Mr. J. Munnoch, Miss Cecile Walton, and Mr. J. A. Ford. Mr. F. C. B. Cadell's *Fancy Dress*, was a bold impressionist picture of a lady at a dining-table, distinguished by the dexterity and surety of its colour-design. In the water-colour room, which reached a higher level of merit than usual, a place of honour was accorded to a group of works by the late Miss Preston Macgoun.

PARIS.—Etching, not only because of its popularity but as an art requiring an uncommon certainty of drawing and technical dexterity, makes an especial appeal to a great number of American artists. Amongst those resident in Paris, there are many who, having eluded fame as painters, have not failed to attain notability as etchers. The two accompanying reproductions entitled *Reflections* and *Le Troubadour* are from recent prints by Mr. William Auerbach Levy, who after a brilliant career as a student in the New York National Academy of design, finally gained the two years' travelling scholarship, which is the highest award given by that institution. Coming to Paris at the time when the various "isms" attached to anything *outré* in the way of painting attracted young artists, Mr. Levy, unlike the majority, was in no way infected by their methods which seemed to point out an easy road to the desired Mecca of attainment; but working silently in his own way he produced many canvases of undoubted



"REFLECTIONS" FROM AN ORIGINAL ETCHING BY WILLIAM A. LEVY

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"LE TROUBADOUR." FROM AN ORIGINAL ETCHING BY WILLIAM A. LEVY

merit. Amongst his best etchings it is in those dealing with portraiture that his ability is most marked, though many of his landscapes and architectural subjects are not less successful, most notable being those executed on the banks of the Seine. As a painter, one feels it is also in his portraiture that his personality and strength are most evident and convincing. Returning to America late last autumn, he held an exhibition of his collective work in the Academy rooms of the Fine Art Building, New York, which met with considerable appreciation and promise of an honoured future.

E. A. T.

M. Druet has been showing recently in his galleries in the Rue Royale a very interesting exhibition of pictures by Déziré, a young artist who exhibits work at the Salon d'Automne in particular, and whose art shows him to be a highly gifted painter. One appreciates above all the rich palette of this artist, who is at the same time very modern in temperament and yet of artistic affinity with the classic masters. Also M. Déziré excels in the composition of his pictures, a quality becoming more rare every day among contemporary artists, but one which is very pronouncedly in evidence in the landscape we reproduce overleaf.

Concurrently with these paintings by Déziré, M. Druet had on view some admirable stone-ware by Lenoble, powerful in execution and simple and harmonious in its decoration. M. Lenoble is becoming more and more the compeer of the great masters of the potter's art.

Two Belgian painters of very delightful talent, pupils of Fernand Khnopff, have just held a very remarkable exhibition here in Paris at the galleries of M. Marcel Bernheim. M. and Mme. Tony Hermant's work appeals by its varied and charming qualities; it is most rare to find such an artistic couple. M. Hermant showed a remarkable series of interiors, equally valuable as documents and as excellent pieces of colour. The artist depicts with the same happy effect interiors of the Hôtel de Ville at Brussels, of which pictures certain belong to the corporation of that city, or fleeting aspects of the Brussels and Ghent Exhibitions. M. Tony Hermant also specialises in delicate and charming portraits in coloured chalk finished with light touches of water-colour; his heads of Mlle. Clèo de Mérode, of Mlle. Bovy of the Comédie Française and Mme. Chariotte Lysès are delicious productions which give M. Hermant an assured position as artist. Mme. Hermant is gifted with a quite exceptional feeling for the decorative. Her figures and still-life pieces show that in her case the poetic and the artistic sense are closely wedded.

BLUE STONE-WARE VASE BY LENOBLE

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LANDSCAPE. BY
HENRY DÉZIRÉ

(Druet's Galleries, Paris)

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"RÊVERIE" *(Schulte's Salon, Berlin)* BY HANS UNGER

At the Lyceum Club of Paris Miss Blondelle Malone held the first of her private exhibitions. This was to be followed by others organised at the American Art Students' Club in January and at the Boutet de Monvel Gallery in February. Miss Malone's sunny pictures evoke memories of those southern lands she loves and which with her gay and fresh palette she particularly delights to paint. Here we had nothing but sunshine flowers and azure gulfs. As M. Maurice Guillemot wrote in the preface to the catalogue: "These limpid, vibrant paintings are perpetual invitations to travel and the sight of these sunny skies is a pretext for happy contemplation and sweet vagabond day-dreams."

Among the subjects which have attracted Miss Malone in England we find: *Pink Hydrangeas at the Duke of Marlborough's*, *Roses and the Pleasaunce at the Countess of Warwick's*, *The Garden of King William and Queen Mary at Hampton Court; Wild Hyacinths and Sion House*, and *Crocuses in Regent's Park*. In Paris the Rosery at Bagatelle, the Luxembourg and Tuileries Gardens have afforded Miss Malone some delightful subjects, and she has also painted scenes in Greece, Italy, Sicily and some picturesque landscapes of Japan. H. F.

BERLIN.—In the Schulte Salon during December Ludwig von Zumbusch claimed attention with portraits of children and figure subjects of the cultivated and sympathetic Munich style. One felt attracted by a spirit of freshness and fantasy, by a blending of pensiveness and good humour, and enjoyed the warm touch of sonorous local colours and decorative grace. Hans Unger's aspirations again centred in Roman grandiosity. In his female figures and still-life subjects his idealising realism somewhat oversteps the modesty of nature, yet occasionally he reaches symbolic power. An almost fanatical striving after pure and beautiful form appears to guide his brush, but although he succeeds in achieving exquisite delicacies of tone, as in his beautiful large composition *Morning*, one missed the full Feuerbach and Böcklin orchestration in most of the works of this predestined heir of those masters. Hans von Volkmann's quiet and tender landscapes made an instant appeal, and Erich Büttner showed himself a skilful designer of actualities.

The programme at the Caspar Salon was international, and showed careful selection. It was a pleasure to study the sureness and reserve of

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"A VENETIAN WOMAN"
BY HANS UNGER

(Schulte's Salon, Berlin)

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"MOTHER AND CHILD"
BY HANS UNGER

(Schulte's Salon, Berlin)

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"A STORM ON THE DOWNS." FROM AN ORIGINAL ETCHING BY ANTONIE RITZEROW

(Werckmeister's Kunst-Salon, Berlin)

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"GOING TO CHURCH." FROM AN ORIGINAL ETCHING BY ANTONIE RITZEROW

(Werckmeister Kunst-Salon, Berlin)

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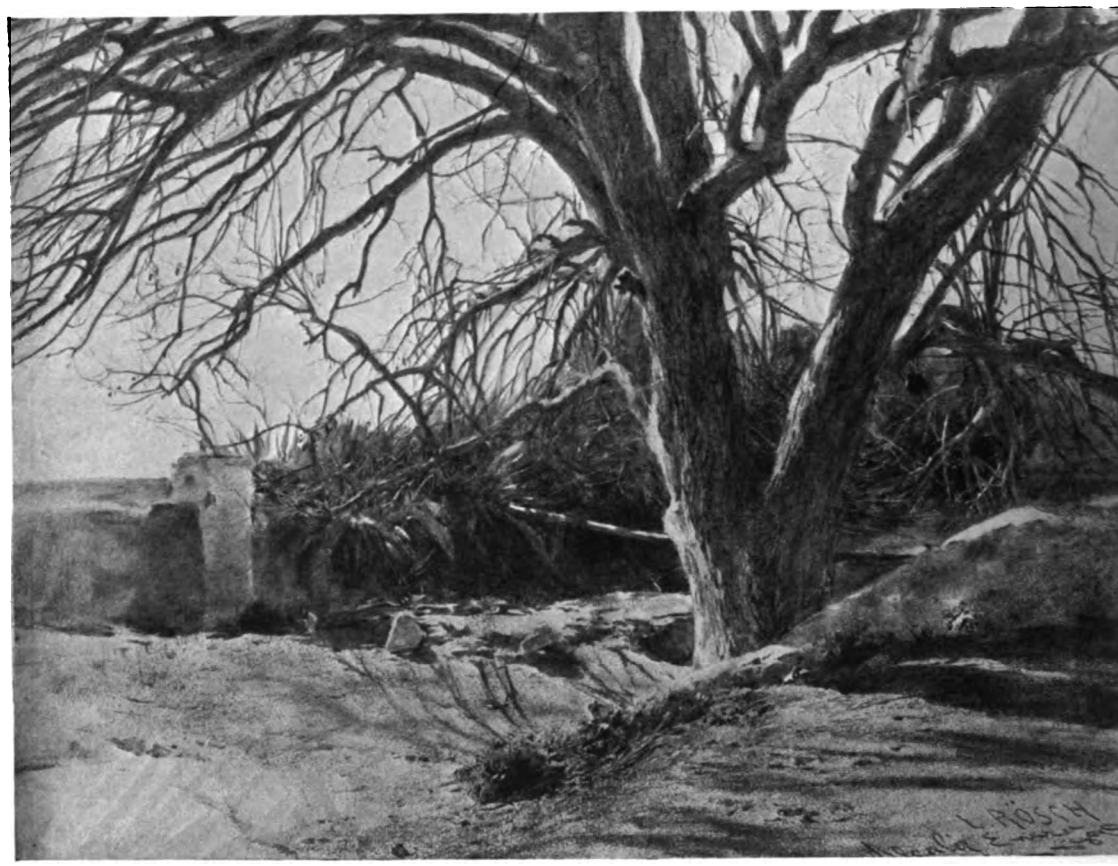

"ALCALÁ, NEAR SEVILLE" CHARCOAL DRAWING BY LÜDWIG RÖSCH
(Vienna Secession, Autumn Exhibition)

Trübner and of his pupil Grimm, the distinguished realism of Groeber, von Brandis, Röbbecke, Jacob and von Kardorf. Dill's quiet moorland aspects seemed raised into a sphere of visionary romanticism, and U. Hübner's swiftly visualised and effective new motifs from North German harbours proved refreshing. Bertram Priestman, Monod-Gournay and Victor Gilsoul also contributed to the enjoyment as painters, and there was besides a graphic section rich in works of merit.

At Werckmeister's a well-arranged exhibition of graphic work by some of the best women artists of the day was on view. Antonie Ritzerow's etchings with their picturesque naturalism were a striking feature, and other prominent exhibitors were Cornelia Paczka-Wagner, H. Weiss, Cl. Sievers, J. Wolfthorn, Cl. Arnheim, Erna Frank, A. Loewenstein, Johanna Metzner, Ulli Wolters, Maria Caspar-Filser, and Frida Winkelmann. Young artists such as A. Weinhagen and the two sisters Nicklass also received due attention in this display. J. J.

VIENNA.—The autumn exhibition of the Secession differed from the general run of this society's exhibitions, insomuch that it was entirely devoted to drawings and sketches by its members. The note therefore was quite distinctive and personal, introducing us to the more intimate side of the artists' work. With very few exceptions, the exhibits, being studies for finished pictures (many of which have been reproduced in this magazine), were never intended for public view, and hence were of peculiar interest, as showing how the final results were arrived at. Such was the case with the contributions of Ernest Stöhr, Alfons Karpinski, Alfred Pöll, Hermann Grom-Rottmayer, Oswald Roux, Alfred Offner, Richard Harlfinger, and some few others of the Secession. Ferdinand Schmutzer contributed both studies for portraits and interior pictures, the former done in his masterly manner, bold and virile, the latter sympathetic renderings of familiar Dutch subjects. Alois Hänisch's pencil-drawings of landscapes, cockatoos, hens, cats and other animals were interest-

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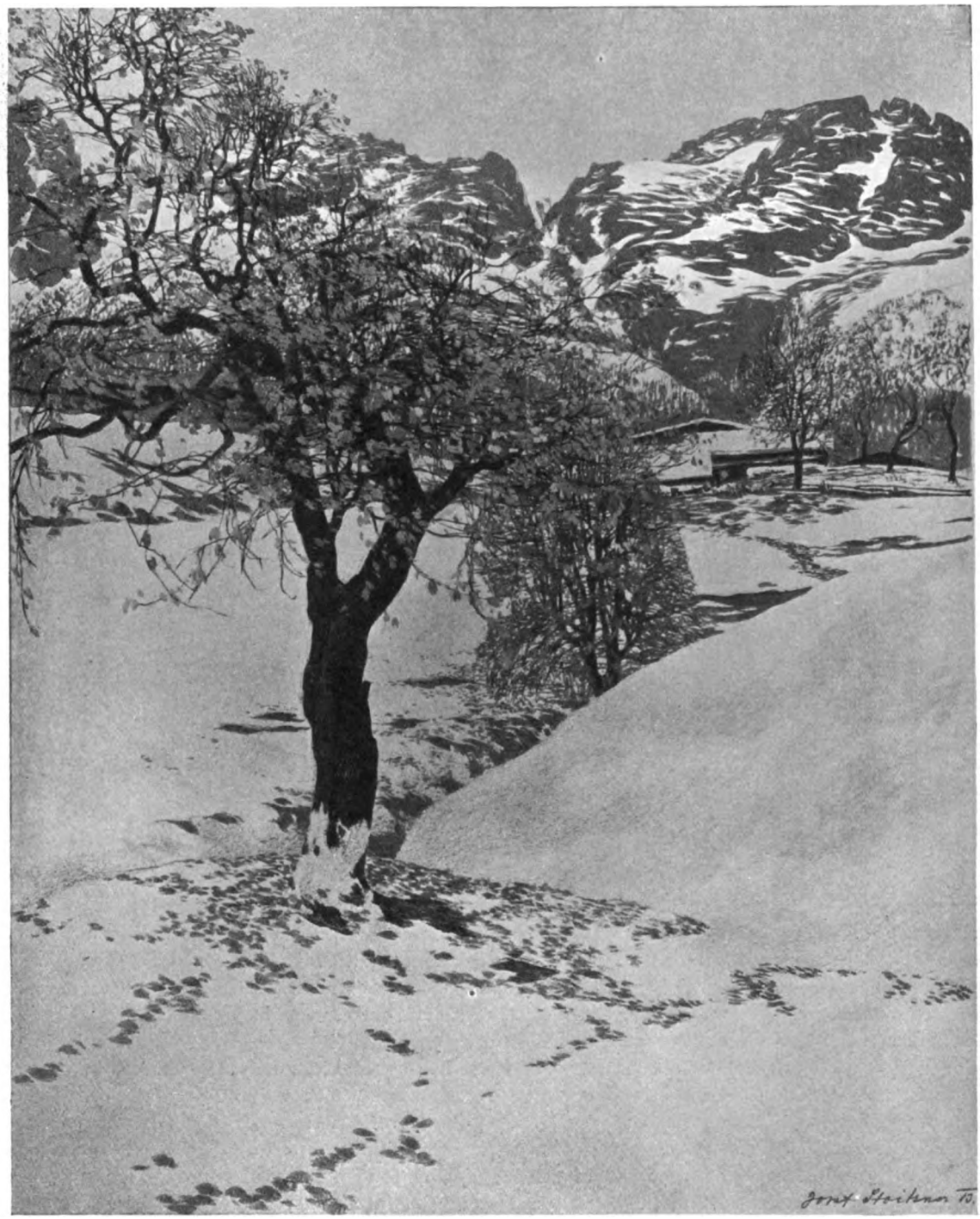

"LATE AUTUMN IN THE MOUNTAINS"
WATER-COLOUR DESIGN FOR LITHOGRAPH. BY JOSEF STOITZNER

(Vienna Secession)

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"BIRCH TREES IN THE VIENNA WOLDS" *(Künstlerhaus, Vienna)* BY THOMAS LEITNER

ing; Ludwig Rösch's beautiful drawings of Spanish subjects furnished yet another proof of his ability as a draughtsman and of the poetic conception which distinguishes his work; Max Liebenwein showed some decidedly clever drawings of the nude and of animals; Ernst Eck a series of excellent drawings in chalk or pencil of country towns and villages; Josef Stoitzner various charming water-colour drawings and studies for lithographs exquisitely fresh in treatment and vigorous in execution; Anton Nowak showed some admirable sketches done chiefly in oils; and Prof. Rudolf Bacher studies and sketches in various mediums, his small portrait-sketches being in their way masterpieces. The exhibition was arranged by Dagobert Peche, a young artist of promise.

The Künstlerhaus has undergone alterations at the hands of the architects Theiss and Jaksch; the pillars in the large entrance hall have been removed and now by means of movable walls exhibitions can be arranged in accordance with the most modern principles. This will be of particular advantage in the display of works of sculpture, which till now have suffered for want of light and sufficient room.

In the recent autumn exhibition the sculpture was, on the whole, not up to the usual standard of the Künstlerhaus, though some good work was shown, and there were fewer portrait paintings than usual. John Quincy Adams's portrait of a young lady in black was strikingly attractive, and his portrait of a man also demanded attention for its strength and virility. Schattenstein's *Portrait of a Girl in White* may be accounted among his best achievements. Victor Scharf also exhibited a *Girl in White*, an interesting work both on account of simplicity in treatment and the sureness and refinement in handling. Rauchinger exhibited two excellent works and Joanowitch's *Portrait Study*, though but a sketch, showed a fine feeling for tone

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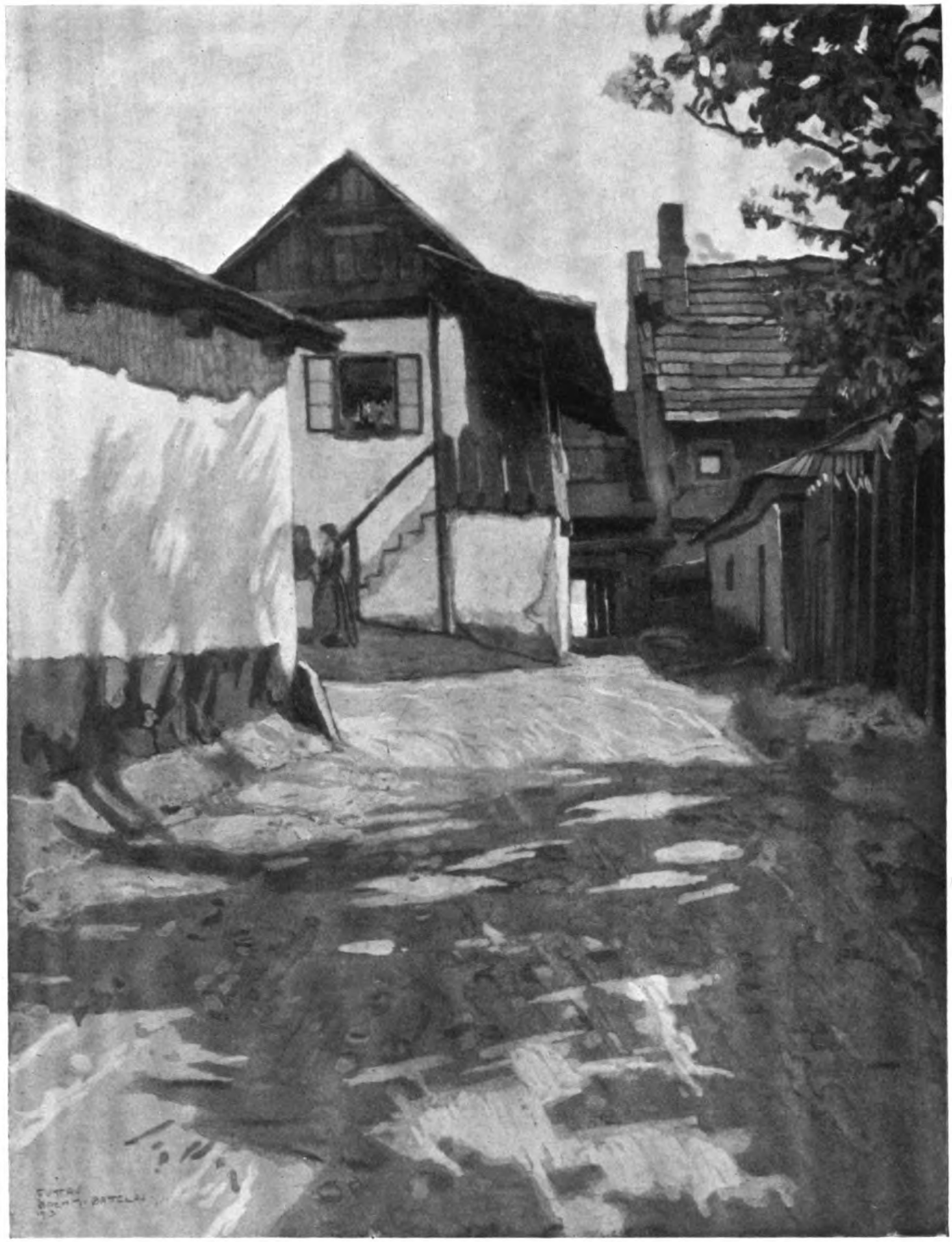

(Künstlerhaus, Vienna)

OLD HOUSES IN BOSKOWITZ"
BY GUSTAV BÖHM

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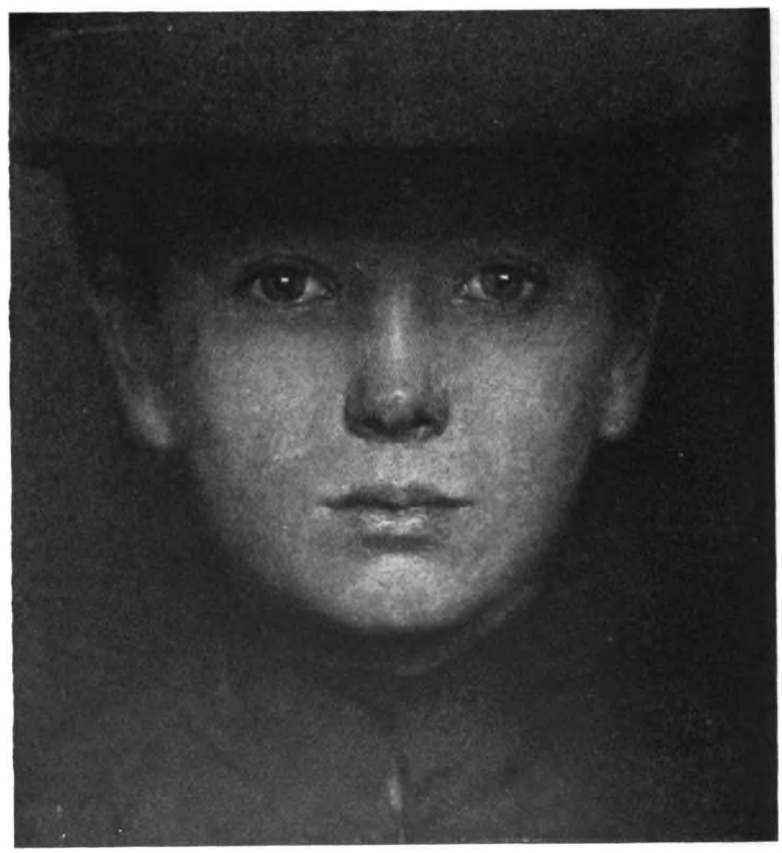
and colouring. Pochwalski is always at his best in his portraits of men; those here shown were of fine quality. Prof. Angeli sent a charming portrait of a little girl. W. V. Krausz's exhibits occupied a small room to themselves; seen *en masse* one could not help being struck by the versatility of this artist and the general good quality of his work. His *Study of a Girl's Head* counts to the very best he has ever done.

There were some notable landscapes. Thomas Leitner's dreamy, imaginative *Birch Trees in the Vienna Wolds*, tenderly and faithfully treated, showed his great gifts as a colourist and portrayer of subtle atmospheric effects; Oswald Grill's landscape with two girls in the foreground was both refined and harmonious; and Therese Schachner was particularly happy in her rendering of spirited and vigorously handled landscapes. Other landscapists who showed praiseworthy work are Karl Kaiser Herbst, Prof. Darnaut, Alfred Zoff, Tina Blau, E. Kasparides, Friedrich Bech, and L. B. Eichhorn, who showed but one work, a little gem.

Among other works which should be mentioned are Horatio Gaigher's *Interior*, very harmonious in effect; some bits of old cities and villages by Gustav Böhm, notably *Old Houses in Boskowitz*, in which he has recorded the wonderful colour effects and atmosphere of this charming old Moravian village; Wilhelm Leger's interiors and garden pictures; Jehuda Epstein's studies of old barock architecture, showing qualities eminently deserving of respect, and Otto Herschel's charming colour notes designated by such terms as "Interiors," "Music," &c.

A pleasant tone was given to the exhibition by several works representing the French artist, Jacques Emile Blanche, who was a welcome guest, this being the first time he has exhibited in Vienna. Other guests were Oskar Glatz, Karl von Ferenczy, Hans Autengruber, Richard Kaiser, Walter Schnackenberg (whose depiction of a scene at the guillotine, though gruesome in subject, was cleverly handled), the Spanish artist, José Ramon Zaragoza (who sent an interesting study of Breton types), and the Swiss artist, Ferdinand Hodler. The last named, who has hitherto exhibited at the Secession, contributed a large work, *Mowers*, painted with a decisive touch and significant for the treatment of the light effects. A. S. L.

BARCELONA.—The exhibition which the young artist Nestor de la Torre held in the Parés Salon during the latter part of December attracted a large and distinguished assemblage, for it may be said without the slightest fear of exaggeration that his works have for some time past been the principal theme of talk in places where artists and art-lovers foregather. The public of Barcelona had already had an opportunity of gauging the powers of this artist in the fine ceiling decorations painted by him for the large



"STUDY OF A GIRL'S HEAD" BY W. VICTOR KRAUSZ
(Künstlerhaus, Vienna)

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"PORTRAIT OF A GIRL IN WHITE"
BY N. SCHATTENSTEIN

(Künstlerhaus, Vienna)

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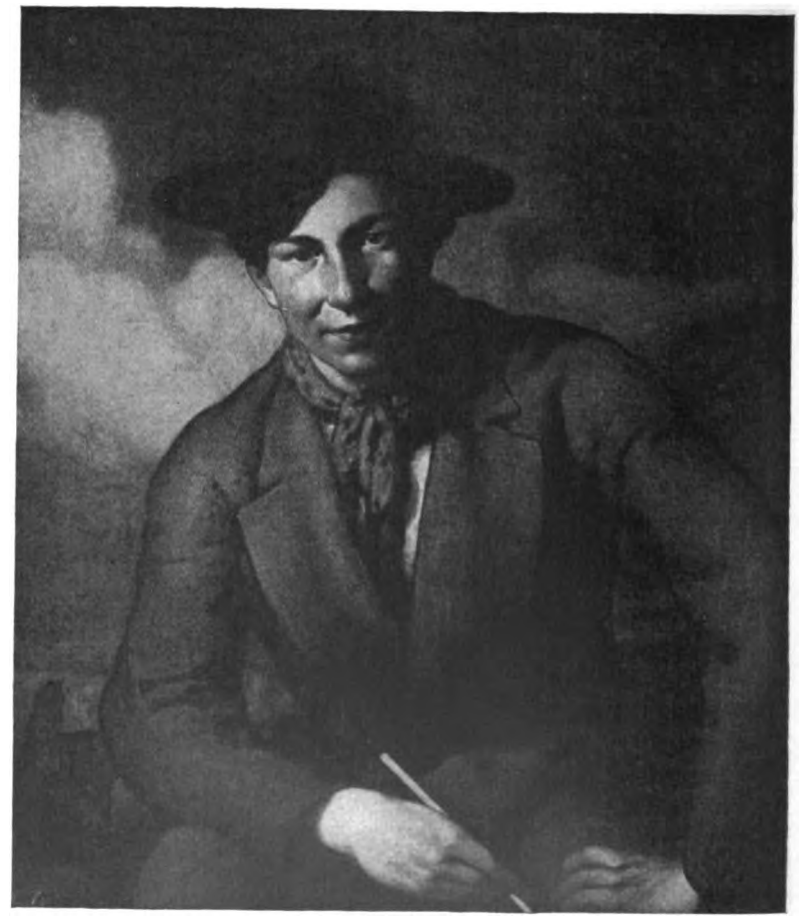
hall of the Casino of Mount Tibidabo, the subjects of which were inspired by passages in the "Atlantida" of the great Catalan poet Jacinto Verdaguer. In these Nestor, in spite of his early years, revealed himself as an excellent decorator, in which capacity he again showed to advantage in works he exhibited some two years ago in the galleries of the Fayans Catalá.

During the interval nothing was seen of the artist who had aroused such interest, and all that was known of him was that he was working with the utmost enthusiasm, first in his studio in London and then in Paris; but the numerous works he has just been exhibiting bore eloquent witness to the ardour with which he has been devoting himself to his art; each work not only testified to the artist's vigour of conception but showed that with his temperamental regard for accuracy and colour he takes delight in creating and handling difficulties of design, evoking astonishment at the way in which he attains the desired end. Thus there results in his works a harmonious richness of which no monochrome reproduction can give an adequate idea. He understands all the secrets of his art and knows how to surprise us with compositions which arouse the enthusiasm alike of the artist, the *amateur* and the ordinary man of the world.

Nestor is, moreover, an excellent etcher and decorator of books, but it is perhaps in the domain of portraiture that his chief laurels have so far been gained. The two works here reproduced, *Joselito* and *Rose and Silver*, are capital examples of this branch of his practice: besides achieving a faithful likeness of the subjects portrayed, he has bestowed great thought and care on his drawing—a point which in some of his exclusively decorative compositions has been rather neglected—and this in conjunction with an admirable play of colour gives to these works a quite distinctive merit. The exhibition at the Parés Salon, in which these pictures were exhibited, has indeed been a real triumph, and heralds a splendid career for this young artist, who is only twenty-four years of age. The Municipality of Barcelona has been shrewd enough to vote a considerable sum for the purpose of acquiring some examples of his work, which are destined to decorate the rooms of the Palacio del Ayuntamiento or City Hall.

J. G. M.

MONTREAL.—The thirty-fifth annual exhibition of the Royal Canadian Academy of Arts opened in Montreal on November 20. It was a distinctly creditable exhibition, in that it included many works of individuality and expressiveness, while relatively few appeared to be entirely lacking in



"JOSELITO" *(Salon Parés, Barcelona)* BY NESTOR DE LA TORRE

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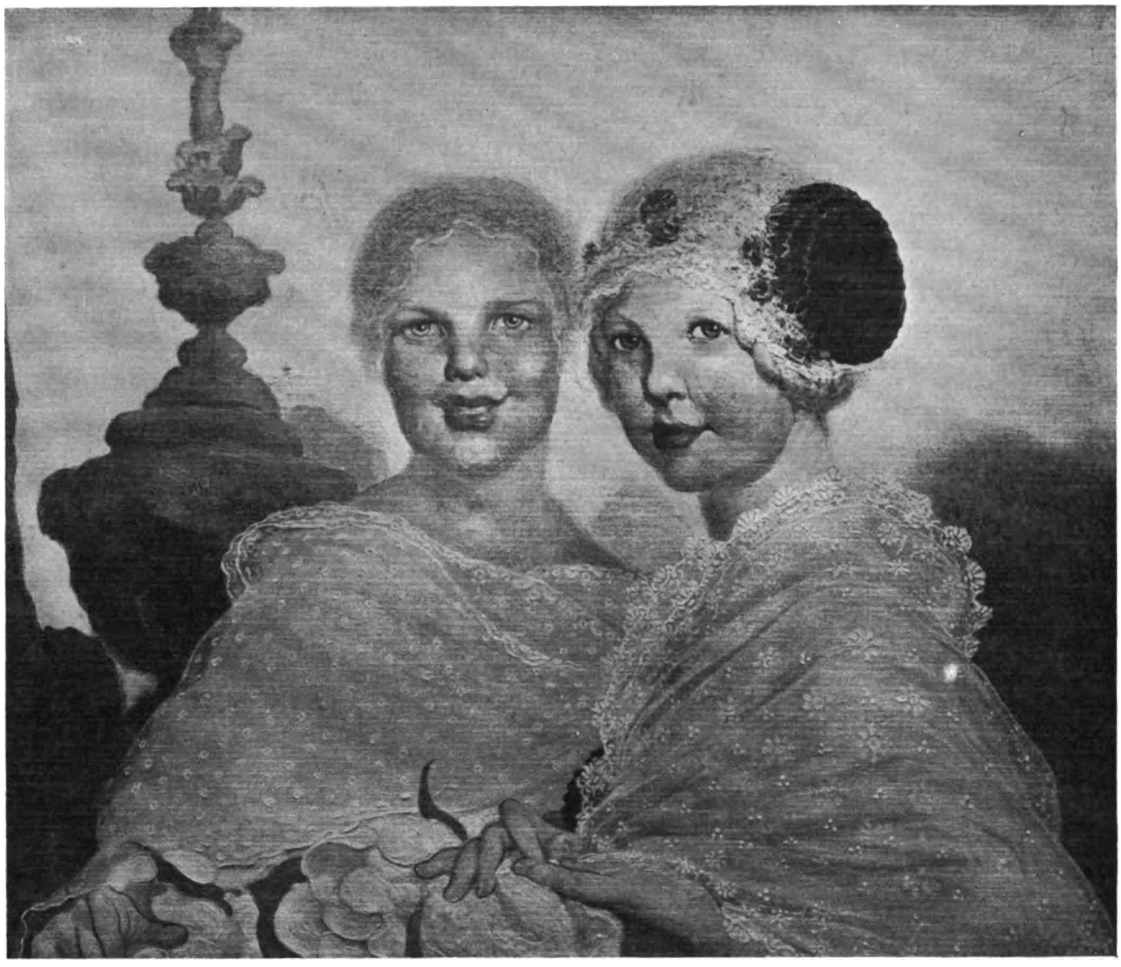

"ROSE AND SILVER" *(Salon Parés, Barcelona)* BY NESTOR DE LA TORRE

significance and sincerity. Its chief interest rested, however, in the further evidence it afforded that a development is in progress which promises to lead presently to the creation of an art essentially Canadian in character and feeling. Unfortunately Mr. J. W. Morrice did not show, and one also missed the original work of Mr. A. Jackson and Mr. H. Hewton, young artists of unusual promise.

The most powerful and convincing work shown was that of Mr. Curtis Williamson, of Toronto, who was represented by four canvases. His portraits of a negro woman and girl—in schemes of blue and bronze and green and deep gold respectively—were superb in characterisation and colour handling. A full-length portrait of a lady in black was also very distinguished; while his *Winter Twilight* would have been entirely successful had it been pitched in a rather higher key. Mr. Williamson always paints in tones of the lowest range, and his pictures can be seen to advantage only under the most favourable conditions of lighting. It is to be feared that age will be unkind to them.

The oil paintings of Miss Laura Muntz and of Mr. Ernest Lawson were likewise eminently personal. Miss Muntz has of late made a very notable advance in technical mastery. Her *Madonna with Angels*, which was purchased by the Dominion Government for the National Gallery, is an ambitious effort, and probably marks her highest achievement to the present. Mr. Ernest Lawson's rhythmical landscapes have a jewel-like quality, and the artist paints them with joy. He is equally happy whether painting brilliant noon-day or falling night. His *Summer—Boys Bathing*, aglow with light, breathes of life and youth, and, in a different mood, his *Evening, St. John's Cathedral*, is equally notable.

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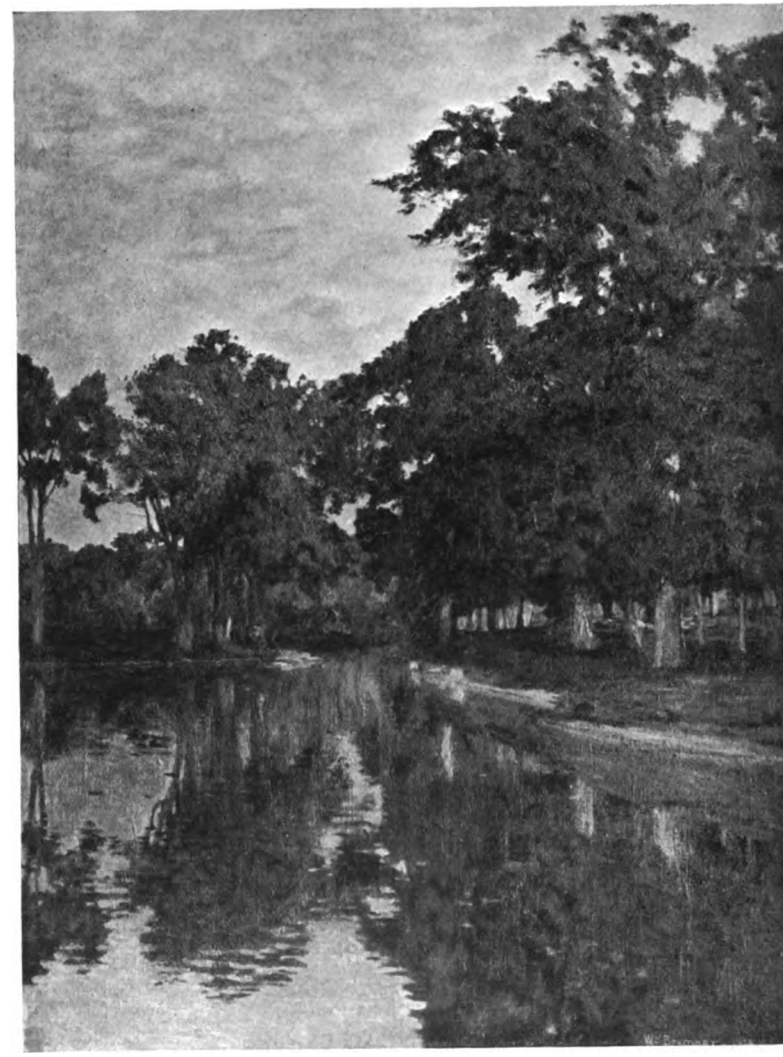
Among other paintings of which special mention should be made were Mr. Homer Watson's fine and nobly conceived landscape, *Evening after Rain*; Mr. Lauren Harris's strong and decorative *Sunrise through Rime*; Mr. W. Edwin Atkinson's *Autumn Field*; Mr. Archibald Browne's *The Risen Moon*; Mr. Franklin Brownell's *On the Beech, St. Kitts, B.W.I.*; Mr. Wm. Brymner's *Afterglow*; Mr. J. W. Beatty's *The Passing Shadow*; Mr. Maurice Cullen's *The October Moon*; Mr. E. Dyonnet's *Portrait*; Mr. James E. H. Macdonald's *The Lonely North*; Miss H. Mabel May's *The Market under the Trees*; Miss K. J. Munn's *A Spanish Dancer*; Miss Florence Carlyle's *Afternoon, Venice*; Mrs. Mary H. Reid's charming interior, *Morning Sunshine*; Mr. Arthur D. Rosaire's *Sunset, Lachine*; Mr. A. Suzor-Coté's *Youth and Sunlight*; and Mr. H. Britton's *Rocky Coast towards Sunset*. Among these paintings, those of Mr. Beatty, Mr. Britton, Mr. Brownell, Miss Carlyle, Miss May, Mrs. Reid, Mr. Rosaire, and Mr. Suzor-Coté were purchased for the National Gallery.

H. M. L.

TOKYO.—A great hope is being entertained by our sculptors in wood. They are striving to uphold the high reputation won for our country by our ancient masters in wood-carving. The marked progress made by our contemporary wood sculptors can scarcely be equalled in any other branch of art in Japan. Not only their progress, but their sanguine future can hardly be disputed. I am inclined to believe that wood sculpture is one of the branches of art most peculiarly suited to our artistic temperament, at least as far as the work itself is concerned. Just as we value so highly the brush-work in our drawings, so the free and bold strokes of the knife are very highly appreciated in our glyptic art.

The fifth annual exhibition recently held at the Takenodai in Uyeno Park by the Nihon Chokoku-kai, a society composed of some seventeen of the most prominent or promising sculptors in wood, attracted considerable attention. Unlike most others, their exhibitions are entirely free from the business element, each member striving to show his very highest, regardless of the possibilities of disposing of his work. For fear that they may possibly be influenced, consciously or unconsciously, in the choice of subject or the manner of execution, the members refrain even from soliciting



"AFTERGLOW" BY WILLIAM BRYMNER
(Royal Canadian Academy of Arts)

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"NOBLE PURITY" WOOD SCULPTURE BY SHIMOMURA KIYOTOKI

a visit from the Imperial Household Department, which invariably makes purchases in order to encourage art whenever such a visit is paid. The results showed that the sculptors were not fettered by the restrictions of *tokonoma*—the post of honour in the Japanese house—but had exercised freedom in the choice of subjects and adopted sizes and kinds of wood to suit their own purpose. The visitor could look upon the bulk of the work with the feeling that it was the genuine production of our own artists, each piece reflecting some phase of the old Oriental life in the light of modernism.

Yamazaki Chōun had three excellent pieces: a *Kwannon* carved in sandalwood, and *At Leisure*, a boy on a buffalo left to roam at its will, and *Hashibe*, a potter rubbing his perspiring face against his naked shoulder, suggesting thereby his soiled hands. Hiragushi Denchu's *After the Ox* possessed some excellent qualities, and good technique was shown in Yonehara Unkai's *Gold Dust* and Furuzawa Kugyo's *Fudo*. The inner feelings were well expressed in *Tranquillity* by Yoshida Hakurei. As a group subject, there was *A Corner of the Pasture* by Mori Hōsei, who also exhibited the *Tiger* here reproduced.

Another interesting group was that of Shimomura Kiyotoki (Seiji), bearing the title *Koketsu* (Noble Purity) and illustrating a story of a Chinese sage named Kyoyu. He was respected and loved so much by his people that one day he was approached by a person who tried to induce him to take the throne. The philosopher thought nothing was so vile and mean as such a suggestion and went to the hills to wash his polluted ears with clean water from a waterfall. The story goes that while he was doing so there came along a farmer to water his ox, but upon learning what the sage was about, he muttered, "I will not allow my precious ox to drink such impure water," and he led the reluctant creature away.

Extremely interesting also in execution was Naito Shin's *A Butcher's Knife*, a man brandishing a large knife over a little chicken in illustration of a passage in the Chinese classies where it says, "What need to employ an engine to crack a nut?" Other works of interest were a *Goat* by Tagima Ikka and Ishimoto Gyokai's *At Dusk*. HARADA JIRO.

ART SCHOOL NOTES.

LONDON.—When the Birkbeck School of Art ceased to exist at the close of last session efforts were made to induce the Corporation of London to revive it, but the negotiations proved abortive. The many hundreds of old students who owe their training to the Birkbeck School will, however, be glad to learn that though it has ceased as a name, its traditions are to be carried on in a new school which has just been started at 21 Queen Square, Bloomsbury, under the direction

"TIGER" WOOD SCULPTURE BY MORI HOSEI

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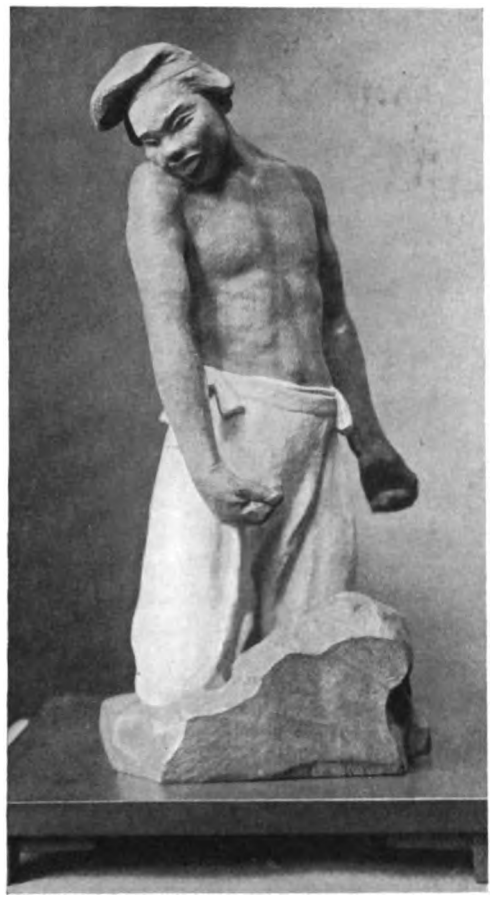

"HASHIBE, A POTTER"
WOOD SCULPTURE BY YAMAZUKI CHŌUN
(See Tokyo Studio-Talk, p. 83)

of Mr. A. W. Mason, who was for many years headmaster of the Birkbeck School. The new school will be known as "The Queen Square School of Painting and Fine Art," and is near the British Museum. It will be open on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, morning and evening, and on Saturday morning. Mr. Seymour Lucas, R.A., and Mrs. Lucas have shown their interest in the new school by consenting to act as Visitors.

The following lectures are to be given at the Central School of Arts and Crafts, Southampton Row, on Wednesday evenings at 8: Mr. E. F. Strange, R.E., "Design in the making of the Printed Book and Book Illustration" (February 25, March 4, 11), and "Japanese Process of Colour Printing" (March 18); Prof. T. W. Arnold, "Persian Illuminations" (March 25); Mr. E. B. Havell, "Indian Paintings and Illuminations" (April 1 and 8); Mr. A. M. Hind, "Woodcuts and Woodcutting" (April 22), and "Etching and Engraving in the Decoration of Books" (April 29).

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

Francesco Goya. By HUGH STOKES. (London: Herbert Jenkins.) 10*s.* 6*d.* net.—Goya, almost the most vital personality of modern art, has been strangely neglected by biographers, perhaps because the task of writing the lives of painters generally falls to critics who are more interested in art than in life and are rather indifferent to the personality of an artist, though it may be of great significance. Without even mentioning his art, the life of Goya would be immensely interesting; his temperament in any case would reward analysis; and his art itself is so strongly personal that it leaves no opportunity for the "dry-as-dust" method. Mr Hugh Stokes does not allow the critical side of his book to suffer because the attractiveness of the human value of his subject's life appeals to him. With considerable success he adopts the only method in such a case, of regarding the art primarily as the mirror of the artist's personality. The subjectiveness of all great modern painting is foreshadowed in the art of Goya. Mr. Stokes skilfully keeps the figure of the master in relation to his time. Imagination made Goya's realism rival life itself. "Born in mediævalism, educated amidst the classic revival, he was a Romantic before the leaders of that group were born." In an admirable monograph on Goya written a few years ago, Mr. William Rothenstein happily compared him with Balzac, in that the characters depicted on his canvas seem themselves in possession of genius. It is impossible to estimate Goya unless we take into account his possession of a fervour absolutely modern, in contrast with the artistic repose of his time. We are sure that Mr. Stokes would not wish us to hail his book as a final one on the painter, but it most effectually brings our information about him up to date, while preserving the legend of his rare individuality. The book is excellently illustrated by forty-eight full-page illustrations.

Painting in the Far East. By LAURENCE BINYON. Second edition, revised throughout. (London: Edw. Arnold. 21*s.* net.—Little by little our knowledge of the progress of pictorial art in the Far East during the ages of antiquity is being enlarged, and the more we know of it the more interesting its study becomes. In regard to Japanese painting the material available for studying the early and intermediate stages is comparatively abundant, though there is reason to believe that the ancient temples and monasteries contain a rich fund of art treasures about which little is

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known except to a favoured few. But of the earliest stages of Chinese painting, reaching back to a far more remote antiquity than Japanese painting, our knowledge is based almost entirely on tradition. The number of still extant originals which can be definitely assigned to a date anterior to the T'ang dynasty is very small, and of these only two or three at most have found their way to the West, one being the remarkable scroll painting in the British Museum attributed to Ku K'ai-chih, who flourished in the fourth century A.D. This painting, of which a complete facsimile reproduction has been published by the Museum authorities, has been closely investigated by scholars since the first edition of Mr. Binyon's book made its appearance, and in the new revised edition he therefore devotes special attention to it when dealing with Chinese painting prior to the T'ang dynasty. In regard to this dynasty a very important source of information has become available in the interval as a result of the wonderful discoveries made by Sir Aurel Stein and M. Pelliot in Chinese Turkestan. The paintings recovered from the Cave-temple at the "Halls of Thousand Buddhas" after nearly a thousand years of seclusion include some which are supposed to be of great antiquity, but a considerable number are definitely assigned to the T'ang period (618-905)—the period of China's "greatest poetry and of her grandest and most vigorous, if not, perhaps, her most perfect art." In these paintings Buddhist ideas are paramount, but the T'ang was also a period when landscape was favoured, and two exceedingly interesting examples are included among the illustrations. In dealing with this and subsequent periods in his revised edition, Mr. Binyon has consulted other important sources of information, such as the fine collection sent over by the Japanese Government to the Japan-British Exhibition, the Boston Museum Collection and that of Mr. Freer at Detroit, and the valuable series of reproductions of ancient masterpieces of Chinese and Japanese painting published by the "Kokka," the Shimbi Taikwan, etc., in Japan. The aim and scope of the book may best be stated in the author's own words: "My chief concern," he says, "has been, not to discuss questions of authorship or archæology, but to inquire what æsthetic value and significance these Eastern paintings possess for us in the West. Therefore in each period I have chosen a few typical masters who concentrate in their work the predominant ideals of their time rather than bewilder the reader with lists of unfamiliar names." It is indeed an illuminating survey of an intensely interesting field of study that he here presents to students of Eastern art, who will be grateful for the thought and care he has bestowed on it. The illustrations have been selected with admirable discretion.

Robert and Andrew Foulis and the Glasgow Press. With some account of the Glasgow Academy of Fine Arts. By DAVID MURRAY, M.A., LL.D. (Glasgow: Jas. Maclehose & Sons.) 10*s.* 6*d.* net.—This interesting account of the life of the brothers, Robert and Andrew Foulis, was prepared by the author over twenty-five years ago, but owing to a variety of circumstances its publication has been thus long delayed. The brothers started their career as book-dealers in days when the business was largely carried on by means of auctions; in close touch with the University they became in due course the accredited University booksellers. Soon they became publishers, and the next step was the starting of their own press. The history of all this and of the founding by Robert Foulis, an enthusiastic lover of art, of the Glasgow Academy of Fine Arts, and the story of that excellent but ill-starred venture is all set forth most interestingly in this volume.

First Steps in Collecting. By GRACE M. VALLOIS (London: T. Werner Laurie.) 6*s.* net.—In this book the author has provided a useful companion volume to her work on the "Antiques and Curios in our Homes" which appeared some time ago. The very wide scope of this book naturally precludes anything in the nature of an exhaustive study of the different subjects and as almost all branches are dealt with it is only to be expected that some receive rather scant notice. The frank admission of its mission as a primer, however, disarms criticism on this score, and as the pages are filled with a variety of useful hints and suggestions as well as much matter descriptive of works of different periods, illustrated by more than sixty reproductions from photographs of old furniture, ceramic and glass ware and other objects and curios, the book should prove decidedly helpful to those who are taking their first steps in collecting.

We have received from Messrs. A. and C. Black a copy of the new issue of that indispensable storehouse of contemporary biography, *Who's Who* (15*s.* net), and with it a copy of the companion handbooks, *Who's Who Year Book* and *Writers' and Artists' Year Book* (each 1*s.* net.). *The Englishwoman's Year Book and Directory* for 1914 (2*s.* 6*d.* net) adds some new features to its extensive fund of useful information.

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THE LAY FIGURE: ON THE INCIDENCE OF TAXATION.

"HAS it ever struck you what an intimate connection there is between national expenditure and the well-being of art?" asked the Art Critic. "Have you ever realised, I mean, how much taxation in its various forms affects the prosperity of the artist and controls his opportunities?"

"I realise that it makes some very serious deductions from his earnings," returned the Young Artist; "and that it takes out of his pocket a great deal more than he is ever able to spare. Is that what you mean?"

"Not quite," replied the Critic. "Of course the artist, like every other professional man, has to pay to the State a proportion of his earnings, and I have no doubt he wishes that he were exempt—that is just human nature. But what I really mean is that when the taxation of a country is heavy the artist has not only to pay the tax upon his earnings but finds that these earnings are actually diminished as well."

"He gets it both ways, in fact," laughed the Man with the Red Tie. "Well, these are the blessings of civilisation, so he ought not to complain."

"But he has every justification for complaint if he finds that he is paying twice over," cried the Young Painter. "Under such conditions he suffers unfairly and he ought to protest against unjust treatment."

"What is the good of protesting against things you cannot alter?" asked the Man with the Red Tie. "When you are 'up against' something you cannot change you can do nothing but grin and bear it."

"Against something you cannot alter! Yes, in that case protest is wasted," agreed the Critic. "But is the position about which I am talking so immutable? Is this reckless national expenditure, with the consequent weight of taxation, so absolutely necessary?"

"I suppose so, or the country would not put up with it," sighed the Young Painter. "All modern nations are rushing into expensive legislative experiments, and so the taxes keep on going up to meet the outlay."

"And as the taxes go up the amount of spare cash available for the encouragement of art gets less and less," said the Man with the Red Tie. "That is how things work out."

"Just so," replied the Critic. "That is precisely how things work out. Unfortunately, most people regard art as a luxury, and when they are hard hit by increases in taxation they fix upon it as the very first of their luxuries to be cut off. If you cannot get them to believe that art is one of the chief necessaries of life—one worth making sacrifices for in other directions—you must try to relieve them of some of the burden of taxation and so benefit the artist indirectly."

"A pleasant dream, indeed," exclaimed the Young Painter. "Is the stuff that dreams are made of going to be a force in the political world?"

"That is a matter for the community to decide," declared the Critic. "In all civilised countries the last word in questions of expenditure is with the people, and if they insist upon reductions in taxation those reductions will have to be made sooner or later. Surely the number of art workers and art lovers is large enough, if they would only pull together, to exercise an appreciable influence over the views of the community."

"Even if we take that for granted," argued the Young Painter, "I do not see how, with things as they are, you are going to reduce the national expenditure. In what direction can you effect economies?"

"Well, take one thing," returned the Critic; "look at the enormous sums that are lavished upon what is called education, a great deal of which consists in teaching unnecessary things to hundreds of thousands of children on the chance that one in ten thousand may prove to be a genius. What is the use of cramming all the rest with stuff which they have to be coerced into learning and which they forget within a few months after leaving school? Look at the multiplication of non-productive governmental agencies with their increasing hordes of well-paid officials who are assured of a comfortable subsistence for the rest of their days. There is hardly any section of the national administration in which economies would be impossible, if only the interests of the country were properly considered."

"And if as a result of these economies taxation were reduced, do you think art would benefit?" asked the Man with the Red Tie.

"Certainly I do," replied the Critic. "If people generally were relieved of some of the burden now laid upon them there would be much more money available for the encouragement of art, and artists would not be crushed, as they are now, by their own taxes and those of other people as well. And do not forget that an increase in artistic production means a great addition to the assets of the nation."

THE LAY FIGURE.

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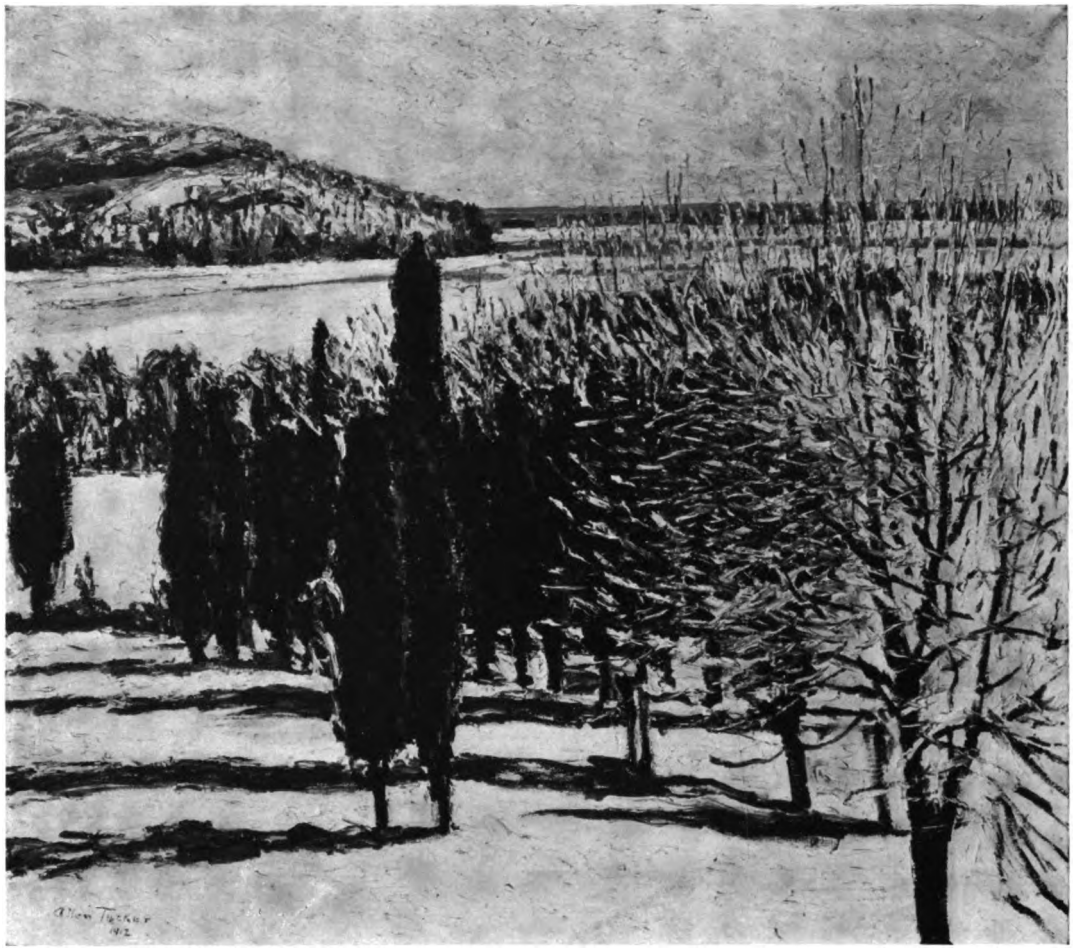

ICE STORM BY ALLEN TUCKER

ALLEN TUCKER: A PAINTER WITH A FRESH VISION
BY FORBES WATSON

IT IS truer of painting than of any other art that the tiresome always has prestige in the eyes of pedants and, conversely, that pedants are the last to discover that which is not tiresome. Allen Tucker is just the type of painter which pedants do not like, one reason being that, fortunately, his art lacks the precision of the foot-rule and the map. His painting is equally lacking in the platitudes which pedantry constantly confounds with traditional principles, and of the veneer of tradition it is most delightfully free. He is frankly modern, looking at life, at people, and at nature with a fearlessness that is splendid.

It is significant how sympathetically that conception of painting which the vague term of Impressionism suggests as well as another, has been felt by sensitive American painters, and how individually the impetus given by Impressionism has been developed by such men as Twachtman, Weir, Hassam, Lawson, Glackens and finally Allen Tucker. The two painters who appear most obviously to have affected the work of Allen Tucker are Monet and Van Gogh. In a general way he received his palette from Monet, that is, the high-keyed palette evolved, more or less scientifically, to interpret the colours of a sunlit out-of-doors. But Tucker owes to Monet no more than his first impulse toward his present style.

Nor does he owe to Van Gogh more than the encouragement which he may have received from his work to follow the instinct of a nature, at once passionate and sensitive, to paint directly. The obvious traits of Van Gogh he has seldom touched upon, and the intense Dutchman's extravagances he has never approached, being moved more by the breathing, living rhythm of Van Gogh's work at its best than by the methods of it. From Van

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Gogh too, he may have gained the confidence necessary to express his own untrammelled vision. Being cultivated, both in his appreciation of Oriental and Occidental art, Tucker is not given to unreasoning acceptance of all painting that is trade-marked: modern. He has no affiliations with the large body of ignorant acrobats whose sole desire is to make a sensation, meanwhile escaping the immense difficulties of serious painting.

Keenly susceptible to modern tendencies, and painting in a modern manner, he records the impressions of a high-strung, susceptible nature, whose emotions are guided by the subtlest intellect and by a distinguished sense of choice. When a picture is painted in a manner evolved in our own epoch, it is called modern because that is the easiest and most obvious thing to call it, but the work of Allen Tucker is modern in the deeper sense in which all vital art of to-day is modern. Whatever the fashion suggested by a painter's style his true modernity depends on how acutely he responds to the life of his day.

It is several years now since I saw the first "one-man" exhibition of Allen Tucker's work. Since then I have seen two other such exhibitions as well as a number of smaller and larger general exhibitions in which his paintings took part, but it was at the International Exhibition held in New York last year by the Association of American Painters and Sculptors (of which Mr. Tucker is a member), and at the Salon in Paris last spring, that certain characteristics of his work first became clearly apparent.

In the first place, there was evidence of artistic growth, an increasing range in colour, a more robust grasp of form and absolutely no sense of repetition, no feeling that the artist's ideas had set in a mould. And in the second place, it became evident that here was one of the exceptional modern painters, inspired by the creative instinct of our own time, mentally alive to its realities.

Ice Storm, reproduced herewith, is but one of the beautiful landscapes, brilliant in key and delicate in colour, which proves that for this artist painting is a living language, not a dead form, that it is an expression of life, that fashions of painting may come and go, but certain laws remain, one of which is that the painter must finally express himself with complete absorption in his idea, and with complete unconsciousness of his means—an unconsciousness won only by patient and thorough study.

It is the landscapes by Allen Tucker that most successfully indicate his attainments. At their best they are fresh, high-keyed, fervent and direct; and in colour they are most distinguished. At their worst they fail honestly, as only the painter can who refuses ever to dodge a problem. A painter who never dodges a problem is one that cannot fail to repay close study.

IVORY AND BLUE BY ALLEN TUCKER

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With regard to Mr. Tucker's landscapes the combination of honest outlook with a capacity for the subtlest mental processes is entirely felicitous. In these landscapes the sunlight quivers, they communicate a sense of joy; a feeling of passionate absorption in the beauty of the world pervades them. They are the living creation of the life in nature and of the spirit which perceives it.

But it is Mr. Tucker's portraits that perhaps most clearly illustrate both his strongest and his weakest points. A reproduction of a portrait in which the colour pattern plays an important part, is unsatisfactory, but the accompanying reproduction of Mr. Tucker's portrait, *Ivory and Blue*, is illuminating even in black and white. The drawing has not the freedom of the drawing in the landscapes, the colour of the flesh is slightly cold, but the psychology is intensely vivid and truly revealing.

There is something positively ingenuous in the way in which the more obvious appeal of the subject has been ignored. Think of that subject in the hands of, let us say a colonel or even a major-general in the army of Sargent imitators. What opportunities it offers for feats of surface cleverness! From the point of view of fluency and complete mastery of grammar, the portrait is imperfect, but from the point of view of design and psychology it is a rare work.

We are not used to such serious portraiture and to a complete immolation of what is called flattery; for the average portrait painter has to sell himself so often before he can "get on" that by the time he arrives, he has lost the power of honest vision. Our taste in portraits has become so hopelessly corrupt that serious portraits are seldom wanted.

Mr. Tucker's are not portraits in the conventional sense, since the centre of interest is not directed at the head by any artificial means. He composes his portraits with great care, considering the placing of the sitter and the relation of each object in the picture to the design of the whole, and he succeeds in producing the effect of the entire subject, accessories as well as head, being bathed and saturated with light. These portraits are richly original with an honesty as pure as that of a child. They are none the less painted with plenty of hard-won knowledge and a rare discrimination. They breathe a finer atmosphere than that of a regulation portrait-maker. I would rather have one than a hundred of the cleverest works of all the Sargent imitators.

SIGURD NEANDROSS
BY CHARLES DE KAY

A SCULPTOR with a name that sounds half Scandinavian, half Greek, is nevertheless an American. He was born of Norwegian parents who came to America just in time to have their son greet the light of day—if not exactly upon the soil of the new world, yet upon the Pacific Ocean, off the shores of California! The question might be asked whether this birth on the ocean wave should give Mr. Sigurd Neandross the right to call himself an Oriental or claim that he alone is an original modern Viking, more at home on the salt flood than on mother earth. He seems to have settled the matter by passing most of his

THE KISS BY SIGURD NEANDROSS

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THE EGYPTIAN WIDOW — BY SIGURD NEANDROSS

life in the United States, with the exception of certain years in Denmark. Given his nativity on the ocean and his Scandinavian ancestry, it is not strange that one of his earliest works should be a figure at Copenhagen called *The Sound of the Sea*, a female figure leaning over a harp, as if listening to the reverberation of the wind in the strings.

> The rude sea grew civil at her song
> And certain stars shot madly from their spheres
> To hear the sea-maid's music.

Neandross did not fashion for the monument at Copenhagen that mermaid of Shakespeare's lines, but a Muse of the Sea with swirling draperies, seated, absorbed in the evolution of music that recalls the whispering of wind through the rigging, the low booming of waves on the strand. Just the opposite of those statuaries who furnish commercial builders with the wares they call for, he belongs to that rarer kind of sculptor who makes one think. His works do not reveal all they have to say at once, but ask you to come again and use your imagination. In other words, he is a sculptor with temperament who goes his own way, endeavoring to express lovely and innocent and poetic feelings to the best of his ability through his chosen art.

He does not look about him to see what happens to be the last cry in sculpture and hasten to copy the master who occupies for the time being the front seat in popular favour. He works out his own salvation with such gifts as he may command, perfectly willing that others should take their path along other lines than his.

The Kiss may be found among the works of various sculptors—delicate and sportive under the chisel of Canova, coarse and animal in the clay of Auguste Rodin. When this young sculptor attempts the well-worn subject, we find him neither sportive nor sensual, but naturally able to express in a clean and passionate way the embrace of two persons for whom love is something higher than the senses. The youth, a winner in some contest, if we mark rightly the olive crown he wears, is too much overcome by his love to smile or gesticulate, whilst as to speech, that is drowned by feeling.

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The two embody very chastely what Byron expresses in the line:

> A long, long kiss, a kiss of youth and love.

The contrast between the muscular form of the winner of the wreath and the suave modulations of the girl's figure; the difference between the action, just suspended, in the youth overtaking the maid, and the complete rest of the latter, as she surrenders herself to his eager hands, are told with delicate reticence. The group belongs to the same kind of sentiment we find in *Mother and Child*, an early work by Neandross which was exhibited in Germany and bought for the art museum in Krefeld. It has the quality of simple sweetness we associate with some of the paintings and sculpture of the Italian Renaissance.

If these sculptures of the affections present an engaging view of the happiness of life, others by the same artist offer with gentle insistance the cup of sorrow. Living with wife and a sheaf of blooming children in a house built with his own hands in the woods along the eastern slope of the Palisades, he can realize unhappiness in others. Happy, both as a husband and a father, he imagines the feelings of her who has lost her partner, and expresses them by way of Egypt in *The Egyptian Widow*.

Against the immovable curves of the box, shaped like a seated man, in which the mummy of the departed sits enshrined, he contrasts the living curves of the widowed mother, as she kneels in Oriental fashion with the back of the feet flat on the ground, and, clutching her head in both hands, leans forward against the painted shrine.

Observe the sense of composition in these two groups. Note the restraint in the expression of passionate love and hopeless sorrow in the several pieces, and consider whether in regard to this particular sculptor we are not up to our old tricks—neglecting to avail ourselves of talents in sculpture when they are to be had—only virtuously to regret their absence when no longer available! Artists with imaginative, sensitive minds are so few that they stand out against a drab-colored background.

In America we have many good sculptors of both sexes, but for the most part they do not shine on the side of imagination. The public does not demand of them much beyond portraits, or else certain accepted forms, religious or patriotic, such as angels and "boys in blue." The consequence is that where little is asked less is given. Sculpture is starved in the house of her friends. If an artist possesses an imagination he must work alone, and without the pressure from some admirer or amateur who is interested in his work and pushes him on. There is a demand for sportive, whimsical statuary, and this crowds the exhibitions; since artists are always forthcoming who have the requisite fancy to hit off the humour of the day with more or less delicacy and supply the call for fountains and ash-trays designed in lighter vein.

Now and then, however, one comes across a sculptor who is hardy enough to exist under the complicated discouragements thrown by the public on thoughtful work. To him, of course, existence is only possible at the loss of long hours filled with humdrum labour; he is lucky indeed if he have the strength of mind and body to pursue his own higher themes between whiles. Such an artist is Sigurd Neandross, who lives his life with wife and children in a house of concrete and timber which he has built with his own hands in the woods near Ridgefield, New Jersey.

WHAT TALE DOES THIS TAPESTRY TELL?

AN ILLUSTRATED article appeared in our January number, under the above heading, by Charles de Kay, in which the writer traced the subject to an Arturian legend. To Mr. Lewis, president of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, this tapestry tells quite a different tale:

> "I read with much interest the article by Charles de Kay in your valuable publication, entitled 'What Tale Does this Tapestry Tell?' and write to answer it. The tapestry in question is beautifully reproduced, facing page clxi of Volume LI of THE INTERNATIONAL STUDIO.
>
> "The tale it tells is unmistakable, and is recorded in II Samuel, Chapter XI, wherein it is said that 'David walked upon the roof of the King's house; and from the roof he saw a woman washing herself, and the woman was very beautiful to look upon. And David sent a messenger after the woman. And one said, is not this Bath-sheba the daughter of Eliam, the wife of Uriah, the Hittite?'
>
> "Almost all medieval pictures portray sacred scenes. The woman washing at the fountain is Bathsheba. The youthful, vigorous man, as Mr. de Kay describes, is not a lover seizing a pretext to approach his love, but is the messenger of King David, who is shown in the upper balcony to the right, watching the effect of his messenger's visit.
>
> "The unconventional manner in which the scene is represented is probably due to the fact that the chief figures are portraits. Hence Bathsheba is robed, but there is nothing at all in the Bible to justify the commonly accepted idea that Bathsheba was otherwise than robed when King David looked upon her."

Mr. George Leland Hunter has also a similar charge to make, supported by a picture with inwoven legend which will appear later. It will be interesting to note what stand Mr. de Kay will make against his opponents.

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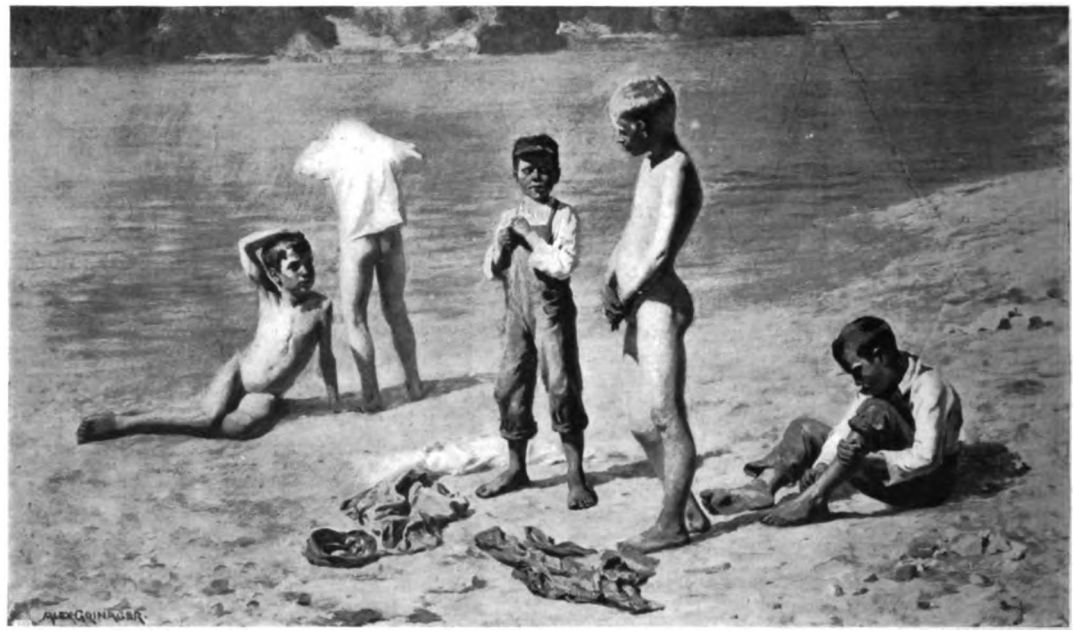

BOYS BATHING BY A. GRINAGER

ALEXANDER GRINAGER: AN APPRECIATION

THERE are artists whose fame is spread abroad on every occasion and who, willy-nilly, are ever before the footlights; and there are artists, too, possessed of a little private trumpet which seldom reposes in its case; there are still other artists who, like the violet 'neath a mossy stone, exude their fragrance in artistic solitude—of such is Alexander Grinager, a native of Minnesota, and owing to excessive modesty practically unknown. Yet he is doing splendid work. He has spent many winters studying in Copenhagen and his summers in wandering through Jotund Fjelderne, the Wild Mountains, with Grieg and Sinding as his comrades. The impression they received, in the case of Grieg and Sinding, found expression in music, while Grinager records them upon canvas.

The out-of-door feeling is very marked in all his compositions and his two great qualities are an admirable rendering of sunlight and a capable handling of running streams. His *Boys Bathing* and *Auvers sur Oise* are bathed in sunlight. The former picture was hung in the Academy, but owing to being skied was only seen by few, and then to disadvantage.

Mr. Grinager has exquisite feeling for every change, however subtle, between sunrise and sunset, and shows fine sentiment when painting the close of day, caressed by soft gold and opal light. He paints broadly or smoothly, to suit his subject, and the picture we reproduce representing one of his sons, shows the reverence he bears to the old

A SON OF MINE BY A. GRINAGER

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BRONX RIVER BY A. GRINAGER

masters, in that he can attune himself to their best traditions, without slavish imitations. Another of his boys he has painted with the sun streaming through the window and creating mystic patchwork upon floor, chair and youngster, reminiscent of Vermeer, but carried out in a truly modern spirit.

He loves to paint dark cathedral interiors, with the light stealing in from door or window and lighting up some nook or corner. In looking at his paintings we recall unconsciously a line of Whitman:

"The true poets are not followers of beauty, but the august masters of beauty."

His painting, *The Brook*, is a fine out-of-door study, full of chilly atmosphere, that difficult substance to paint, frozen snow, has been skilfully handled, and the brook reveals dangerous depths to any boys foolhardy enough to make it a thoroughfare. What a contrast this canvas presents with his *Boys Bathing*, where all is warmth and sunshine. *Bronx River* is a good example of his intimate knowledge of moving water. The stream eddies past the rocks in a rhythmic rush to the bend, which is suffused with light. W. H. N.

THE BROOK BY A. GRINAGER

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AUVERS SUR OISE BY A. GRINAGER

PORTRAIT PAINTERS

DURING the first half of February the National Association of Portrait Painters held their third annual exhibition in the large gallery of Messrs. Knoedler & Co., and can look back upon well-deserved success, augurring well for the future of this young but powerful organization.

The impression received from the first glance round the gallery was at once favorable, from the fact that there was so much variety and a much needed departure from stilted and standardized methods, so often in evidence with what is styled an academic portrait. Twenty-six portraits in all were shown, out of which fully twenty were meritorious, and several even outranked the Sargent. It was interesting to see the study of an old man, by Charles Dana Gibson, who makes his debut in this branch of art with *éclat*. One of the best things was William M. Chase's self-portrait. Cecilia Beaux showed a seated figure of an old lady in white satin. A dignified rendering of Mr. Alexander Humphries, by John W. Alexander; a charming little miss, all smiles and ringlets, by Johansen; Lockman's splendid portrait group and Crawford's half-figure profile contributed largely to the success of the exhibition. A comic note was afforded by the contrast between such a subject as Luk's austere priest and Henri's queer little *Guide to Croaghan*.

All who know Mr. Charles Knoedler were struck by the life-size painting of him, side figure in riding costume, by Victor D. Hecht, a speaking likeness of much character. Johansen's little girl found an agreeable pendant in smiling Master Weld Morgan, by M. Jean McLane, who has since received fine recognition at the Pennsylvania Academy along with Robert Henri.

This Association is striving to show their exhibitions in as many towns as possible. During 1912 and 1913 they exhibited at points so far apart as Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis and St. Paul, while this year they will show at the Carnegie Institute at Pittsburg and at Washington, D. C., their object being to give as many people as possible an opportunity to see the work of America's representative portrait painters. They intend penetrating to the Pacific Coast, after finishing the Middle West. Great credit is due to the enthusiasm and energy of Earl Stetson Crawford, who organized this Association three years ago, and who has been the life and soul of it since. W. H. N.

PORTRAIT BY WM. M. CHASE

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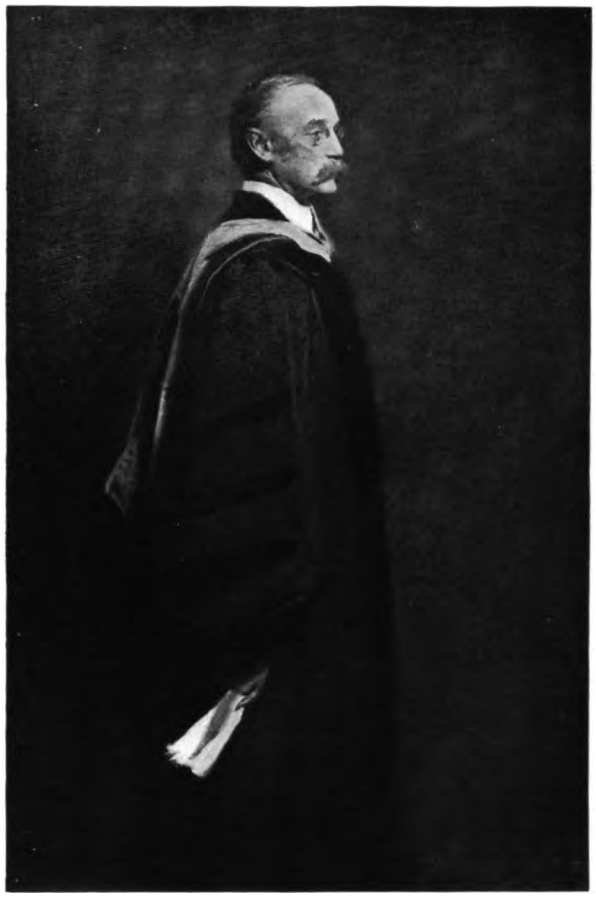

PORTRAIT OF ALEXANDER HUMPHRIES, ESQ. BY JOHN W. ALEXANDER

Loaned by Countess Santa Eulalia
PORTRAIT BY EARL STETSON CRAWFORD

PORTRAIT BY FRANK W. BENSON

TWO ETCHINGS BY KATHARINE MERRILL

WHEN the Society of American Etchers held their first New York Exhibition a year ago in the gallery of the Salmagundi Club, much attention was paid to the young artist who etched the path of the Civil War. Daughter of a veteran, Katharine Merrill found it no difficult matter to feel enthusiasm at Gettysburg, and so strongly did this battlefield obsess her that an etching trip was at once set on foot, resulting in the series of plates exhibited. General Meade's headquarters, a little whitewashed cottage surrounded by iris, illustrated Gettysburg; the tiny village of Sharpsburg on the slopes of the Potomac yielded the Antietam plate. Burnside Bridge and Harper's Ferry were further landmarks to be utilized before encountering jiggers and midges in the trenches of Vicksburg. Finally, Chattanooga, with Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge fell to Miss Merrill's needle, and the series was complete. This young artist, however, is not resting upon her Civil War laurels, and the next two pages show two large plates which she has just completed, the dimensions of the Milwaukee plate being 15¾ by 13¾, and the Chicago one 18 by 10½ inches. These plates have a great deal more than mere size to recommend them. There is richness and quality of line, along with individuality. Katharine Merrill's work will be on view this year at the Brown-Robertson galleries.

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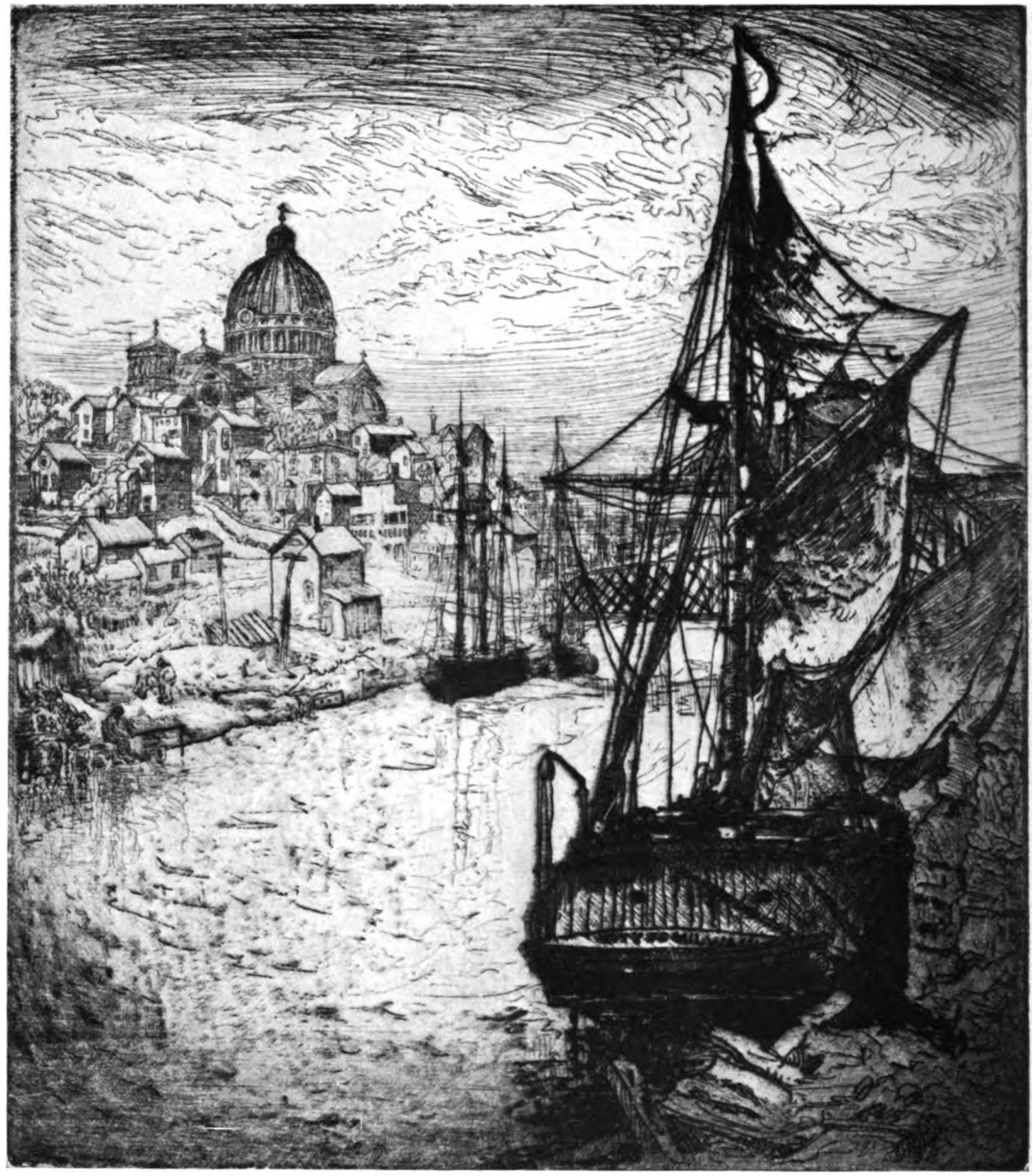

ST. JOSEPHAT'S POLISH CATHEDRAL, MILWAUKEE
ETCHING BY KATHARINE MERRILL

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WHERE ART AND COMMERCE MEET, CHICAGO
ETCHING BY KATHARINE MERRILL

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PORTRAIT OF MRS. JOHN BARRYMORE
BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

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Courtesy of Mr. Victor G. Fischer
A CASSONE BY PESELLO

IN THE GALLERIES

EXHIBITIONS large and small, worth while and negligible, have held sway throughout February in undiminished frequency; most important, of course, the Winter Exhibition of the National Academy of Design. Of marked interest has been the dainty exhibition of Fragonards, held under the auspices of Messrs. Gimpel & Wildenstein, the proceeds being devoted to charity. Never before has one seen this great pupil of Boucher to such advantage. Furthermore, the twenty-ninth annual exhibition of the Architectural League of New York; Third Annual Exhibition of the Portrait Painters' Association; Muhammedan miniatures and manuscripts at the Berlin Photographic Company and, last but not least, the Meunier Exhibition at Columbia University. Paintings and sculpture by this Phidias of the Black Country, as he was aptly christened, were on view, officially and excellently catalogued by Mr. Christian Brinton, from January 28 to February 15. Ten life-size works in plaster, seventy-seven figures in bronze, besides numerous oils, water-colours and pastels, formed a magnificent epic of industrialism. New Yorkers and visitors showed their appreciation by thronging the galleries. This extraordinary collection, now in Chicago Art Museum, will be seen later in the Museums of Detroit and St. Louis. The Avery Library generously tendered by Mr. Avery and President and Mrs. Nicholas Murray Butler, was an ideal stage for the display.

Fauvism has been rampant. Many people supposed erroneously that the much-talked-of Armory Show was the beginning and end of the Post-Impressionists here. Far from this being the case there have been ultra-modern displays at the

Courtesy of Hackley Art Gallery, Muskegon, Michigan
STUDY IN ROSE AND BROWN BY WHISTLER

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MacDowell Club, the National Arts Club, the Montross Galleries and, of course, at No. 291. That Mr. Montross should have admitted Die Wilden caused some surprise, but in a somewhat apologetic statement Mr. Montross explains that he prefers to be on the right side of the door, in which sentiment he is very much like the rest of us. At all events, he has given every one a great treat. Most interesting were the landscapes and portrait by Allen Tucker; the three charming symphonies by Henry Fitch Taylor; Walter Pach's *Progressions*, beautiful colour gradations in still life, and Arthur B. Davies' harlequin effects, entitled *The Great Mother*, *Energia* and *Potentia*.

Director Wyer, of the Hackley Art Gallery, is constantly adding masterpieces to the Permanent Collection, some of which have recently been reproduced in this magazine. One of our cuts shows his last purchase, a Whistler, a beautiful study in rose and brown by that master of symphonies.

By the kindness of Mr. Fischer we are able to show in illustration a beautiful cassone, purchased by him in Germany, painted by Genochi Giuliano Pesello (1367–1446), a celebrated cassone painter in Florence. The subject illustrates the arrival of a party before a temple bringing offerings and wedding gifts, probably historic in the family for whom it was painted. The sides of the chest bear the Medici arms, but are later work. This cassone is in beautiful condition and rich in rococo carving at the angles.

ETCHING BY MATHILDE DE CORDOBA

ETCHING BY MATHILDE DE CORDOBA

M. Marcel Lejeune showed clever work at the galleries of Maison Ad. Braun & Cie. Over sixty decorative subjects in the style of Bakst and Beardsley, but not mimetic, represented his versatile art. There were pen drawings, gouaches, crayons, pastels and sanguines.

An exhibition of contemporary art by a number of the more progressive painters whose work is rarely seen together, has been held in the galleries of the National Arts Club last month, affording the public as well as the artists an opportunity of a comparative survey of certain of the most recent developments in American art. Painters as distinctly different as Maurice Prendergast, Henry Lee McFee, Marion Beckett, Andrew Dasburg, Edward A. Kramer, Kenneth Hayes Miller, Gus Mager, Katharine N. Rhoades, Sidney Dale.

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Shaw, Walkowitz, John Marin, Zulma Steele, Arthur Lee and A. Leon Kroll could be seen side by side.

Three illustrations show the attractive art of Mathilde de Cordoba, who together with Zella de Milhau, will be exhibiting at Goupil's Galleries March 16th to 28th. Mlle. de Cordoba has an international reputation as a drypoint etcher in colour. She etches directly from the sitter on to her plate, and gives a delightful quality to her work, the sense of arrested motion being well expressed. She has etched many celebrities abroad and on these shores, and is at present engaged upon a plate of Jean, daughter of Mr. William Farquahar, in her costume of "Good Fairy." The French government and the Congressional Library buy prints of all her plates. Goupil's publish Mlle. de Milhau's prints and give her a yearly exhibition here, in Paris and in London. In her landscapes she uses soft ground, aquatint and pure line etching, as they best express her aims, and for her colour prints often uses three plates. Her line is musical and her colour harmonious.

ETCHING BY MATHILDE DE CORDOBA

One of our illustrations shows Robert H. Nisbet's latest canvas, *The Emerald Robe*, which was much noticed at the National Arts Club members' exhibition this winter. Mr. Nisbet has a summer home in Connecticut and finds all the subjects he

THE EMERALD ROBE BY ROBERT H. NISBET

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ETCHING BY ZELLA DE MILHAU

needs without travel. An exhibition of his work will be on view at the Arlington Galleries on Madison Avenue from the 16th to the 28th of the current month and should prove attractive.

Our last illustration is *A Dutch Girl*, by Rebekah Rogers, a Western artist

Arnold C. Slade has followed up his successful show at the Philadelphia Art Club by still more success at Boston and Grand Rapids. He has now the distinction of inaugurating the opening of a fine art gallery in Springfield, Ill., with a display of fifty canvases. This newest of art galleries is a magnificent and historic residence recently gifted to the town.

F. L. Stoddard has lately concluded an exhibition of his work at the Powell Galleries. Some of his canvases are particularly interesting and will be reproduced in a future issue. *On Laurel Hill* is a fine bit of colour and composition. Three white-clad maidens are descending the slope, picking their way in Indian file, their arms full of the laurel blossom. The design is well conceived, while the light from the hilltop filters through the trees and shrubbery, masses of light and shadow being well balanced.

M. Stephan Bourgeois has just opened a new gallery at 668 Fifth Avenue, of which more mention will be made in our April number. High-class art, old and new, in attractive surroundings, convinces one that M. Bourgeois has a serious purpose and intends to perform it. The walls have been very tastefully draped, each room in a different tone and scheme. The presence of important canvases by Manet, Monet and Van Gogh, in the latter case his extremely sane *Moulin de la Galette*, marks this opening exhibition as first-class indeed.

The Whistler picture reproduced on page xxxi is said to be the daughter of the blacksmith of Lyme Regis, whose portrait, about the same size as this, is now in the Boston Museum. The picture in the Hackley Art Gallery was included in the Memorial exhibition, London.

A DUTCH GIRL BY REBEKAH ROGERS

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LA CHEVRIÈRE
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An Art Museum—Its Concept and Conduct

This book contains a list and criticisms of the paintings, with reproductions of many of the important canvases in the Hackley Gallery, showing what has been accomplished by a small city in bringing together a collection of significant art at, relatively speaking, a small cost.

An article also deals with the practical value of an art museum, describing the policy and method of instruction pursued.

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Muskegon, Mich.

By RAYMOND WYER, Director, The Hackley Gallery of Fine Arts

JAPANESE PRINTS and PAINTINGS

FRANCIS LATHROP, the artist, died almost four years ago, bequeathing his entire collection to the Metropolitan Musem of Art. Unfortunately, the conditions of the bequest were such that it could not legally be accepted. The collection of Japanese prints was probably the most important historically ever formed. I have been selling the prints and paintings at private sale, but it takes years to dispose of a collection this size. There are over five thousand prints and almost three hundred paintings still unsold. Among these are many of the finest. The entire net proceeds of this sale go to form a fund to be known as the "Lathrop Fund," to be used to purchase paintings by American artists for the Metropolitan Museum. Every purchaser is therefore a contributor to that fund. This spring I have marked the prices still lower, it being my duty to settle the estate as rapidly as possible, so that a rare opportunity is now offered to collectors.

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THE GERMAN ASSOCIATION FOR CULTURE

ART exhibitions are part of the work of the German Association for Culture, which also extends its activities so as to include music, literature, education and economics. The organization has a board of managers, Otto Sattler being the secretary. The art critic, Clara Ruge, is at the head of the art department. The association has been in existence only two years, and has over 500 members.

The Christmas Exhibition, which was held in a gallery at 4 West 28th Street, was the first exhibition on a larger scale. The exhibitors are all members of the Association for Culture. There were 170 paintings, besides sculptures, bronzes, ceramics, handmade jewellery and embroideries.

The principal aim of the art department of the German Association for Culture is to help young, talented artists to bring their work before the public. The Association for Culture has had, from its beginning, many well-known artists among its members, such as Henry Mosler, Albert L. Groll and Leon Dabo.

At the recent Christmas Exhibition Henry Mosler was represented by figure work and landscapes, Albert L. Groll by two of his Arizona pictures. Leon Dabo exhibited, *An Evening on the Hudson*, in his harmonious style, and some dashy sketches from Spain, the result of his last summer's work. William R. Leigh had a large Indian painting, *Rabbit Hunting with the Boomerang*, and some smaller interesting pictures depicting Indian life; also a Western landscape. Jerome Myers sent some of his sombre and powerful East Side paintings. Blendon R. Campbell had several very decorative paintings. David Ericson had good marines and views from Bruges. John Sloan exhibited five strong paintings and a collection of his excellent etchings. Henri de Mance had good portraits and landscapes of tonal qualities. Henry Hintermeister sent a fine portrait and a landscape. R. Loewenberg showed water-colours and etchings of broad technique. Jane Petersen was represented by very dashy water-colours and Susan Knox had good figure pieces at the Exhibition. Among the young painters who showed very promising work were Louis Bromberg, Emil Holzhauer, R. Schmidt, A. Morling, P. Williams. Melitta Blume and Pauline Lins.

Among the sculptures Isidore Konti's *Lost Melodies* and his small bronzes were prominent. The Venezuelan sculptor, Eloy Palacios, had a bronze bust, showing an excellent likeness of the late Mayor Gaynor, on exhibition, also a relief, *Mother and Son*. A very realistic group of roller skaters, by Max Peinlich; a striking bronze *The Primitive Man*, by Caspar Meyer, and small bronzes by Giglio (Mrs. Lily Waters-Meyer), as well as excellent caricature figures by Ethel Myers, were among the best pieces.

Artistic jewellery, made by the members of the Elverhoj Art Colony, of Milton-on-Hudson; original ceramic-ware by Dorothea Warren O'Hara; art embroideries by I. C. Danfeldt, A. Huebscher, Johanna Burkart and E. Bayerl, were to be found in the arts and crafts department.

On January 11, the Association for Cul-

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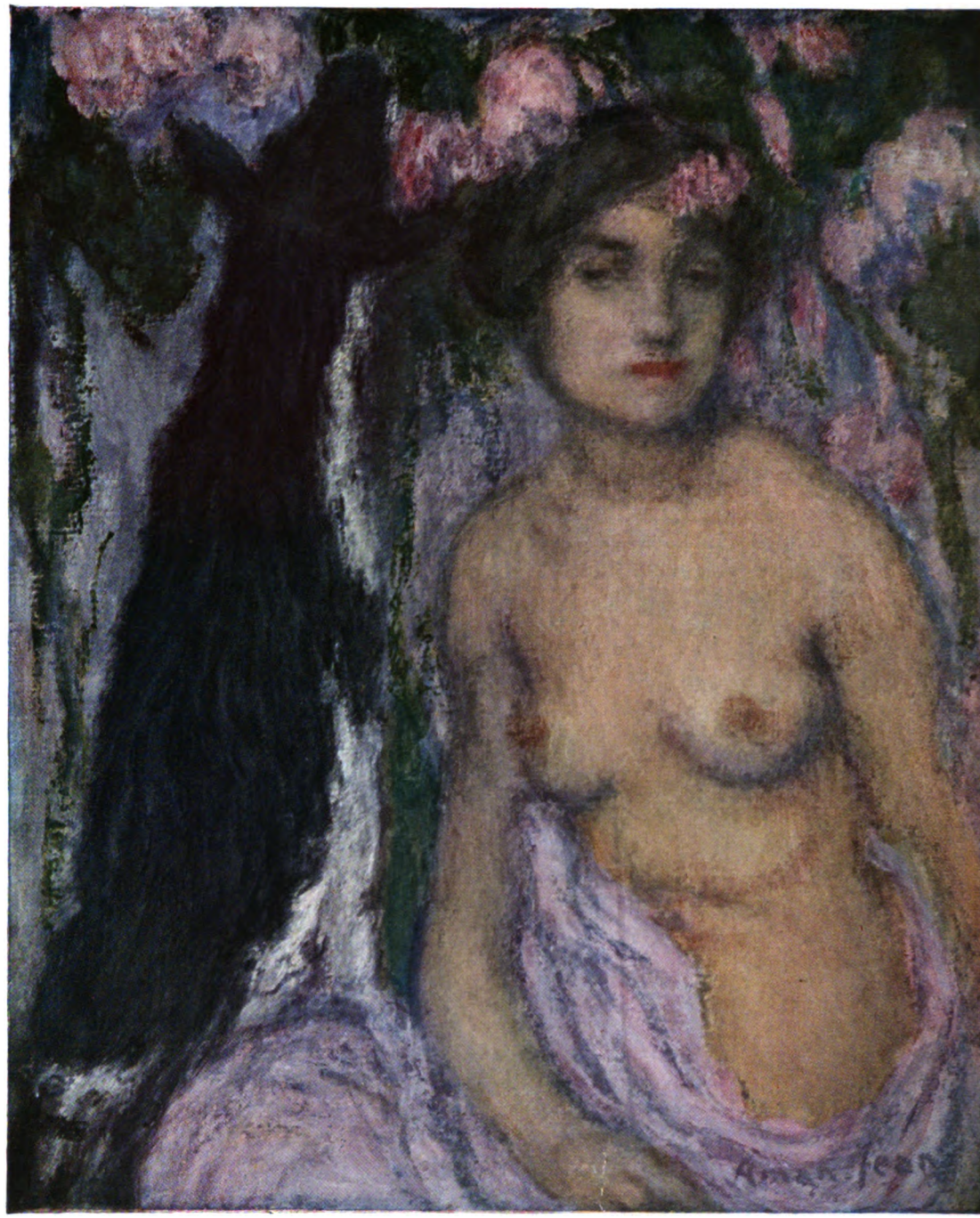

"LA CHEVRIÈRE." FROM AN OIL PAINTING BY AMAN JEAN.

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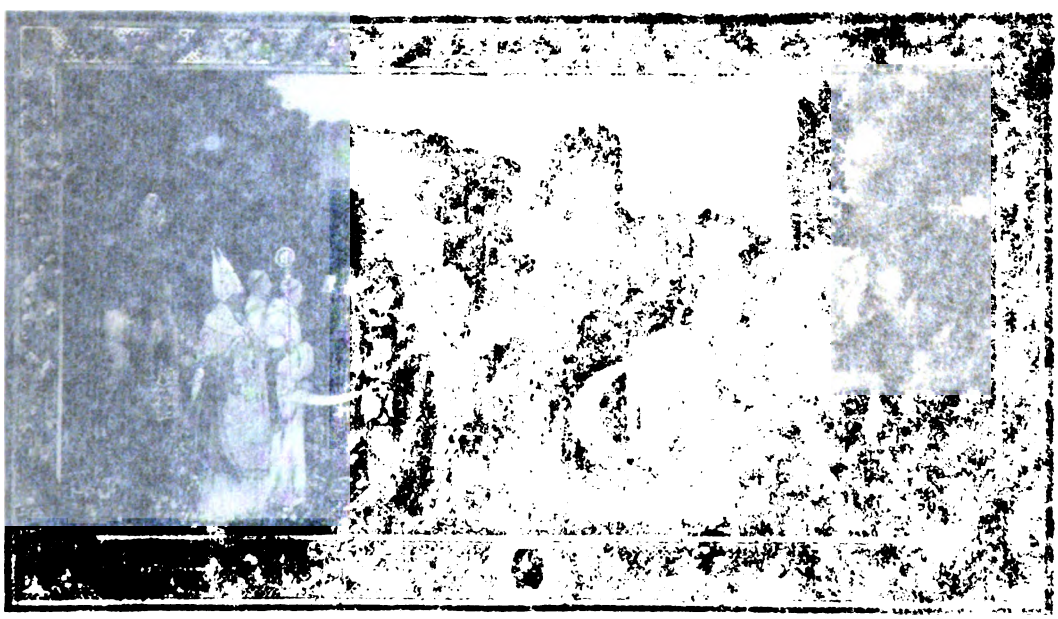
SEVEN MURALS BY ALBERT HERTER

BY CHARLES DE KAY

THE size and solidity of modern American buildings, their improved defences against fire and the natural growth of assembly rooms, dining halls, auditoriums, have conspired to foster the wall painting as never before in our history. It is true that the natives of Mexico and Central America lavished a deal of splendour on temple walls before the white man came. There are ruins which still retain brilliant, richly toned fragments of mural decoration as witnesses of the powerful colour sense possessed by the Mayas and Zapotecs, the Aztecs and Incas during the Middle Ages. But until recently white men have been content to ask of their artist-painters only easel pictures and portraits, with little care for painting



Wall Painting in the St. Francis Hotel, San Francisco

EUROPE

BY ALBERT HERTER

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The INTERNATIONAL · STUDIO ·

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SEVEN MURALS BY ALBERT HERTER

BY CHARLES DE KAY

THE size and solidity of modern American buildings, their improved defences against fire and the natural growth of assembly rooms, dining halls, auditoriums, have conspired to foster the wall painting as never before in our history. It is true that the natives of Mexico and Central America lavished a deal of splendour on temple walls before the white man came. There are ruins which still retain brilliant, richly toned fragments of mural decoration as witnesses of the powerful colour sense possessed by the Mayas and Zapotecs, the Aztecs and Incas during the Middle Ages. But until recently white men have been content to ask of their artist-painters only easel pictures and portraits, with little care for painting on a larger scale applied to more lasting foundations. Such mural work as seemed absolutely needed by the style of an interior was left to foreign workmen little better than house painters, men of no art quality, who took the offers of a humble wage from ignorant contractors.

Mural painting has emerged from this abject condition, and State Capitols, City Halls, theatres and hotels, all of them built for the public, are beginning to vie with the palaces of the old princes and prelates of Europe. The cloak dropped by Tiepolo, last of the great Italian wall painters, has been donned with more or less success by modern artists of France, Germany and the United States.

Among the latest wall painting of note is a series of decorations by Albert Herter for seven wall spaces in the great dining hall of the St. Francis Hotel at San Francisco. The coming Panama Pacific Exhibition in that city has stirred

Wall Painting in the St. Francis Hotel, San Francisco

EUROPE

BY ALBERT HERTER

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Wall Painting in the St. Francis Hotel, San Francisco
FARTHER ASIA BY ALBERT HERTER

California; among the signs, forerunner of the show, is this brilliant *opus* from the ateliers of a New York master, to decorate the largest hostelry of the city and please the eyes of the multitude of visitors with scenes of rare bravery and pomp.

Centre and crown for the pictures running round three of the walls (the fourth wall is pierced with windows) is the gracious figure of California, outlined against the ocean, a young woman who looks proudly, eagerly toward the processions that wend their way toward her. Turning her head from the direction of that wall where *Farther Asia* is depicted by a splendid group, she fixes her eyes on personages who represent North and South America, Europe, Africa and Western Asia. Is this turn of California's head a delicate way the painter has chosen to indicate that California prefers the European to the Asiatic immigrant?

The vigorous presentment of California looks afar, with raised chin, alert eyes and firm lips; below her, to right and left, are male and female figures, to personify with their charming outline and their attributes the commerce and industries, the mines and orchards of the State. A group of three, very delightfully composed and carried out.

In contrast to these quiescent figures are the moving ones that line the walls. Each great section is separated from the other by pilasters of stone and one is cut into by a door. Six of the wall paintings, therefore, contain processional figures of men, women and children, with accompanying horses, camels, elephants, oxen and so forth, while the painted borders are gay with many-coloured birds and flowers.

China, Japan, Indo-China march gorgeous and graceful, bearing gifts toward the embodiment of California, while the border about the group carries for the decoration of its lattice-work design a number of golden and silver pheasants and birds of paradise. But California looks the other way!

On the other side of California advance the Indians of *North America*, the riding tribes of the plains and the marchers from the Pueblos, some of them clad in gaily coloured blankets and moccasins, not forgetting one man in a mask carved and painted to represent a ghost. The group is dominated by a young chief with feathered headdress, stripped and painted for war, whose sinewy torso comes against a typical background of hills, plain, and golden, sun-touched stream. For the border the birds are snowy owls and white turkey cocks, small owls and blackbirds. Then come the Spanish courtiers and the fighters of Cortez, together with the civilized Indians of Mexico and South

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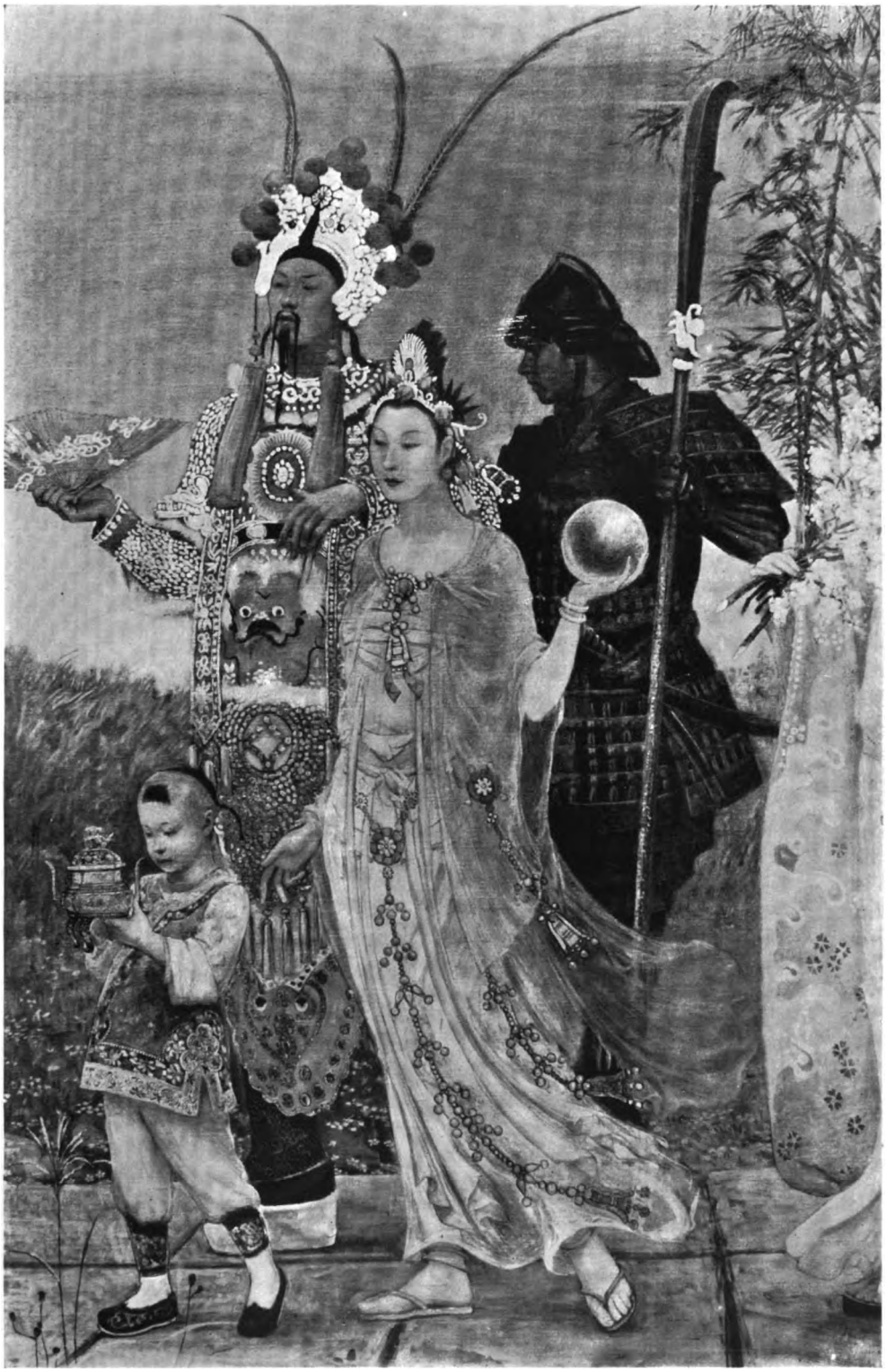

Wall Painting in the St. Francis Hotel, San Francisco

DETAIL OF FARTHER ASIA
BY ALBERT HERTER

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America, bringing golden coffers and pottery and tropical fruits, while the borders are decked with snow-white egrets and parrots of varied hues. The background shows a city on the edge of a bay. A *conquistador* in armour is borne along on a litter carved and gilded.

Here, on the widest wall, comes the procession of *Europe*, led by a knight with his tilting helmet on but visor raised, and a younger bare-headed squire on a white stallion with broad decorated trappings. By the side of the horse walks a lovely lady in a gown of the richest Renaissance, whose long train is carried by a small page. She is followed by a lady carrying an illuminated book and a lordling singing from a scroll. A mitred bishop with tall pastoral staff, monks and attendant musicians, one man carrying an image of Mary and Child, and distant figures zigzagging over green slopes—all these indicate a procession that extends far into the green and flowery background. Here we have peacocks for the chief embellishment of the borders. The veil and crown of the Madonna, the pipes of the portable organ, the mitre, vestments and staff of the bishop, the floating pennons, the embroidery on the robes of the ladies and trappings of the white horse, are so many passages of pure gold, which, in harmony with the rich colours of robes and flowers give a stately and magnificent effect. Especially do the sweeping lines of the lady who steps along by the side of the white horse persuade one of the onward movement of the procession.

Wall Painting in the St. Francis Hotel, San Francisco

NORTH AMERICA BY ALBERT HERTER

Africa is one of the larger pictures. The procession includes the old and the new, a pharaoh wearing the crown of Upper and Lower Egypt, Berber women in wonderful headdresses and robes, grave Arabs in burnous, nude negroes of Central Africa and fellahin of the Nile. Riding a camel, seated within a woman's howdah, a sheik and his wife are seen between the curtains. Palm trees are in the middle distance and flamingoes, parroquets and love-birds enliven the border. India and Persia are shown on another wall in magnificently robed and stately forms.

These and other processional groups, all of them arranged on a general theme of homage to the State of California, form a most varied, sumptuous and engaging decoration for the hall. In order to get an idea, from the reproductions in black-and-white herewith, of the wealth of colours the originals show, one must translate into fine reds and browns, into turquoise and creamy white, into silver and gold the light and dark parts of the field. Particularly is this artist fond of the note one gets from the neck of the peacock and pigeon.

The effects exerted by colours on the mind have been much studied in recent years, with a special view to the decoration of different apartments.

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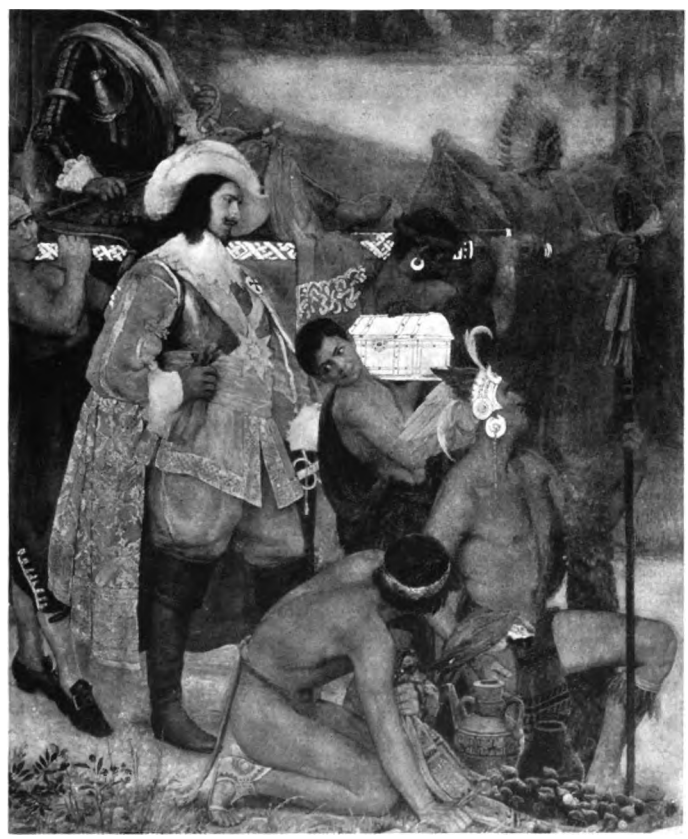
Seven Murals by Albert Herter

Wall Painting in the St. Francis Hotel, San Francisco

AFRICA BY ALBERT HERTER

Thus, red is theoretically productive of restlessness, blue of calm, green of quiet. Examining these seven wall paintings, one would like to know what effect their scheme, quite aside from subject, will have on sensitive nerves which react to colours. One may say that they exert a cheering influence. There is nothing harsh or disquieting or morbid about them; on the contrary, there is great beauty of hue and line.



Wall Painting in the St. Francis Hotel, San Francisco

CENTRAL AND SOUTH AMERICA BY ALBERT HERTER

The hall they deck is a place for lounging, a tea room rather than a dining room. The ceiling and floor are treated to suit the paintings; thus, each mural has at the centre of the upper and lower borders a tablet which forms a colour-key for the carpet and rugs of a darkish blue like the peacock's neck. The room is built of Caen stone, and pilasters of that soft grayish-yellow material separate the pictures, and frame the windows and

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doors. To bring all these rich and agreeable colour notes into one mellow unity the light is screened, and all the lamps have orange shades.

Perhaps there is nothing of greater interest to the future of art in America than just this apparently unimportant item, namely, that Albert Herter has established certain parts of each painting to provide a keynote for the entire hall. It is to proclaim aloud what every artist knows yet rarely can follow, the rule that each interior should have harmony in all its parts, not alone architectural, but, even more, colour harmony.

It is easy to imagine that wall paintings containing such a wealth of figures introduce problems of mass and composition very difficult to solve. *Europe*, you may observe, is divided between two main groups, in one of which the two horsemen form the nucleus, the two marching ladies and three serving boys are adjuncts, while the singers, the churchmen and a nobleman on horseback compose the second group. Woodlands to right and left, hills with wedges of trees, help to distribute agreeably the static masses among which the procession moves. In *Africa* the distribution of background and processional figures is very different. Movement is slower, as if conditioned by the tardier pace of the camel. In *Central and South America* the train seems to have come to a full stop. Native porters have taken their loads from their heads and kneeling down have opened their packs to display the gifts. One does not tire of examining pictures where there is so much variety of movement, where so many points of beauty exist upon which the eye delights to linger.

This extraordinary series of paintings on a grand scale has been accomplished in six or eight months—which is tantamount to saying that no single hand could have carried them out during that term with so much success in grouping, colour and efficient brushwork. Mr. Herter has had two ateliers engaged on these murals, in which young artists of both sexes have laboured early and late, forgetful of holidays and vacations, to carry them to a successful conclusion. Designs and colour scheme, of course, are his, and much of the direct painting is by his brush, especially the final work over all. These canvases are in some cases so large that they had to be painted by sections hanging from a roller, on which the upper part was wound as it was painted. Of course all the great canvases were gone over again by Mr. Herter after they were placed in the St. Francis Hotel, so as to bring every portion into harmony with its surroundings.

MARTHA WALTER, PAINTER OF JOYOUS CHILDREN

BY HELEN L. SLACK

THERE are some things which even a suffragist has to concede that men do better than women; but there are a few spheres in art that even a man *may* concede belong by right of nature to a woman. One of these is the intimate portrayal of little children. Martha Walter has thoroughly studied the lives of children from babyhood up through youth; she has taken them to her heart, and then depicted their joys with irresistible charm.

It is this human appeal which has made Miss Walter's work successful. Down all the years since time began, tired men and busy women have

THE PICNIC BY MARTHA WALTER

never been too weary, or too full of work, to stop at the call of a little child. When one opens the door of the gallery where her exhibition is held, one is compelled to forget whatever of toil, whatever of sorrow, he has brought within; for there, like lights in the darkness, shine out dozens of bright-eyed, rosy children, who laugh out from the pictured walls. Miss Walter paints the children when they are engaged in the simple pleasures a child most dearly loves. Some are gathering flowers out in the woods, others are having a picnic on a sunny stretch of grass, others, rolling their hoops, are running along down a hill. In one corner is a portrait of a baby who, left alone in her carriage, gurgles over her rattle and looks up at the onlooker with her great blue eyes filled with the wonder of the universe. In another picture, called *A Brittany Family*, a round-faced baby leaps up in his mother's arms, while just behind him in the shadow we can make out dimly the

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LA PLAGE BY MARTHA WALTER

figure of his little brother, contentedly smiling over his bowl of porridge.

She has chosen the happiest beings on God's earth for her subjects, and then put them out of doors in the sunlight, enhancing their beauty tenfold by her use of colour. If a canvas is to speak joy and cheer, it can never be treated with the morbid violet and the pale green of the modern French palette. It must vibrate, it must radiate, warm and gold and glowing, like the good morning sunlight itself. Sorolla has taught men that truth, with his bright colours of sea, sand and sail, with his flesh tints that make your own hand look white when you hold it up by the canvas. Miss Walter's oil paintings have a slight suggestion of Sorolla's, if one can imagine his method of colour adapted to woodland scenery and to well-clothed children. It is noticeable in her *Fresh-Air Children in the Woods*, which is bathed in sunlight. In it, little girls in their pink and blue gingham dresses come tripping down a sunflecked path, swinging their straw hats over their arms, and holding their flowers in those little tight bunches peculiarly characteristic of a child's bouquet. One little maiden, in the foreground, trails along a pink parasol, with all the naïveté of "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," a wonderful pink parasol, painted in almost pure colour, then left to catch the sunlight until it glows in the picture like a bit of bright flame! The warmth of her flesh tones is not so evident in her portraits of women, as in *Mrs. Z. C. Patten and Son*, but when it comes to the face of a child, as in *The Portrait of a Baby*, she leaves on its cheeks that softened glow that makes one think of a rose in the early morning.

She is never afraid of colour, but uses it in every possible combination, until her paintings have the

BRITTANY FAMILY BY MARTHA WALTER

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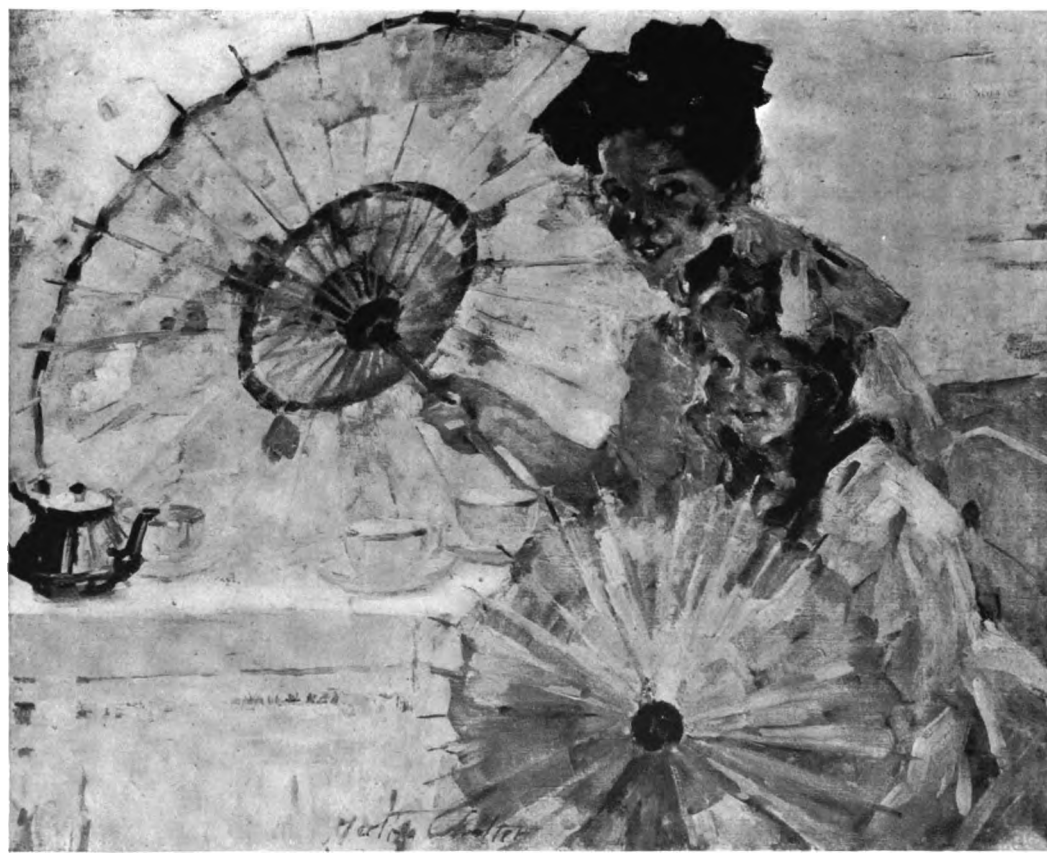
veritable beauty of a Persian rug, their areas of subdued hues being lightened up here and there by brilliant spots of scarlet or orange. This is especially evident when she is painting the peasants of Brittany, a subject which Jules Breton before her found so full of pathos, or when she is working on a canvas like *Early Morning in the Marketplace, Dalmatia*. She can never depict poignant misery without some note of cheer. In one group of peasants she throws behind them a long, golden stretch of sunlit shore, and lightens the effect of their ragged, dull native costumes by putting in a brilliant dash of scarlet, perhaps in a mother's shawl, or in a dazzling scarf of orange folded over a laughing babe; the whole is transfigured in the sunlight.

It is like a new door opened, to be shown new combinations of colour; but it is more wonderful still to learn the exquisite lights and shades which one hue may have. Whistler opened men's eyes to the possibilities of range existing even in black and in white. Miss Walter shows all the range of tone white may have, from the sunlit white of a summer gown to the grey hues of a white dress in shadow. In *The Picnic* she brings out the degrees of white by showing a girl in a little gingham dress, from which the colour has long since faded, trotting on her knees a baby in a white dress flecked with yellow sunlight, a cream-white flannel jacket over his shoulders. In another, she studies the difference in degree and in texture between the whites of china dishes, of glass tumblers, of wooden chairs. Somehow, the old world never looks the same after an afternoon with her pictures, and even the untutored eye begins to see colour and tone where it never was evident before.

Some men who go to the galleries never appreciate colour to the full, but they can usually tell "if a thing looks real," as they declare again and again with emphasis, especially when trying to account to their wives for buying a realistic picture. Every layman has a sense of form, born in him, as it were. Some of our modern artists, however, have not felt it yet, and it is to be feared they will probably die before demonstrating this knowledge of reality. Miss Walter has shown that she has the realization that a body is a round substance and not a flat surface, that a painting is no less a



A PARASOL TEA — BY MARTHA WALTER

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painting because the bodies have the roundness of human flesh and bones. Her work has always had this "sculpturesque" quality, even back in 1902, when she won the Toppan prize, and in 1908, when she was given the Cresson traveling

MOTHERHOOD BY MARTHA WALTER

scholarship. Her use of colour is delightful, her treatment of draperies is broad and free, especially in *The Outing;* but one never forgets while admiring these, whether in an elaborate gown like that of Mrs. Patton, or in a little girl's gauzy muslin dress, that underneath the beautifully coloured folds there is, as it were, quivering, palpitating, human flesh. It is this feeling for form which gives that unusual vitality to such portraits as that of Mrs. Parsons, and sets them forever apart.

And so, if it is worth while to see a bit more of sunlight, to hear more of song and laughter as we go about our daily work, then Miss Walter's paintings are worthy our attention. By her daring use of colour, her bold stroke, her sound feeling for form, she has brought a strength into American art which may well give a sudden spur to other women painters. Her outlook on life has been broadened by study in France, Holland, Austria and several other lands, with the result that her art is now as cosmopolitan as our nation itself. Her work is not temporary, but is bound to maintain its charm, just as long as our old world yields to the spell of a little child.

LIGHT IN ART
BY M. LUCKIESH

ADMITTING at the outset the artist's superior knowledge of the importance of light, shade and colour in his creations, it should be of interest to learn how the lighting specialist has studied these same factors in respect to the lighting of art. As a rule art galleries are very badly lighted. Whether the artist realizes this or not the writer does not know, but he can state with conviction born of a knowledge of the possibilities in lighting, that art is usually badly lighted.

The artist has often shown an antipathy toward science, seemingly under the impression that art goes further than the mere scientific mixture and grouping of colours or shadows and produces effects beyond scientific explanation. This may be true to some extent, but not in the main. By no means does the writer believe that art can be produced by rule of thumb, by scientific formulæ or, in other words, that it can be manufactured. But scientific explanations can be presented for many of the supposedly mysterious effects and that the lighting of a work of art can make or mar it. Incidentally, it is hoped that the artist will look more kindly upon the lighting specialist—not the so-called illuminating engineer—but the scarcer variety, the lighting artist.

For some time the writer has been studying the lighting of art, and through the interest and co-operation of several artists has acquired sufficient courage to form some convictions.

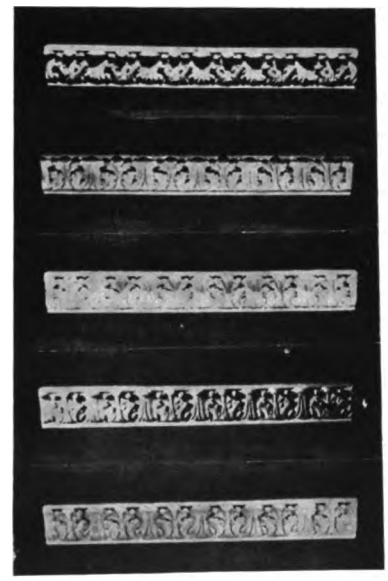

FIG. 4

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Light in Art

FIG. 1

The lighting specialist and the artist are utter strangers. Their terminology has little in common, therefore they must co-operate. The lighting expert who wishes to faithfully inquire into the realm of art-lighting, begins with the fundamentals—light, shade and colour. He next analyzes the causes which vary these factors and he finds that they are chiefly direction and quality of light. Knowing his stock in trade, he at once realizes that he has control over any situation, providing he has the financial support necessary to carry on the experiments which are necessary in each particular case. But his stock in trade must include a keen esthetic sense.

The sculptor learns early in his career that the relative amounts of light and shade and the character of shadows are tools by means of which he produces some of his results. In a plain white statue he depends upon the form or contour to produce shadow. He models the object carefully under the lighting of his studio. But does he follow the work after it leaves him? If not, a blundering lighting specialist might mar his work. In order to illustrate the importance of the lighting, several illustrations are herewith presented. The head of *Laocoon*, that most expressive antique work of sculpture, is shown in Fig. 1, lighted from several directions. The limitations of photographic reproduction makes it impossible to show many effects that can be obtained in practice, but it is sufficiently useful to illustrate the importance of lighting, and the fact that the lighting specialist can be of great assistance to the artist. As the third dimension is diminished the importance of lighting likewise diminishes, owing to the gradual disappearance of interior shadows. Fig. 2 illustrates, however, a very low white relief, lighted from various directions. These illustrations are not designated to teach the artist more than the fact that there are lighting artists prepared to offer their assistance.

Leaving the human element behind, the lighting specialist next enters the field of architecture. Here, again, the direction of light is of importance, for Fig. 3 shows the same moulding lighted in five different ways. Surely the position of the lighting units and the relative amounts of direct and diffused light are shown to be of importance. These are difficult problems of lighting in most cases. In fact, they have usually been considered so complex that little attempt has been made to analyze them, but interest is growing, and with the advance of the relatively new art and science—illumination—great possibilities present themselves.

However, in the realm of painting, there seems to be an especially neglected field. Here the artist himself has given little attention to lighting. The writer does not mean here the general problem of lighting art-galleries, even though this is usually poorly done, but refers to the individual painting. Perhaps the artist cares for no scientific explanation of many effects indefinitely termed vibration, atmosphere, etc. At least none will be presented in this brief note, but the more specific problem of lighting a painting will be treated.

In the first place, the artist cannot paint what he sees. Maybe he does not wish to do so, yet he

FIG. 2

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cannot even paint what he wishes, owing to a great initial handicap. Imagine a scene in nature. The brightest spot is perhaps five hundred times brighter than the darkest area. On a plain canvas the artist cannot reproduce this range of contrast, because his whitest white is not more than forty times brighter than his darkest pigment. At once he is handicapped and no kind of general lighting can reduce this handicap. A local lighting unit, however, can be of great assistance. By placing a local lighting unit in a proper position, so that the lightest part of the painting will receive much more light than the darkest, the range of contrast found in nature can be more nearly produced. This is illustrated in Fig. 4. The picture on the right is lighted from the upper right hand corner, while the other picture is lighted from the left side. The pictures are physically the same, yet much different in expression. The artist wished to produce the impression of a bright sky; of a volume of light coming from the upper left-hand region. This desire is fulfilled in one case with the assistance of the local lighting unit.

FIG. 5

The mural painting often suffers from artificial lighting when it could often be much benefited. The artist of course has carefully considered its environment, that is, the lighting, the colour of its surroundings, and its position. This no doubt was done in daylight, but the great difference between natural lighting and artificial lighting in general makes it a safe prediction that the artificial lighting is likely to be unsatisfactory. Here is surely a place where the lighting specialist and the artist must co-operate.

To return to the specific painting, it is of interest to consider the effect of the quality or colour of the light. The painting has perhaps been executed in daylight. All know the great difference

FIG. 3

FIG. 3

existing between the colour values of illuminants. The artist has no doubt carefully harmonized his colour scheme both as to colours and values. Pigments, however, owe their colour largely to the light falling upon them, therefore change considerably when lighted by artificial means depending upon the illuminant. Not only do the colours change in hue but relative values are very much upset. Experiments also show that by varying the quality or colour value of the light the painting can be made to express many moods. The artist attempts to express but one mood in a picture, therefore he needs the co-operation of the lighting artist, in order to properly illuminate the work by artificial light. Red, green and blue lights, when properly controlled by means of dimmers, will produce many qualities of light, and an apparatus of this character should prove of inestimable value to the art student or artist. Fig. 5 shows the effect of the colour of light on a painting. In the one case all detail in the background had disappeared, while in the other case, it is shown in its true colour and relative values.

This brief description has not been designed as a complete treatise. A volume could be written from the viewpoint of the lighting artist. However, it is hoped that this brief note has shown that the artist is much at the mercy of those who control the lighting.

FIG. 5

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A Mountain-Painter from Maine

PENCIL DRAWING BY G. LORENZO NOYES

A MOUNTAIN-PAINTER FROM MAINE

A SOLITARY art student from childhood, entirely self-taught, George Lorenzo Noyes, has spent fifty years, all of his life in fact, in Norway, Me. A deep love of the beauty, strength and harmony of nature influenced him from early youth to become an artist, in which pursuit he has been encouraged by his many friends in Norway, who are themselves artists, scientists or journalists.

In his constant search for both the subtle and grander expressions of light and shade, especially in the modellings and colours of skies, clouds, mountains, their valleys, slopes and summits, he has been a daily familiar figure, during his entire life, either on some remote country road or secluded path; in the fields, meadows and woods; along the shore of some lake or the banks of some stream, or on the pastured open slopes of hills and mountains, drinking leisurely but deeply of the varied truths and beauties of these scenes to which he has been most fondly attached since childhood.

He has lived intimately with the mountains throughout all their most typical seasons and at all hours of the day; is at home with their many slopes, precipices, slides, valleys and ridges; has often bivouaked on their summits, and has familiarized himself with all their varied, secret, artistic beauties, both in most intimate contact with them and at most varied distances.

From these continuous associations has developed his profound appreciation of the artistic beauties of the mountains, and his lofty inspiration for his work.

The most fundamental expressions of nature are to him the most beautiful and impressive. Barren or scantily-clad mountain crests, jagged summits or boldly modelled slopes are his favourite compositions when accompanied by the most elementary and typical phenomena of seasons, long shadows, crepuscular glows, cloud forms, rising and enveloping vapours, snows, winds, intense cold and heat, and the natural impoverished foreground of naked ledge, weathered stumps or prostrate boles.

Mr. Noyes may be classed as a life-long investigator and student of the truest, completest and most artistic phenomena of nature.

His miniature pencil drawings of mountains, of which we reproduce three, are typical of his life's work. He has regarded them heretofore as mere studies for his own private use and improvement, but he is now satisfied, and well he may be, that they are of sufficient artistic merit to be shown to the public, and it is only now that anything from his pencil or brush has been withdrawn from privacy. Meanwhile, Mr. Noyes is busily engaged with oils and later on we may hope to see these

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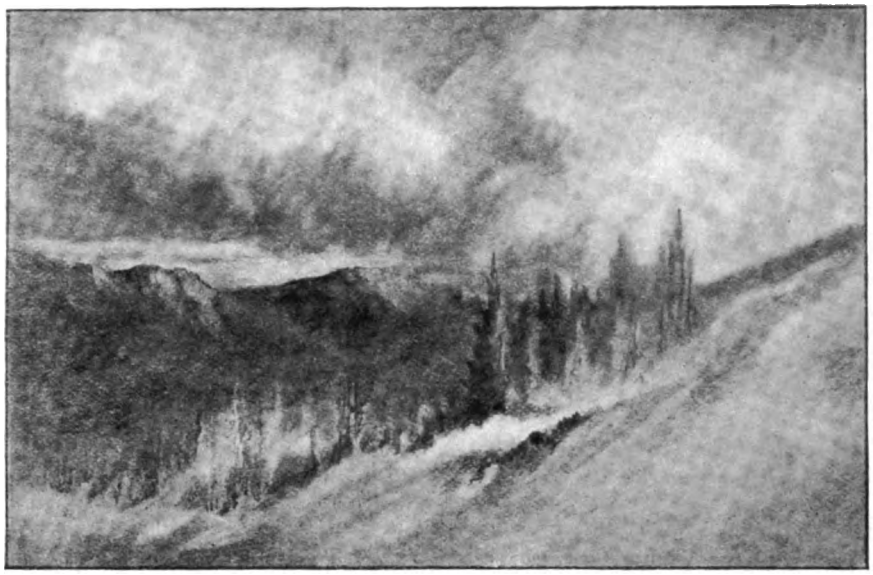


PENCIL DRAWING BY G. LORENZO NOYES

grander mountain, lake and forest scenes of Maine and New Hampshire expressed upon canvas, with that interpretation which his pencil sketches so charmingly express.

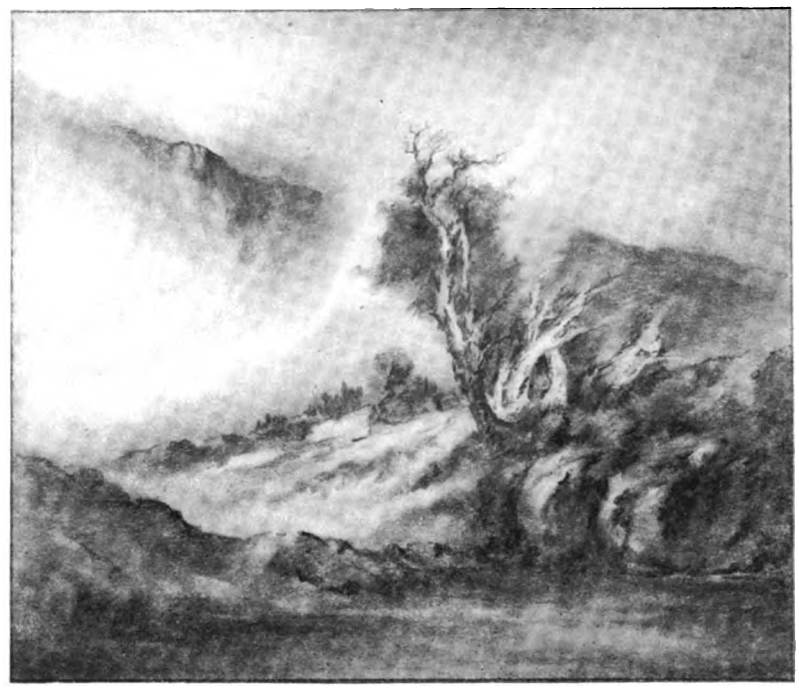
WHAT TALE DOES THIS TAPESTRY TELL?

AFTER the appearance of an article under the above heading by Mr. Charles de Kay, some dissenting letters were received, notably one from Mr. Lewis, President of Pennsylvania Academy. This letter appeared in full in our last issue, and we now publish a rejoinder from Mr. de Kay, who makes a very able defense of his opinion. *Audi alteram partem.*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE INTERNATIONAL STUDIO.

Sir—Mr. Lewis is not alone in fancying that the tapestry you published in your January number refers to King David and Bathsheba, the wife of Uriah the Hittite. But we must beware of such attributions; they belong to a period when there was a plentiful lack of knowledge about the manners and customs of the Middle Ages. Not being able to pillage Shakespeare, as, after all, a bit too late, the commentators on stained glass, tapestry, ivories and medals found it easiest to explain everything from the Bible.

The reason is obvious. Owing to their sanctity and substantial build the churches and monasteries preserved such things, while castles and the homes of rich burghers were plundered and ruined by fire. The majority of objects saved were naturally those religious in theme. Hence the preponderance of Scriptural stories in the art of the Middle Ages, and the resulting idea that the people thought only of religion. Hence the tendency in the last century to twist the unlikeliest subjects



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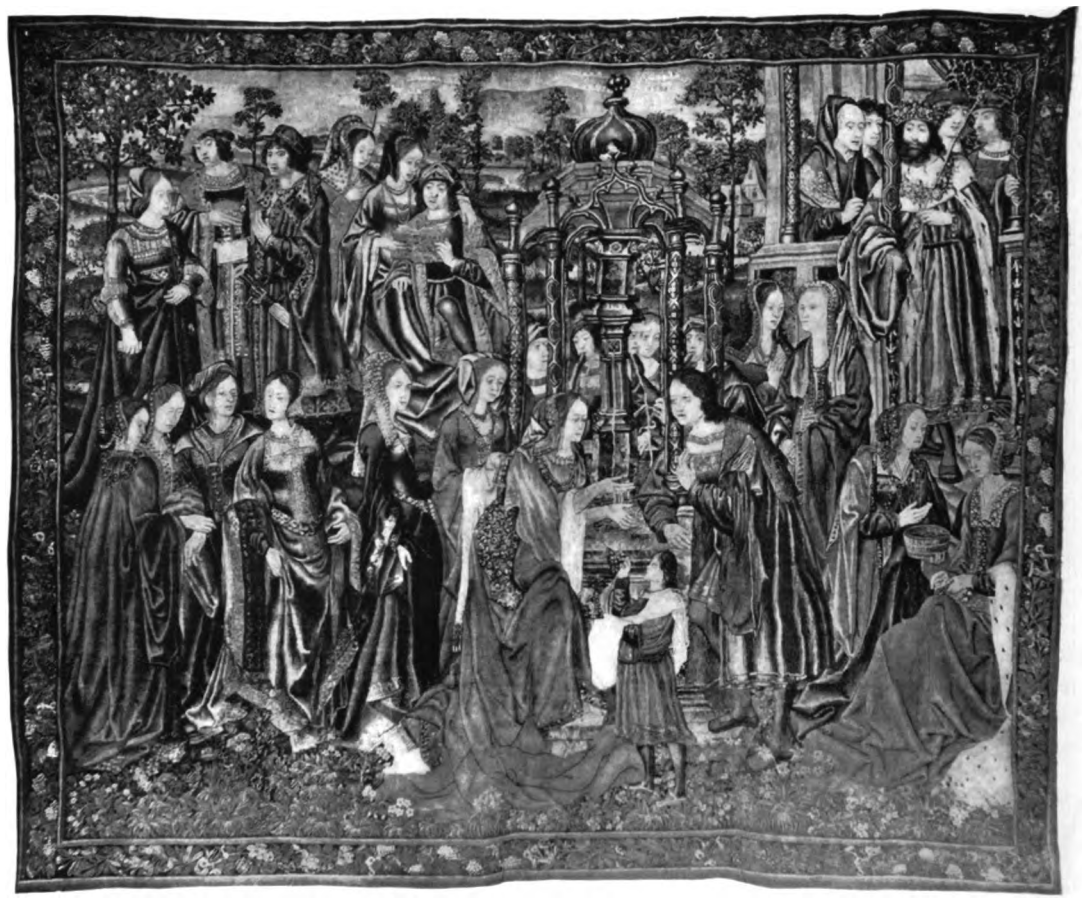

Courtesy of P. W. French & Co.

A FIFTEENTH-CENTURY ARTURIAN TAPESTRY

into a Scriptural meaning and sometimes to label a heathen figure with a Biblical name.

But if one reads the works of Gaston Paris and others on the literature of the centuries ten to fifteen, a very different world appears. We then perceive that the upper classes, however devout in speech and action, were really at war with the church. Not the nobles alone, but architects, artists and poets resented the criticism of clerics. They appealed to their own class with stories of love and war, while the clergy sought to win the favour of the people by trying to mitigate the oppression the upper classes exerted on burgher and serf. It was the pot calling the kettle black. Both lived upon and oppressed the commons, just as they still do in some countries, so that there was always a "deaf war" going on between nobles and priests.

Now, if one were to accept this scene of royal and noble relaxation, this garden concert with its formality and elegance, where every one is dressed after the French fashions of the fifteenth century, as an attempt to display a scene at the Court of King David, one would be forced to deny to the designers, to the weavers and to the noble clients for whom the tapestry was created a knowledge of the Orient which was common to the unlearned noble and the learned clerk of that day. This is not a tapestry for common folk, but for the upper classes, lay and ecclesiastical. There is no turban to be seen, and yet the turban was the sign of the Orient then, even the near Orient, as we can see in a thousand pictures and prints. There is not one symbol to suggest Palestine or the Jews, and yet it was the great age for symbols. If some owner had caused the names of Bathsheba and David to be embroidered near the figures, one would still be certain that the designer meant no such story.

The upper classes of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries may have been scared at times into frantic, fantastic acts of devotion, but for the most part they flouted as a *papelard* the man who had much to do with priests. Things changed after the Reformation; there was less cursing of

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the church and priests; also it became far more dangerous.

This tapestry comes from a part of Europe where for centuries the rough manners of the people had been softened by "courts of love" and rules of etiquette and curious forms of so-called chivalry. As far back as the twelfth century Mary, the wife of Count Henry of Champagne, introduced at her Court in Troyes the lessons of "courteous love." The lady at the fountain and the young man opposite form the centre of the drama. Observe the gracious inclination of their heads and bodies—or shall we call it affected? Note their elegance and polished ways. She seems to be offering water, as people in Catholic churches offer each other holy water from the little fonts near the door. His emotion is expressed by leaning on the fountain and putting his hand to his heart. With one exception, the other persons denote the perfection of good breeding by seeming not to notice the tenseness of the situation. A designer who could express emotions so subtly was no ignoramus. He would know how to indicate Palestine, if that were the place depicted. And on the face of the King, in whom Mr. Lewis and others have seen David, he has not put a look of admiration or lust, but the sadness of the forlorn of love, of him who sees love passing to another.

Had the artist meant David, he would have shown soldiers near him, a harp, as likely as not; and David would have been on the roof of his palace, as the Bible says, or the crenelated walls of a castle; while Bathsheba, who was washing herself when David espied her, would have been in her own courtyard or garden and at least partially disrobed. One should not credit the artists of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries with imbecility, at least not so good a one as this. Some people think that the epoch of the Van Eycks, Leonardos, Bellinis is still unsurpassed.

The sweet singer Christian of Troyes wrote for Mary of Champagne a "Lancelot" in verse which was to embody her ideas of "courteous love," and we know that the principles set forth in that poem lasted for centuries as the standard of taste. Before the year 1160 the poet had written a "Tristan," but no copy has been discovered. Henry Adams says: "The legend of Isolde, both in the earlier and later version, seems to have served as a sacred book to the women of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and Christian's 'Isolde' surely helped Mary in giving law to the Court of Troyes and decisions in the Court of Love."

It seems to me that a religious or Biblical story is excluded from this tapestry. On the other hand it is possible that beneath the ostensible story of King Mark, Isolde and Tristan, there lurks a reference to the relations between Louis VIII of France, his wife Blanche of Castile, and the King's cousin Thibaut of Champagne, a famous warrior ten years younger than Blanche. When Louis VIII died in 1226, the family turned against Blanche who was a masterful character; Thibaut alone came to the young widow's aid.

Here are some stanzas by Thibaut of Champagne with a translation by Adams. It is only a guess that they were addressed to Queen Blanche.

Je ne puis pas sovent a li parler
Ne remirer les biau jex de son vis,
Ce pois moi que je n'i puis aler
Car ades est mes cuers ententis.

Ho! bele riens, douce sans connoissance,
Car me mettez en millor attendance
De bon espoir!
Dame, merci! donez-moi esperance
De joie avoir.

Seldom the music of her voice I hear
Or wonder at the beauty of her eyes;
It grieves me that I may not follow there
Where at her feet my heart attentive lies.

Oh gentle Beauty, without consciousness,
Let me once feel a moment's helpfulness,
If but one ray!
Grace, lady! Give me comfort to possess
A hope, one day!

I trust that I have in some degree justified one interpretation of this tapestry.

CHARLES DE KAY.

SOME RECENT MEDALS

THE interest awakened by coins and medals in America is of comparatively recent date. for prior to the substitution of the old copper cent by the small nickel cent in 1857, there existed no

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societies here for the study of numismatics. The collecting of sets of cents and half cents led to wider fields of action and to an intense interest in the medals of other countries. At the present

moment it would be difficult to find more beauty within a narrow round than is offered by the Lindbergs, father and son, of Sweden. Thanks to the kindness of Mr. J. de Lagerberg, who has lent us some beautiful specimens, we are showing some in reproduction which represent the extreme skill of these eminent designers. The elder Lindberg, Johan Adolf, was born in 1839, and studied many years at the Royal Mint. Erik Lindberg, born in 1873, was appointed Royal Coin and Medal Engraver in 1897.

Reverse and obverse of the Professor Montelius placque are beautifully related and are a striking instance of his artistic skill.

Another reproduction is the Olympic Game Medal by Adolf Lindberg, distributed to contributors and distinguished people who assisted in promoting the games. Our final reproduction, also the work of Adolf, is a commemorative medal specially struck for Commodore de Lagerberg, who at the fortieth anniversary of the Swedish Numismatic Society enjoyed the proud distinction of being the founder and only surviving charter member. The Lindbergs are worthy followers of their distinguished countryman, Carl Hedlinger, whose medals in the eighteenth century were admittedly unequalled by any other designers of any other country.

TAPESTRIES AT THE BROOKLYN MUSEUM

BEGINNING on April 8, and continuing to April 20, there will be a loan exhibition of Gothic, Renaissance, Baroque and Eighteenth-Century tapestries. It will be the most important tapestry exhibition ever held in the country, outside of the Metropolitan Museum, in many respects surpassing even the remarkable collection lent by Mr. Morgan. The Exhibition is being assembled and arranged under the direction of Mr. Hunter.

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M. Aman Jean's Recent Work

THE RECENT WORK OF AMAN JEAN. BY ACHILLE SEGARD.

AT the present moment M. Aman Jean is at his zenith. He is in the full tide of his maturity, of his experience, of his talent, and he has succeeded in retaining a youthful sensitiveness which awakens ever anew before all the varied spectacles of nature. Urban and rural scenes, human faces and domestic interiors, sky effects or the sight of objects bathed in the *intime* atmosphere of rooms in which one can feel the aura of those who inhabit them—all such are for this artist motives to arouse his wonder, and each new vision imposes itself through the medium of his eyes upon his ever-sensitive imagination. Here we have no realist in the narrow sense that is customarily attributed to that word. He does not copy actuality with that devotion to rigorous exactitude adopted by those painters who are devoid of imagination. What he depicts is a reflection of the emotion which nature, which human faces and inanimate objects arouse in himself. Nevertheless, since that emotion is always of a pictorial order, we never find stretched beyond reasonable bounds in his pictures that requisite and indispensable link with reality which every work of art must establish and maintain.

Nor does M. Aman Jean cling to that objective reality to which philosophers have given the designation of Primary Reality. Through and beyond this observation of actualities he desires to attain to that Secondary Reality which in the case of a painter is always of an emotional nature.

While suggested, indeed, by his entire *œuvre*, this fundamental distinction is particularly in evidence in his portraits. The likeness, such an essential factor in this class of picture, constrains the artist to maintain very closely the contact with objective reality. It is absolutely necessary that his observation should be serious, profound, and attentive ; that it should seize upon all the expressive characteristics of the physiognomy, of the attitude, of the gestures of the sitter, and that the observer should be able to recognise in the portrait the construction of the head and of the body, the just proportions of the masses, the peculiarities of the natural colouring, and even those characteristic details or idiosyncrasies such as, for instance, any asymmetry of the features or chance deformation of the hands, the shoulders, or the body in general. And yet a portrait possessed of no further merit beyond such exactitude as this would not be a fine portrait. Over and above the outward semblance of the sitter, M. Aman Jean strives always to capture such elusive essentials as his

STUDY OF A WOMAN SEATED BY AMAN JEAN

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psychology, his customary attitude of mind, hereditary traits, his personal temperament, and even, if such be possible, his ideal and his individual emotional attributes. Of interest to the subject, who can here rediscover his own image, such a portrait must also of necessity be of interest to the world at large, for in it each beholder is able to recognise a personality significant of a social category and an individual character.

But, we ask, by what successive researches, by what pictorial means, does M. Aman Jean contrive to approach this ideal of portraiture? It is, firstly, by the drawing, then by the use of colour, and finally by the "arabesque"—the decorative composition—at times somewhat rigid when the subject seems to call for such treatment, but almost always flexible and infinitely graceful; and, as it were, extending beyond the restrictions of the frame to propagate itself outside the confines of the picture, so as to associate itself by a kind of occult sympathy with all manner of indeterminate things. Each of these points calls for a special study; and, first of all, the draughtsmanship. This, in the work of M. Aman Jean, is of extreme novelty, elegance, and intensity. It has nothing in common with that manner of drawing "after the masters" which is part of the curriculum of the École des Beaux-Arts, and which is inexpressive in definition in so far as its definition is the outcome of copying models. The drawing must spring from the heart and the imagination of the artist rather than from his volition, and still more so than from a mere study of classic examples.

PORTRAIT BY AMAN JEAN

There is, said M. Ingres, no example of a great draughtsman who did not find colour the most suitable vehicle for giving true effect to his drawing. It would be equally correct to say there is no example of a great colourist who did not find draughtsmanship the most satisfactory means of giving effective value to his colouring. And such is the case with M. Aman Jean. One might almost say that he does not make use of line in his drawings. His draughtsmanship is just the reverse of calligraphy. He regards things with the eye of a painter—that is to say, he sees in masses, in tone, and in juxtaposition of tones. The strokes which define the persons or objects he depicts are never, even in his preparatory drawings or his most rapid sketches, limiting lines. This they are, on the contrary, in the drawings of Ingres, of Albrecht Dürer, and of those who are classed as belonging to the same school. M. Aman Jean sees things surrounded by their own particular atmosphere; he sees people bathed in circumfluent light and air; his draughtsmanship suggests to us at one and the same time the form, the volume, and that

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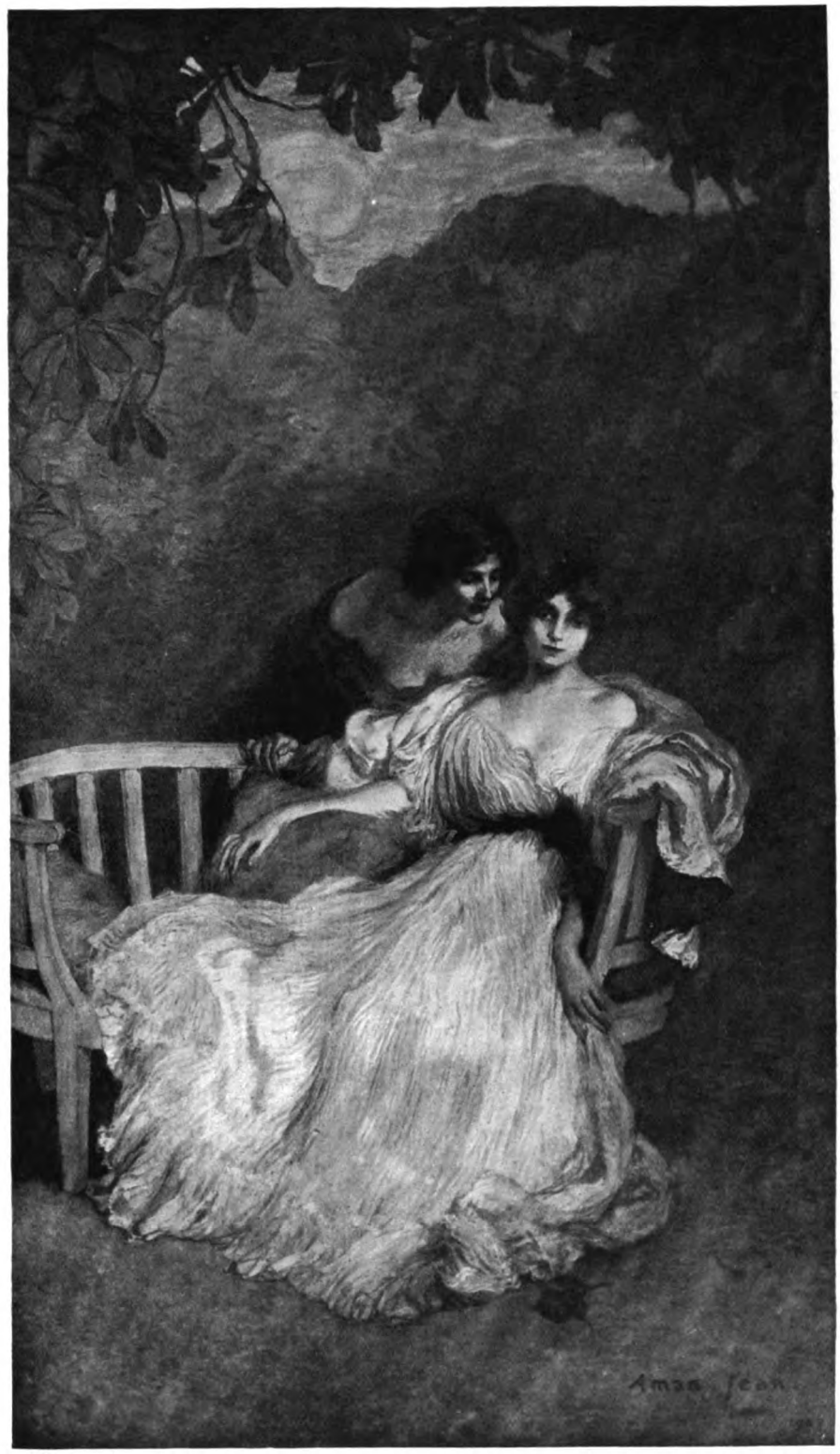

"LA CONFIDANCE." DECORATIVE PANEL BY AMAN JEAN

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PORTRAIT. BY AMAN JEAN

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indefinable irradiancy which painters are accustomed to refer to as the "atmospheric envelope."

All bodies are luminous by virtue of their radiance. The draughtsmanship of M. Aman Jean takes cognisance of this radiance. Look, for instance, at the drawing of a woman seated, which we reproduce on page 89; around the arms and the curve of the back one can almost see the refraction of the light on the skin and the little tremulous reflections which play upon the surface of the flesh. This is an entirely characteristic drawing produced by the artist in accord with his own peculiar vision, and it is eminently expressive of his particular shade of visual and emotional sensitiveness.

Colour is, however, for M. Aman Jean *par excellence* the medium of expression. One feels that this artist thinks in terms of colour, much more so than in terms of line or mass. Colour in his work is a language by means of which all visual emotions may find their expression. His art has often been commended for its novelty, its delicacy, its charm, and in certain instances for its power. But what has not been placed in sufficiently bold relief is the rigorous equation we find therein established between the *motif* of nature, the ardent emotion of the painter, and its expression through the medium of colour. Here we have a phenomenon worthy of a careful study. Just as we think by means of words, so does M. Aman Jean think in terms of tone; and his harmonies or contrasts of tone are, to those who love and understand painting, as clear and as expressive as are, in the phrases of a writer, novel combinations or contrasts of words. Out of his use of colour arises a new tongue, entirely his own, by which M. Aman Jean makes comprehensible to such as look with sympathetic understanding, nuances of feeling and refinements of emotion which no other human language is capable of expressing.

DECORATIVE PANEL BY AMAN JEAN

Touching the "arabesque." Here we have one of the most characteristic peculiarities of the artist's conception of a work of art. It is as much by the "arabesque" as by the drawing and the colour, and, indeed more so than by the feeling for mass and modelling, that M. Aman Jean is a great decorator. By the reproduction given of the vast panel which he has painted for the Physics Lecture Theatre at the Sorbonne, our readers may judge whether the artist is possessed of pictorial ideas, and whether he knows how to compose a work with harmony and taste. But many, even among the most competent judges, had not expected the incontestable and striking proof afforded by a great composition like this that M. Aman Jean is possessed of the most harmonious and refined sense for decoration.

Even in his portraits of women seen in an interior, or still more so in those female portraits posed with a park as a background, where fountains play and where the scene is enclosed with garlands of flowers or foliage and the verdure of leafy groves, we can recognise the quality, so essential in a decorative artist, of not restricting the significance of the work to the confines of the interest of the *motif* represented, but, on the contrary, of giving to the entire composition an indefinable something of wider import. So we find in the pictures of

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M. Aman Jean, as it were, an accent of universality. It is by purely pictorial means, but more especially by the invisible prolonging of his "arabesque" that M. Aman Jean succeeds in establishing an intimate relationship between his paintings and the surroundings amid which they are placed. Each of his pictures seems, as it were, to radiate out beyond the natural limits of the frame, to flow out upon the environing surfaces, enveloping them and creating around itself a kind of atmosphere which prevents it from ever appearing as though concentrated upon itself and isolated from the rest of the world.

That M. Aman Jean has only little by little attained such profound originality, such extreme distinction and such fortuitous freedom in execution will surprise no one. In the exhibition of his work, held not long ago at the Manzi Galleries in Paris, were hung, not far from the painter's most recent productions, several portraits painted about twenty years ago, including two or three which were reproduced in this magazine as illustrations to an article by M. Mourey on the artist's work. (See vol. viii, pp. 197 *et seq.*) There was, for instance, a portrait of the sculptor Dampt painted in 1894, a portrait of a young woman in a black dress trimmed with lace, which dates from approximately the same period, and a portrait of his wife, also signed in 1894. A little dryness, something a trifle restrained and almost angular, makes us realise, in looking at these portraits, what great progress the artist has made as he has advanced towards a more complete expression of his artistic ideal. At that time, delicate as his vision and consequently his colour already was, he was submissive to his model and dominated by his subject. Nowadays it is the artist who dominates and who reveals himself in treating the subject that lies before him. Absolute independence of vision, ease of execution, and the communicative joy of work accomplished with love and in perfect liberty of spirit, all result in giving us the sensation of happiness and security. M. Aman Jean has advanced progressively from timidity to full confidence in himself, from a delicacy at times almost ultra-refined to a perfectly harmonious equilibrium, and one feels that he has renounced all melancholy nostalgia in favour of a complete comprehension of the joy of life and of the delights of painting.

DECORATIVE PANEL
BY AMAN JEAN

So then it is in this sense that his evolution is apparent, and thus he prepares for us fresh surprises. His period of culmination will coincide with one of certitude and serenity. A. S.

THE small French room at the National Gallery (No. XXVIII) has recently undergone a complete rearrangement. The pictures are now disposed in approximately chronological order so as to exhibit the course of French art from the fifteenth to the nineteenth century, beginning with the *St. Clement and Donor* by the Master of Jean Perreal from the Salting collection and ending with works of the Barbizon masters and Fantin-Latour. An additional room (No. XVIII) has also been provided for the exhibition chiefly of Dutch "conversation" pictures. Works by the Maris brothers, Josef Israëls, Bosboom and other modern Dutch masters have been placed in this room.

An important exhibition of pictures by French artists of the nineteenth century will be held in the galleries of the Royal Museum, Copenhagen, in May and June. An influential committee in Paris is supporting the undertaking and it is hoped to make it one of the most representative exhibitions of French art ever held outside Paris.

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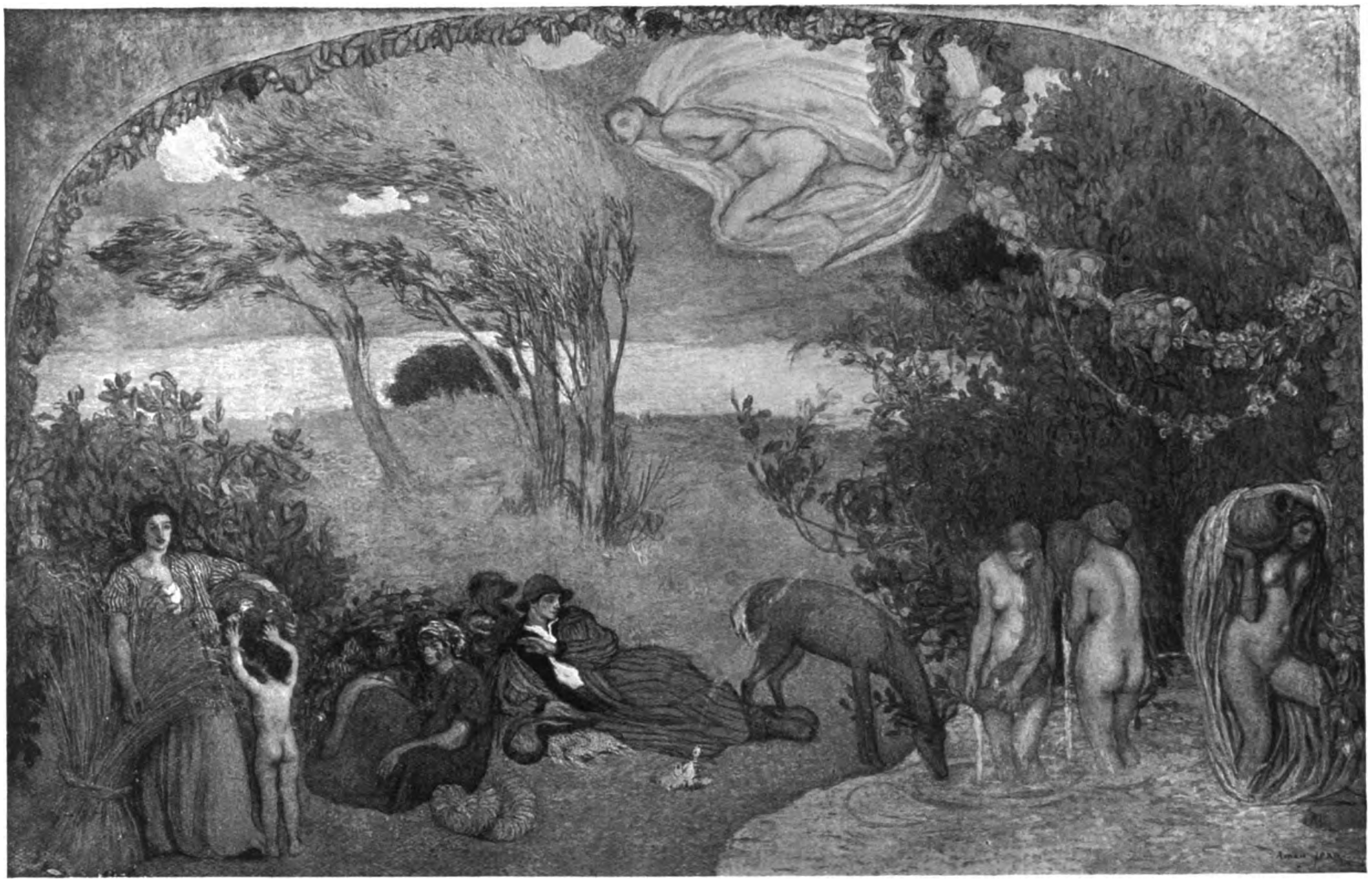

"LES ÉLÉMENTS." DECORATIVE PANEL FOR THE NEW SORBONNE. BY AMAN JEAN

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PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST'S DAUGHTER. BY AMAN JEAN

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James McBey's Water-Colours

THE WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS OF JAMES McBEY. BY MALCOLM C. SALAMAN.

It had been Mr. McBey's constant practice to sketch in oils ever since, as a boy, he had found out for himself the technique of oil-painting, and he had even extended this practice to portraiture; but water-colours he had scarcely attempted to use until he went to Morocco in the winter of 1912. There, in Tetuan and Tangier, sketching his subjects in pen and ink, after his usual etching-like manner, he added water-colour washes, leaving the white paper to speak for the pervading whiteness of the Moorish buildings in the hot glare of sunshine, and so found he could make his colour-studies more expeditiously and effectually than with oils. These spontaneous impressions, vivid with all the character and colour of the scenes, yet after all mere sketches, Mr. McBey had intended only as notes and studies for the etchings that were to be the permanent records of his visit to Morocco; but a representative of Messrs. Colnaghi and Obach, chancing to see them, discerned their appeal for collectors. His discernment was justified by the immediate demand for as many of these sketches as Mr. McBey could spare, and this encouraged the artist, during his summer wanderings in Holland, in his native Aberdeenshire, and on the Suffolk coast, to carry his tinted pen-and-ink drawings further than the mere sketch. The recent exhibition in Messrs. Colnaghi and Obach's gallery was the happy result.

Ten representative examples of the drawings exhibited are shown here in reproduction, two in colours and the rest in monochrome, and in these it will be seen how unaffectedly individual is his point of view, how fresh and personal is, not only his vision, but his manner of expression. Happy invariably in the selection of his pictorial motive, he seems instinctively to distinguish at once the salient features of his subject, and to draw these with a distinctive and spontaneous unity of impression, and essential vitality, controlled always by an original sense of design. These drawings, therefore, which I feel he has done for the pure delight of doing them, appeal to me with the charm of artistic surprise which very soon gives place to the sense of inevitability. One recognises the pictorial motive, one sees how the essential lines of the subject must have appealed to the instinctive etcher and natural draughtsman that Mr. McBey is, and how the atmospheric aspect has charmed him with its simple harmonies of tone in some arresting moment of light; then one realises at once that his vision has

"CHILDREN FISHING IN A CANAL" BY JAMES McBEY

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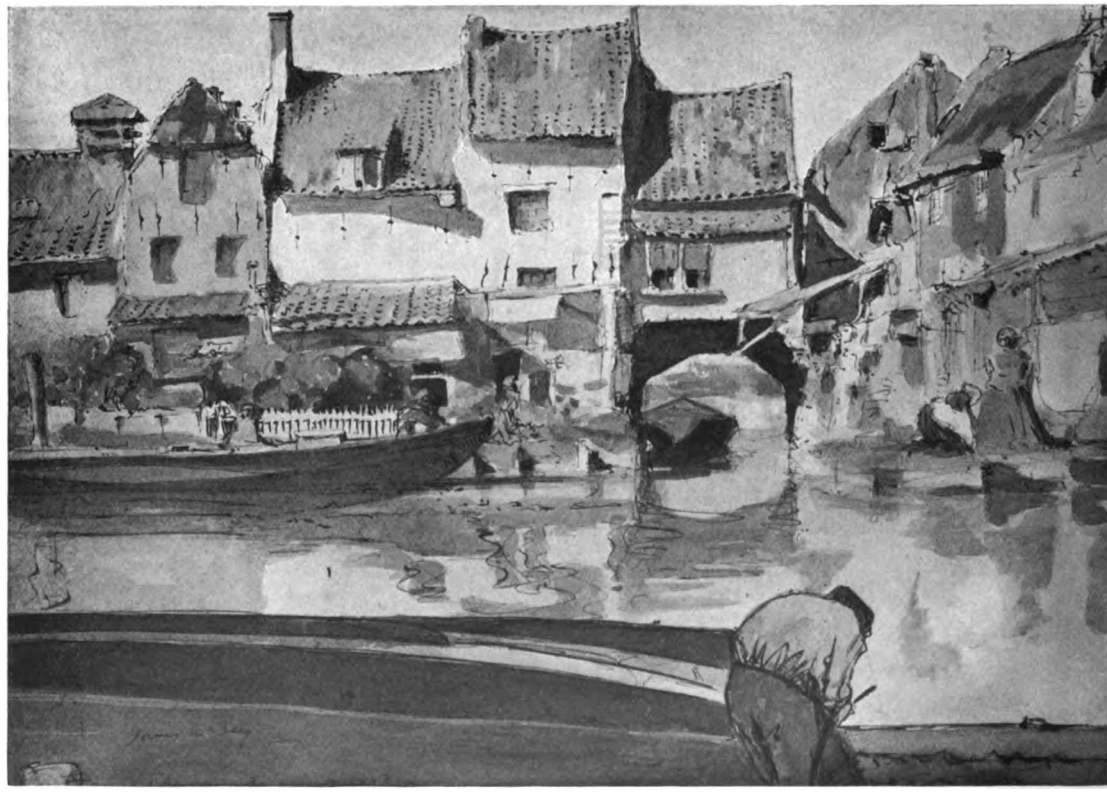
compelled its expression with a pictorial vivacity that was inevitable to his personality in that particular moment. Personality indeed is eloquent in all these drawings; there is none in which one feels he has not been absolutely true to his own vision, none that has been done to please any but his own artistic taste and feeling.

If we look at the drawings he has made in Holland we shall perceive with how freshly observant a pictorial sense he has enjoyed that country of canals, drawing just whatever has appealed to him, and in the only possible way he could feel it. To look from one to the other of these Dutch subjects is to realise Mr. E. V. Lucas's ideal of a reposeful holiday on a Dutch canal-boat, being carried "between the meadows; under the noses of the great black and white cows; past herons fishing in the rushes; through little villages, with dazzling milk-cans being scoured on the banks, and the good wives washing, and saturnine smokers in black velvet slippers passing the time of day; through big towns, by rows of sombre houses seen through a delicate screen of leaves; under low bridges crowded with children; through narrow locks; ever moving, moving slowly and surely, sometimes sailing, sometimes quanting, sometimes being towed, with the wide Dutch sky overhead, and the plovers crying in it, and the clear west wind driving the windmills, and everything just as it was in Rembrandt's day, and just as it will be five hundred years hence."

Take the typical examples reproduced here. *The Flower-market on the Singel, Amsterdam;* in this we see some of the countless iron barges that gather at the Monday flower-market with their floral and vegetable freight, and in the foreground is doubtless the prow of the boat from which Mr. McBey surveyed this characteristic scene. With what charm of spacious design and atmospheric truth of tint he has drawn it, with what vivacity of impression he has suggested its easygoing activity! What an unerring instinct for the suggestive detail has placed in the centre of the picture the man in blue quanting on his barge! . Does it not give a sense of quiet movement to the whole? Let us turn to the remarkable and sombre *Grimnessesluis*—a mysteriously appealing glimpse of a backwater in the Jewish quarter in Amsterdam. The eye is carried curiously past these dark dismal-looking houses to the dark depths under an archway that would surely have tempted Whistler to the copper-plate, as indeed it has already tempted Mr. McBey himself. In a mirror projecting from the house on



"OLD HOUSES, ENKHUISEN" BY JAMES MCBEY

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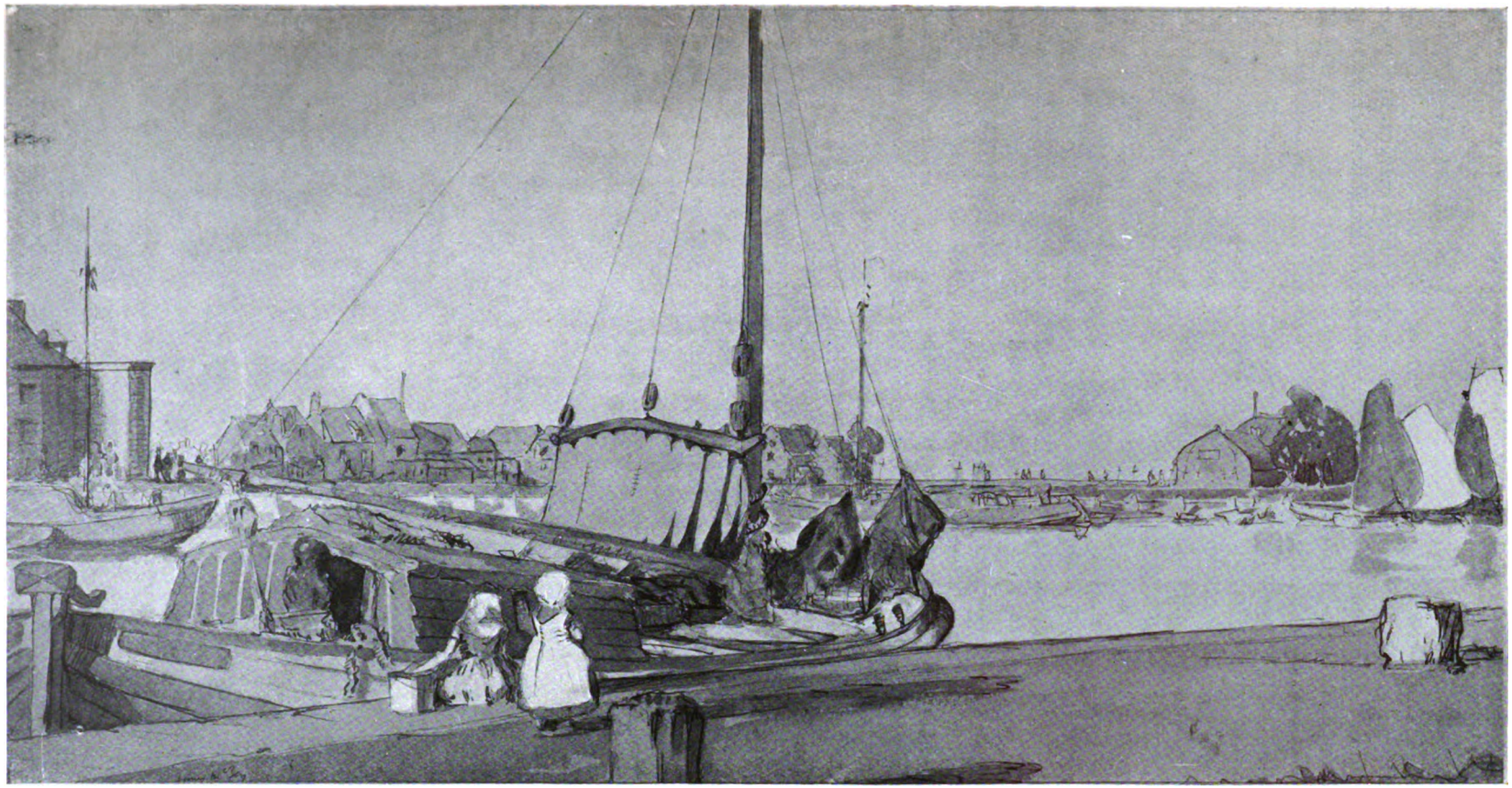

"ENKHUISEN HARBOUR"
BY JAMES McBEY

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the right the artist has caught the reflection of a woman's face watching him at his work, a vivid and original touch. *Pumping Mills* is a drawing that, for vitality of suggestive presentment and masterly felicity of design, is worthy, I think, to take its place in any collection of drawings by the masters. There is not a detail that is not finely observed and set down in its place with absolute rightness; the air is still in the afterglow of sunset; the windmills have ceased to work, and those two cows on the right bank, how actually alive they are! *Enkhuisen Harbour* is a very engaging sunset scene with some delicate passages of colour, notably the green side of the canal-boat cabin, with the girl in pink and the child in the white pinafore, against the yellow gravel of the quay. Mr. McBey has evidently drawn the boat with enjoyment, as indeed he seems to draw every kind of water-craft. Was he not born and bred among boats, so that for him, as he says, the unforgivable sin is to draw a boat badly? Note the figures on the opposite shore of the canal, standing out against the horizon, how they suggest the further expanse of waters beyond—the Zuyder Zee, as a matter of fact. *Old Houses, Enkhuisen*, with its orange-red tiled roofs in a glow of hot sunshine, is as delightful in colour as it is interesting in design; and the luminous effect of *Canal in Dordrecht* shows Mr. McBey as a brilliant and genuine colourist, while the suggestive draughtsmanship is masterly. Masterly too is the drawing of the figure in *Man Cutting a Ditch*. This typical Dutch labourer in his blue blouse, with the sun hot upon him, cutting along the edge of the ditch preparatory to cleaning out the overgrowth of vegetation, is as live a piece of draughtsmanship as one of Millet's tillers of the land; he is not only digging actually at the moment, but every line suggests that this has been the daily labour of his life. *Children Fishing* is delightful, for the figures of the children, and for the atmospheric treatment of the early morning light, with the damp rising from the meadows across the canal. There are others of the Dutch subjects that I wish could have been included among our examples, such as the fine *Zaandam*; the saw-mill interiors with the human activity among the logs; *The Demolition of the Zandstraat, Rotterdam*, a particularly live drawing; *Dordrecht; A Cloudy Day*, dashing and vigorous, and the breezy *Schiedam*; but the drawings on the Suffolk and Scotch coasts are equally important, and they are characteristically represented by *The White Boat, Walberswick*, and *Scotch Fishing Village*. In both of these, boats are the appealing motive, boats as locally typical as the atmosphere that surrounds them. And with what comprehensive truth of vision, what delicate power of expression, the artist has given to these pictorial life! Much may yet be expected from this gifted young artist, who is scarcely yet out of his twenties.

"MAN CUTTING A DITCH" BY JAMES MCBEY

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"THE WHITE BOAT, WALBERSWICK."
FROM A WATER-COLOUR BY JAMES McBEY.

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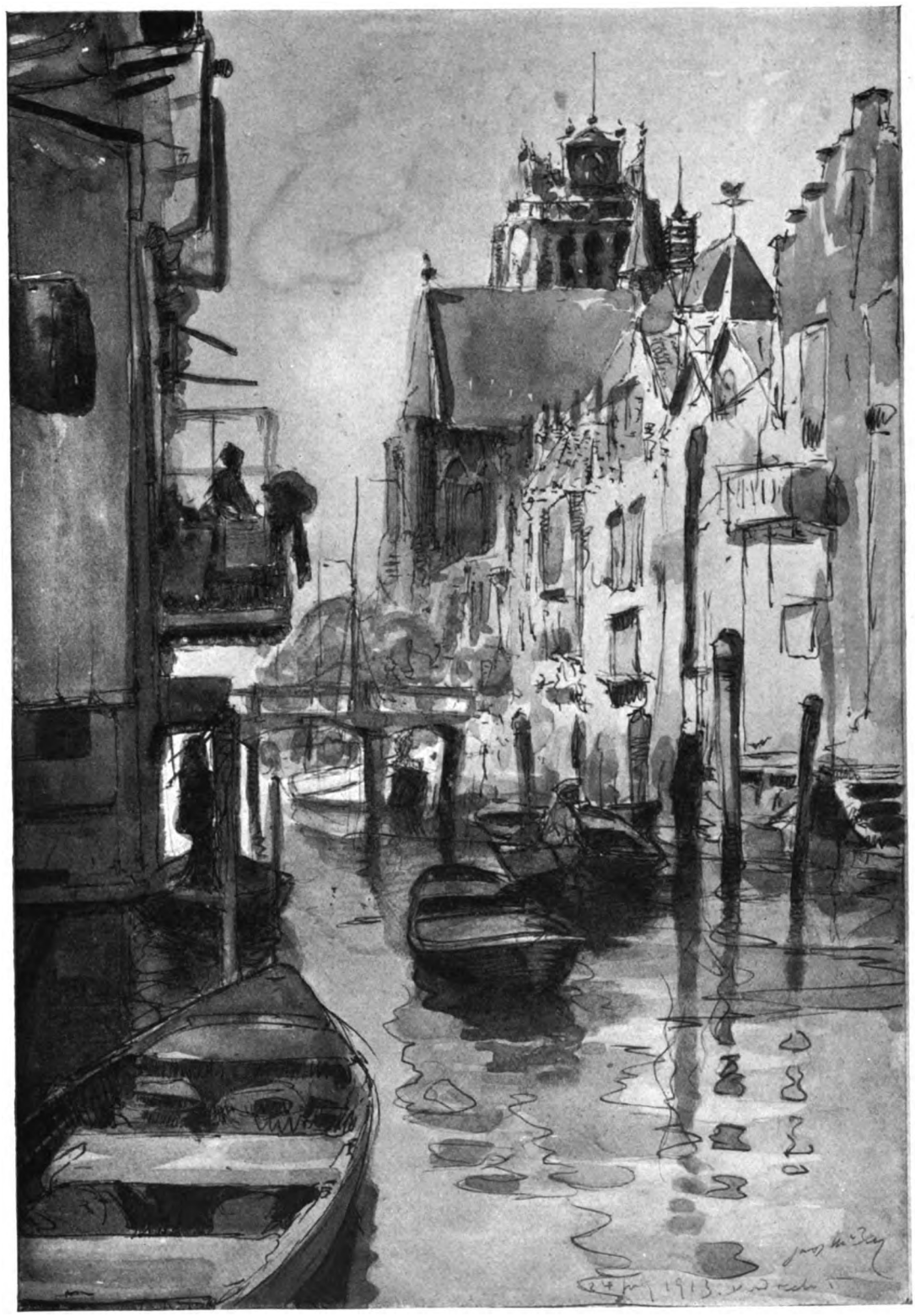

"CANAL IN DORDRECHT"
BY JAMES McBEY

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"PUMPING MILLS." BY JAMES McBEY

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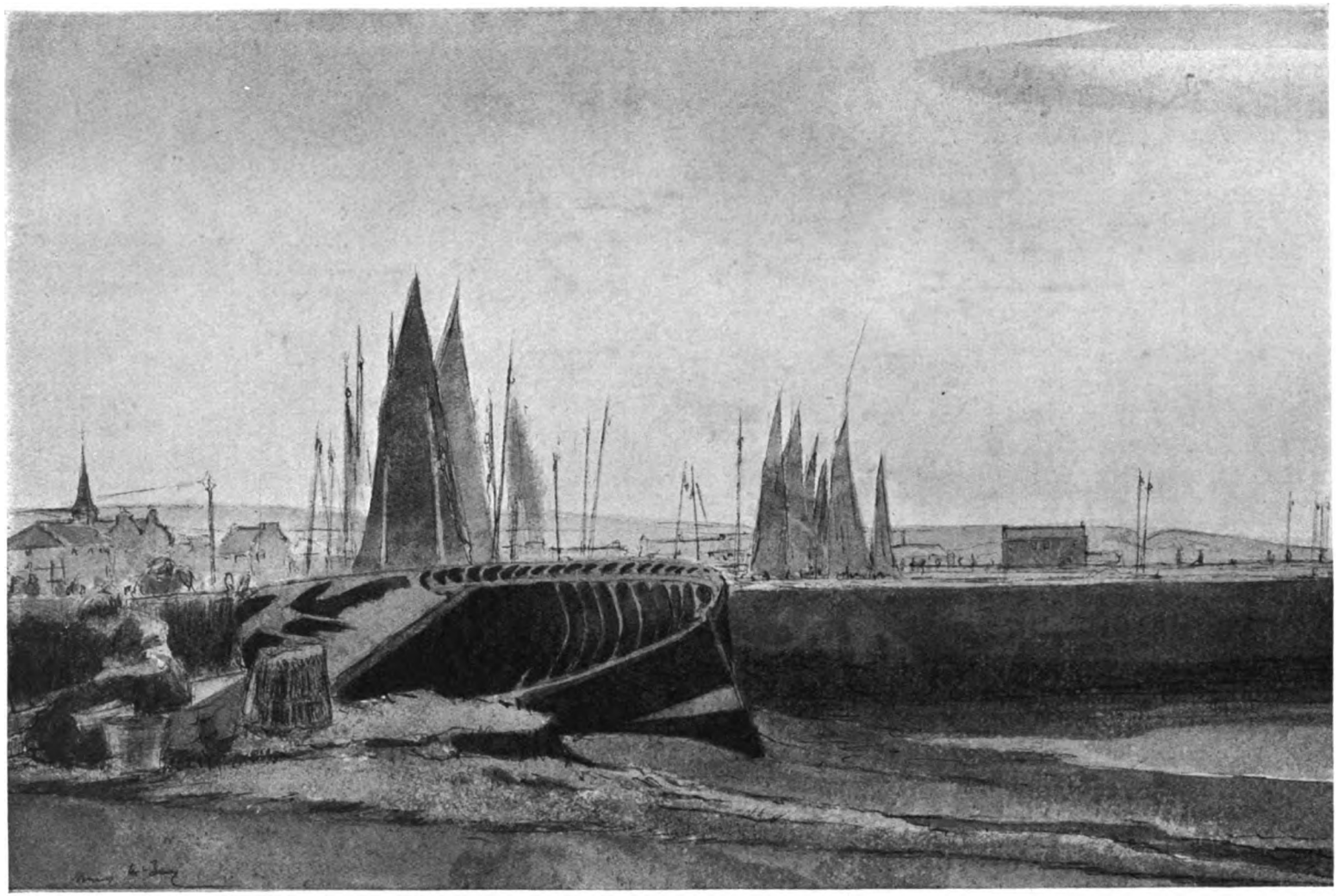

"SCOTCH FISHING VILLAGE." BY JAMES McBEY

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"GRIMNESSESLUIS"
BY JAMES McBEY

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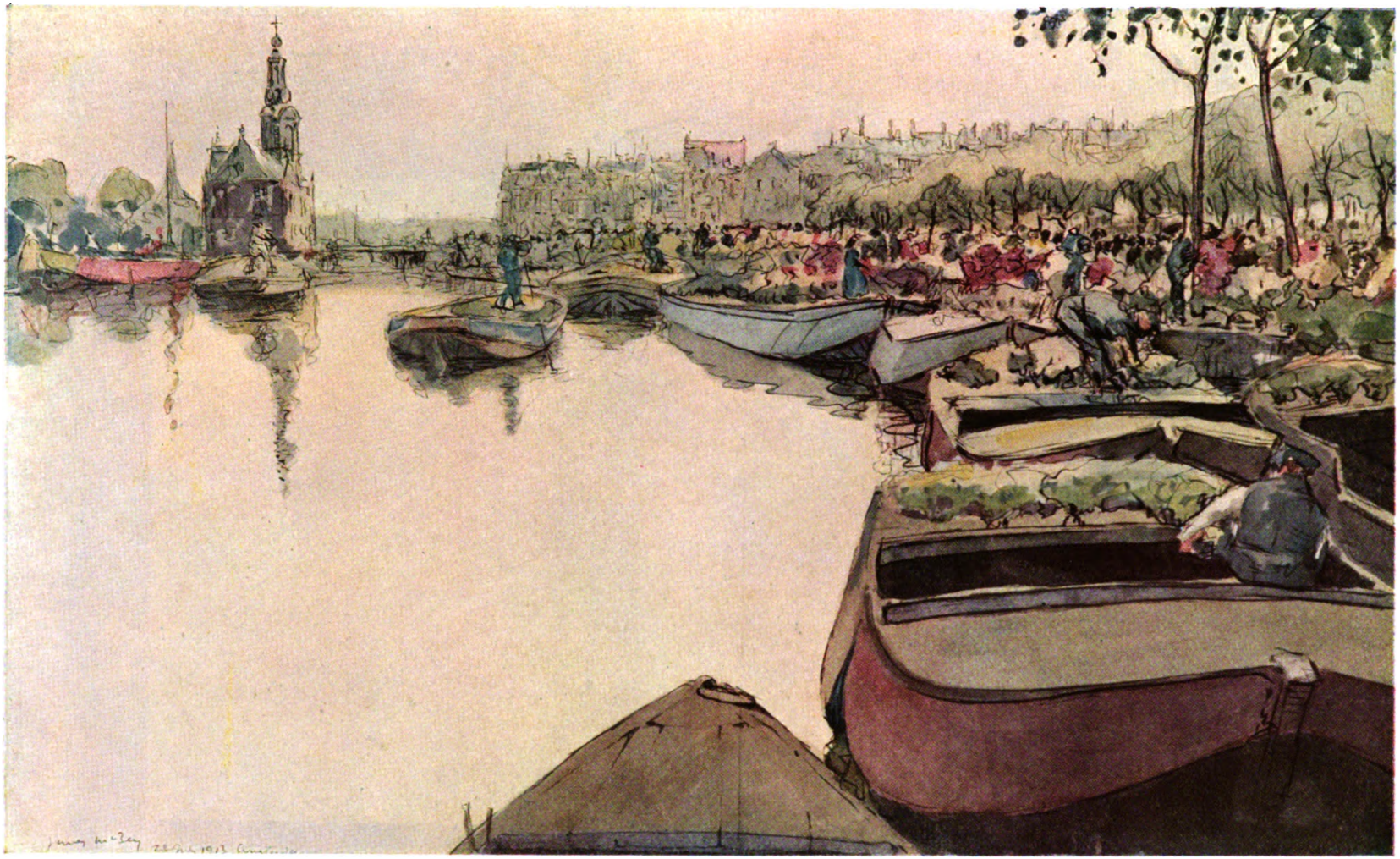

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"FLOWER MARKET ON THE SINGEL, AMSTERDAM."
FROM A WATER-COLOUR DRAWING BY JAMES McBEY.

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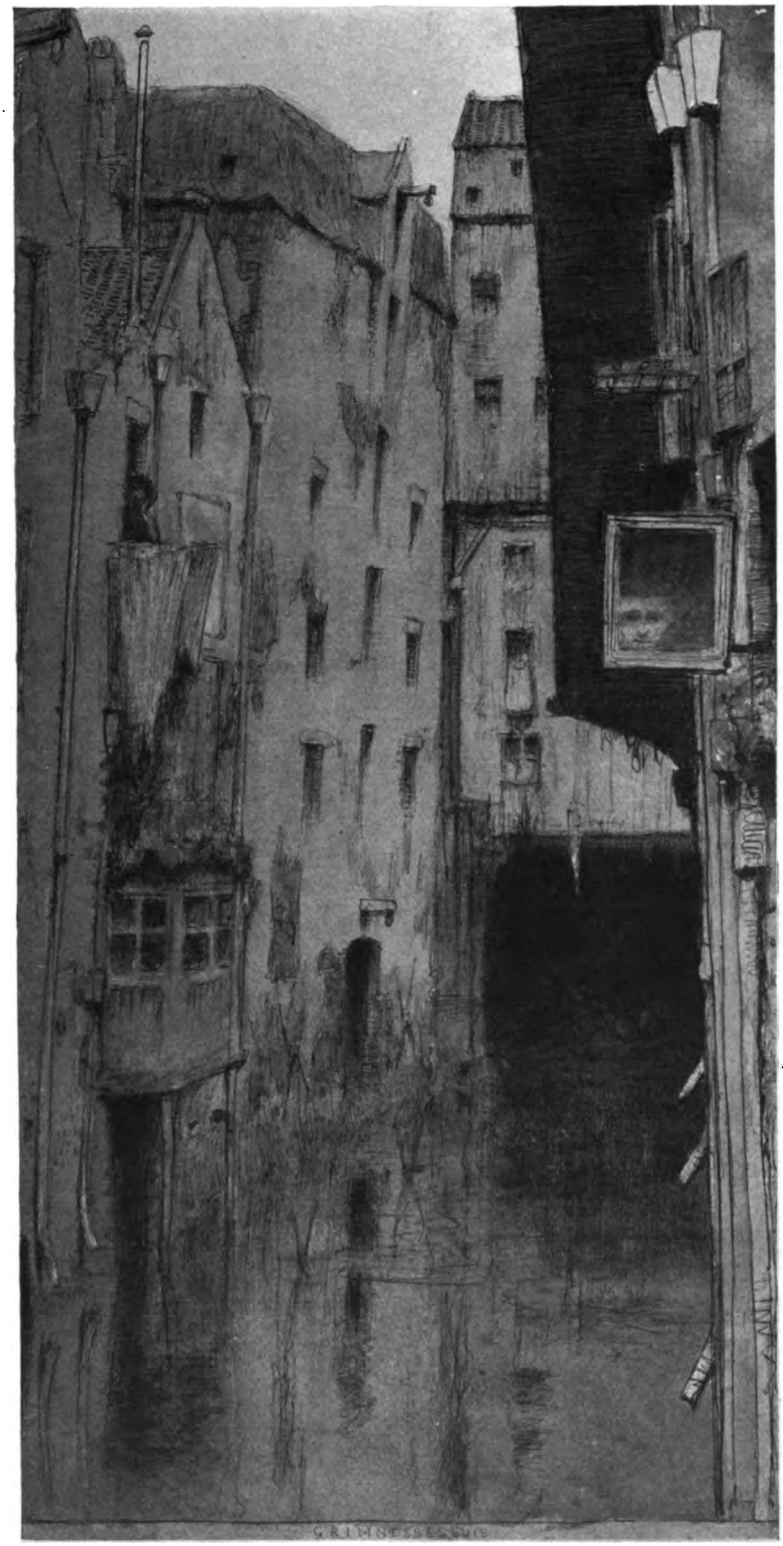

"GRIMNESSESLUIS"
BY JAMES McBEY

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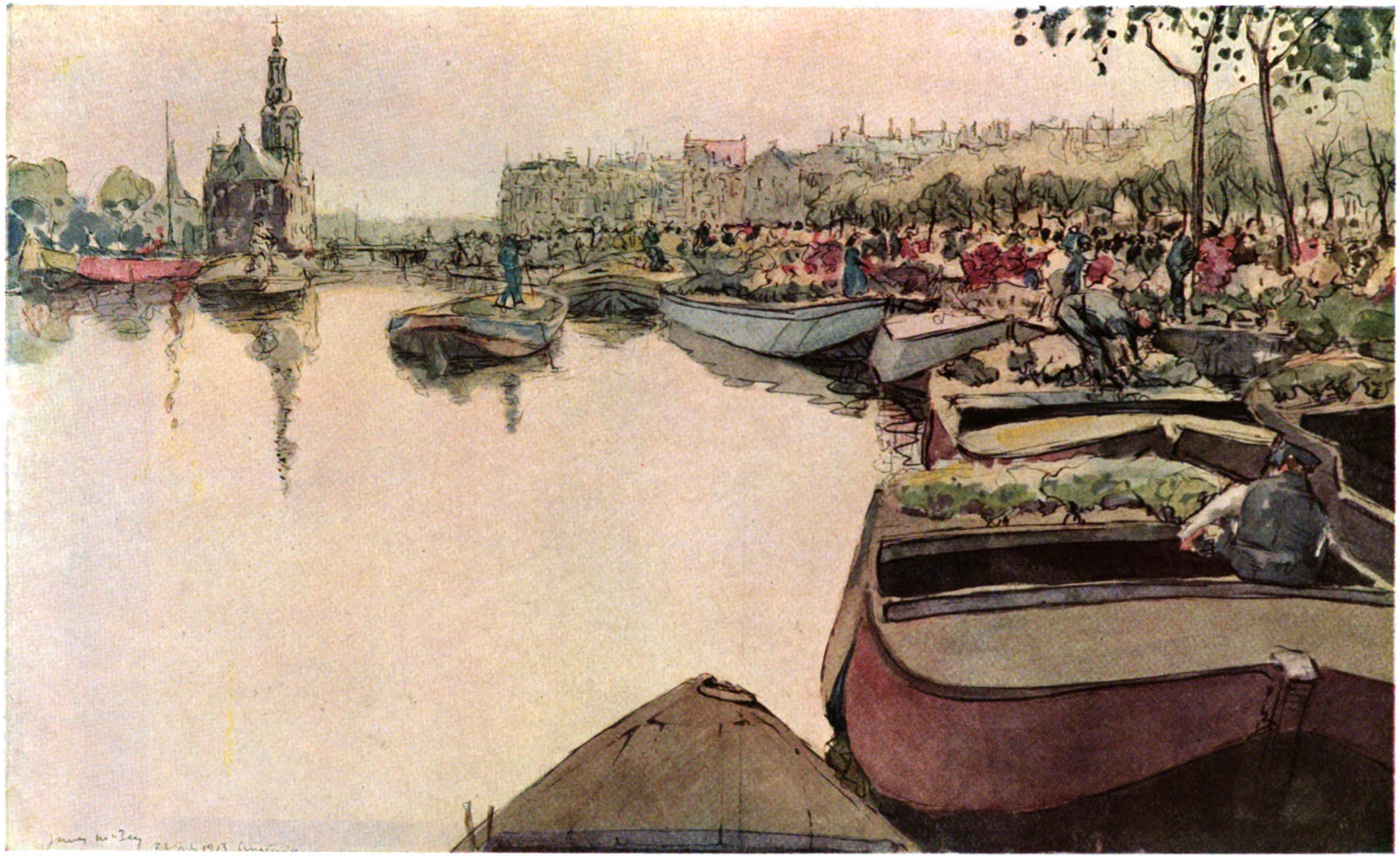

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"FLOWER MARKET ON THE SINGEL, AMSTERDAM."
FROM A WATER-COLOUR DRAWING BY JAMES McBEY.

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A PAINTER OF OUT-DOOR LIFE: FREDERIC WHITING, R.B.A.

A LOVE of out-door pursuits, of sport of all kinds, has always been a characteristic of the British race. This we may find exemplified in the use of English words in sporting terms among foreigners, to whom indeed the English "sportman" is, or at any rate used to be, proverbial.

It is this deep-rooted and characteristically British devotion to all manner of sport that finds its reflection in the striking and virile work of Mr. Frederic Whiting. One is careful, however, not to apply the epithet "sporting" to his art, for such an appellation has, unfortunately, associations which imply a confusion of ideals, and the sporting picture, so called, is but rarely in the true sense artistic. The reason for this is not far to seek, for what the sportsman asks is the faithful, accurate and uncompromisingly literal representation of the pastime he loves; and frequently we find his sympathies alienated from the artist who is, as a rule, compelled to select, arrange and discard some of the natural and realistic data when occupied in the composition of his picture. Who does not know the many careful and painstaking productions depicting, it may be, an episode in a day's shooting, with birds in full flight drawn to show all the feathers and markings with a care for detail admirably in keeping with the requirements of a work on ornithology but from the artistic standpoint wrong and absurd? Were it not for the stigma which, from this point of view, attaches to the term, we should describe Mr. Whiting as a sporting painter; for besides his devotion in his art to subjects of this kind, we suspect he can cast a fly with the best and is quite at home on a horse. Certainly one feels his pictures evince complete familiarity with his *motifs*, which, if one may describe it, he sees as sportsman and depicts as artist.

After leaving school Mr. Whiting spent a short time in the city, but the dull routine of office life proved uncongenial and was abandoned for art. He entered that famous nursery for artists, the St. John's Wood Art Schools, and duly passed into the Royal Academy Schools, which were then

"MARCH WIND" (WATER-COLOUR) *(In the possession of W. S. Argent, Esq.)* BY FREDERIC WHITING, R.B.A.

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under the direction of Philip Calderon, R.A. Here he had the advantage of some teaching from Mr. Sargent, but in these student days one gathers that Mr. Whiting was hardly the indefatigable worker that he is to-day. He occupied himself—being seized with profound admiration for Charles Keene and Phil May and other masters of black-and-white—with making numbers of pen-and-ink sketches. Some of these he showed to Mr. W. L. Thomas of "The Graphic," who was most encouraging to the young artist. During the last two years Mr. Whiting was in the schools he executed a good deal of work for "The Graphic" and for the "Daily Graphic" in particular. After four and a half years at the Academy Mr. Whiting went for a year to Paris and spent six months of that time at Julian's under Jean Paul Laurens and Benjamin Constant. On his return to England he was offered a post on "The Graphic" staff, but though he did a good deal in the way of military and sporting sketches for that journal, he declined the permanent appointment.

Just about this time, early in 1900, there broke out in China the terrible rising of the Boxers, and Mr. Whiting went out for "The Graphic" as their correspondent. After the eventful and terrible times in Pekin, and when all was quiet again and order restored, he remained on in North China, and it is one of his ambitions to return there some day to paint in that wonderful land. Here, he says, are magnificent subjects for the artist—schemes of colour, blue and dun, and crude barbaric pageantry in the sombre and drearily impressive funeral and wedding processions.

Back in England again he worked at intervals for "The Graphic," sometimes abroad or at the manœuvres. In 1904 the Russo-Japanese War broke out, and again Mr. Whiting acted as special correspondent for "The Graphic." He accompanied the second Japanese army in Manchuria, and, among other incidents of the campaign, was present at the great battles of Nan-Shan, Liao-yang, and Sha-ho. At the close of hostilities Mr. Whiting returned to England, visiting Japan and the United States en route. An excellent literary appointment on one of the leading London dailies was offered to him, but having now decided to devote himself whole-heartedly to painting he declined this tempting offer, and set to work in earnest to follow the path he had determined for himself. In 1909 he joined the Langham Sketch Club and renewed old acquaintanceships there, and in this friendly circle worked every night for two

"MISS LYSTER" (WATER-COLOUR) BY FREDERIC WHITING, R.B.A.
(By permission of the Hon. Mrs. Lyster)

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"A SPORTING IDYLL." FROM A WATER-COLOUR BY FREDERIC WHITING, R.B.A.

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"ANGLERS." FROM A WATER-COLOUR
BY FREDERIC WHITING, R.B.A.

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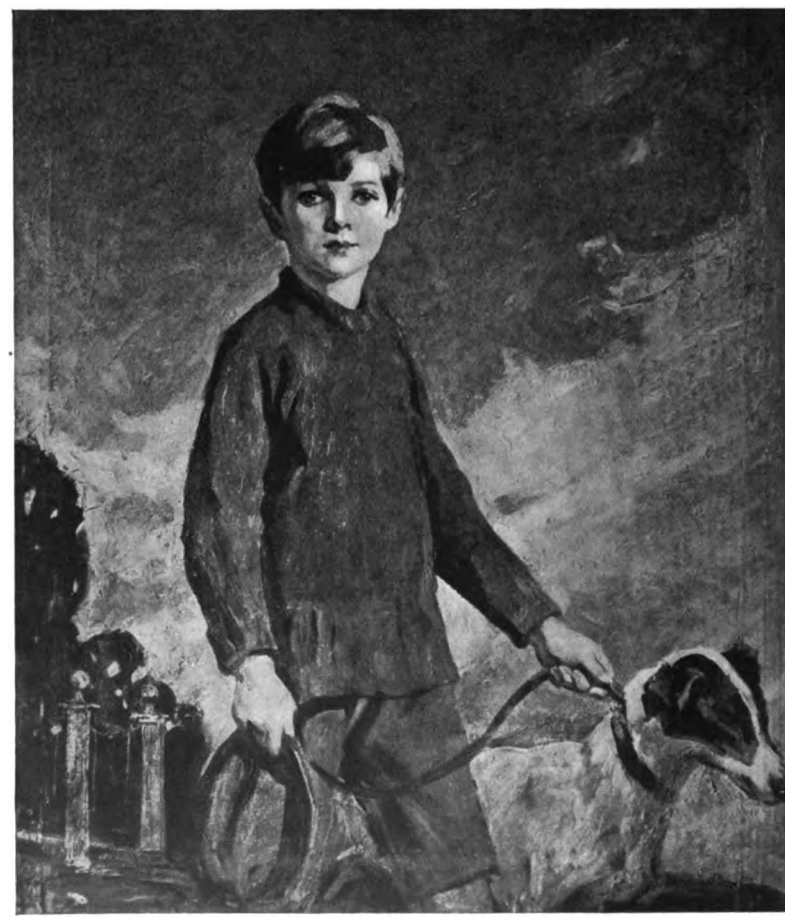
years. Gradually he found his power of painting returning to him, and, indeed, by such assiduous work growing apace. So recently as 1911 he exhibited his first oil-painting at the Royal Society of British Artists. He applied for membership, sending up two water-colours, was duly elected, and the committee, engaged at the moment in hanging the Spring Exhibition, generously offered to leave spaces on the line if he would frame the two drawings submitted in support of his candidature. The same year he showed his first work in the Royal Academy, *The Skewbald Pony*; in 1912 he was represented by a large equestrian group, *Mr. Charles Garvice and his Daughters*; and in 1913 his *Springtime of Life*, one of his best works, was well hung. A reproduction of this picture appears among our illustrations.

Since 1911 he has been a regular contributor to the two annual exhibitions of the R.B.A., sending on an average six works to each. In the Spring Exhibitions of 1912 appeared *The Master's Daughter* and *Anglers* among others. *Youth and Age* was in the Autumn Exhibition of the same year, and in the following show were hung *Eva*, *March Wind* and *A Sporting Idyll*. In the exhibition of the International Society, last autumn, Mr. Whiting was represented by two water-colours, *Sea Trout* and *Harriers*, and his *Amateur Rider* was in the exhibition of the Royal Society of Oil Painters.

If reference has been made somewhat in detail to the events of Mr. Whiting's career it is because there we may find at any rate a partial explanation of his almost meteoric appearance among artists of to-day. Such a life as he has led must inevitably tend to develop in a man self-reliance, force of character and a just appreciation and valuation of the things in life that really matter. One would describe him as by nature reserved, and although in his studio are to be found trophies and souvenirs of his military adventures—murderous-looking weapons and medals too—it is not easy to draw him out to recount the stirring experiences and to tell tales of the sights and scenes witnessed in his capacity as war-correspondent. With him the past is the past; one feels that his whole energy is now concentrated upon his work as painter, and this occupies his thoughts and efforts to the exclusion of all else. No doubt his long experience as a black-and-white artist has developed in him the faculty of rapid comprehension of the essentials of his subject—this is seen very clearly in his water-colour work, and particularly in his very interesting preliminary sketches and studies for compositions. Uninfluenced by any of the extravagant *isms* of the moment, Mr. Whiting preserves an independence of outlook, a frankness and robustness which are,



"EDWARD STANLEY" (OIL PAINTING) BY FREDERIC WHITING, R.B.A.
(By permission of Sir Arthur L. Stanley, K.C.M.G.)

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"EVA." FROM AN OIL PAINTING BY
FREDERIC WHITING, R.B.A.

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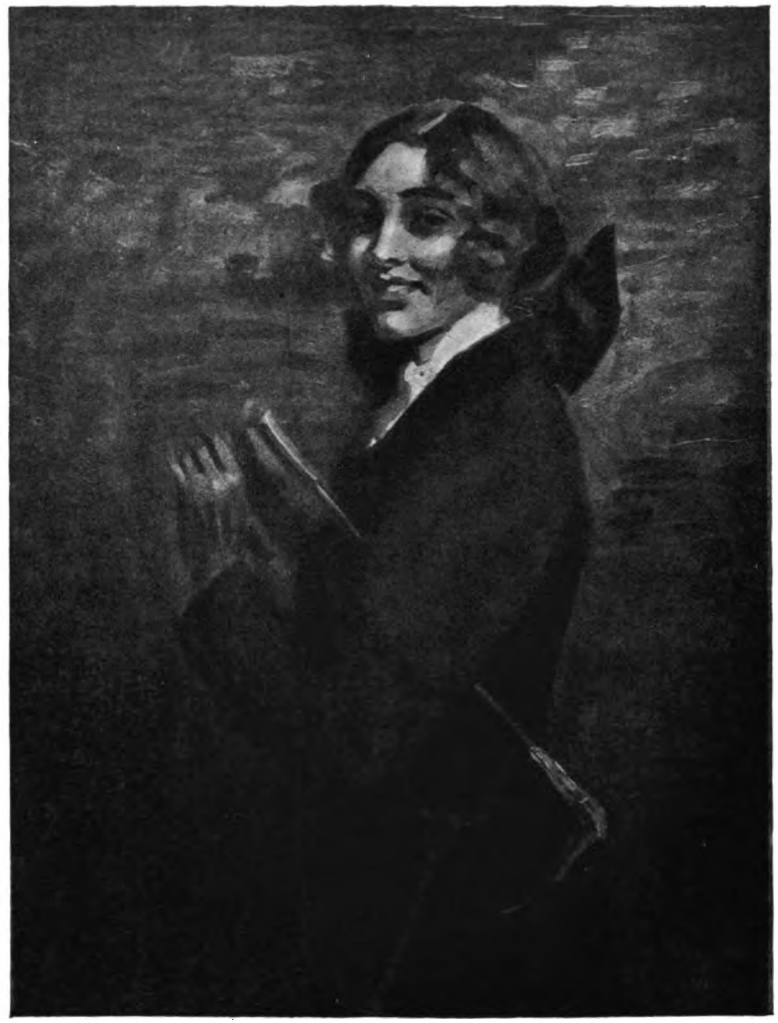
"THE AMATEUR RIDER" (OIL PAINTING). BY FREDERIC WHITING, R.B.A.



"THE MASTER'S DAUGHTER" (OIL PAINTING). BY FREDERIC WHITING, R.B.A.
(The property of Arthur Heath, Esq.)

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very apparent in all his work. We may perchance find in his art an affinity with the work of such men as Furse, Sargent and even at times with Orpen; but Mr. Whiting's development has been independent and the direct result of a study of nature, and any such similarity, where it does exist, is the unconscious outcome of individual effort. It is his ardent wish to devote himself to the representation of outdoor life, and one feels intensely, in looking at his work, that he paints what he loves. Entirely characteristic of him is the bold technique which in his water-colours seems at times to be almost haphazard. But working as he does upon a coarse-grained and very absorbent paper, there is no possibility of concealing the effects of fumbling or uncertainty. One false touch and the work is spoiled, and when that is the case it is ruthlessly destroyed by the artist, so that exigencies of the material entail that accuracy, certainty, and frankness of statement which, when successfully encompassed, result in the preservation of all the charm, the freshness, and the spontaneity of the subjects he delights in.

Turning for a moment to the pictures reproduced here, one finds in them that happy combination of colour and skill in composition by which Mr. Whiting dexterously manages to capture and retain the naturalness of the scene, be it hunting, fishing, or a group of children and dogs on the moors, and a harmony and well-considered balance of design which make his pictures æsthetically entirely satisfying.

Mr. Whiting, taking up painting in earnest so recently as he has done, came equipped for the task with two very valuable assets—the indomitable vigour of a man in his prime and a definite and matured outlook upon life in general. This forcefulness and directness is admirably to be appreciated in the portrait of Mark Fenwick, Esq., reproduced on page 122. The economy of means, the skilful, yet apparently quite unstudied arrangement of the sitter, and the decisive statement of physical facts revealing also the inward character of the subject, show Mr. Whiting to possess exceptional gifts for portraiture. In the painting of youth he finds also very happy occasion for the exercise of his talent, as witness *The Master's Daughter*, *Edward Stanley*, *Miss Lyster*, and *Eva* which we reproduce in colours. Fresh and rapidly painted as it is, this little head is full of the tender and unsophisticated

"YOUTH AND AGE" (WATER-COLOUR) *(In the possession of A. C. Schütte, Esq.)* BY FREDERIC WHITING, R.B.A.

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(The property of C. B. Prescott, Esq.)

"THE OLD RUNNER." FROM A WATER-COLOUR SKETCH BY FREDERIC WHITING, R.B.A.

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"THE SPRINGTIME OF LIFE" FROM AN OIL PAINTING BY FREDERIC WHITING, R.B.A.
(By permission of the Autotype Fine Art Company Ltd., London)

charm of youth; the colour-scheme is of the simplest, and the technique, bold and very free, is nowhere coarse or over-insistent, so that the whole—even in the illustration, where the necessary reduction has a trifle over-emphasised the brushwork—resolves itself into an harmonious unity.

Both *March Wind* and *Youth and Age* show Mr. Whiting's breezy and delightfully fresh handling of water-colour. Here he is impressionistic without losing his grip upon the drawing; and in *A Sporting Idyll* he has achieved a graceful composition while retaining all the unaffected joyousness of the scene and all the feeling of a gusty autumn day. The *Old Runner*, though slight in treatment, shows the same dexterity in the handling of the medium, and from this and other reproductions which accompany this article, may be gathered an excellent idea of the healthy virility and saneness of this artist's work.

Mr. Whiting's sincerity and conscientiousness will keep him from falling into an easy formula or adopting an adroit mannerism, and his indefatigable ardour is leading him on towards the greater delicacy, the added refinement and subtlety which he is striving to attain, while yet preserving that freshness and freedom of touch which is such an attractive feature of his work. His further development should be very interesting to follow; in the meantime he is to be heartily congratulated upon his present by no means inconsiderable achievement; and it is a pleasure to record one's appreciation of this vigorous and invigorating work, so instinct is it with the charm of youth and the joy of life.

ARTHUR REDDIE.

At a general assembly of the Royal Academy on February 11, Mr. Reginald Blomfield, A.R.A., architect, was elected an Academician, after holding the rank of Associate for nine years, and Mr. Richard Jack, painter, was elected Associate. Mr. William Walls and Dr. J. J. Burnet have been elected Royal Scottish Academicians.

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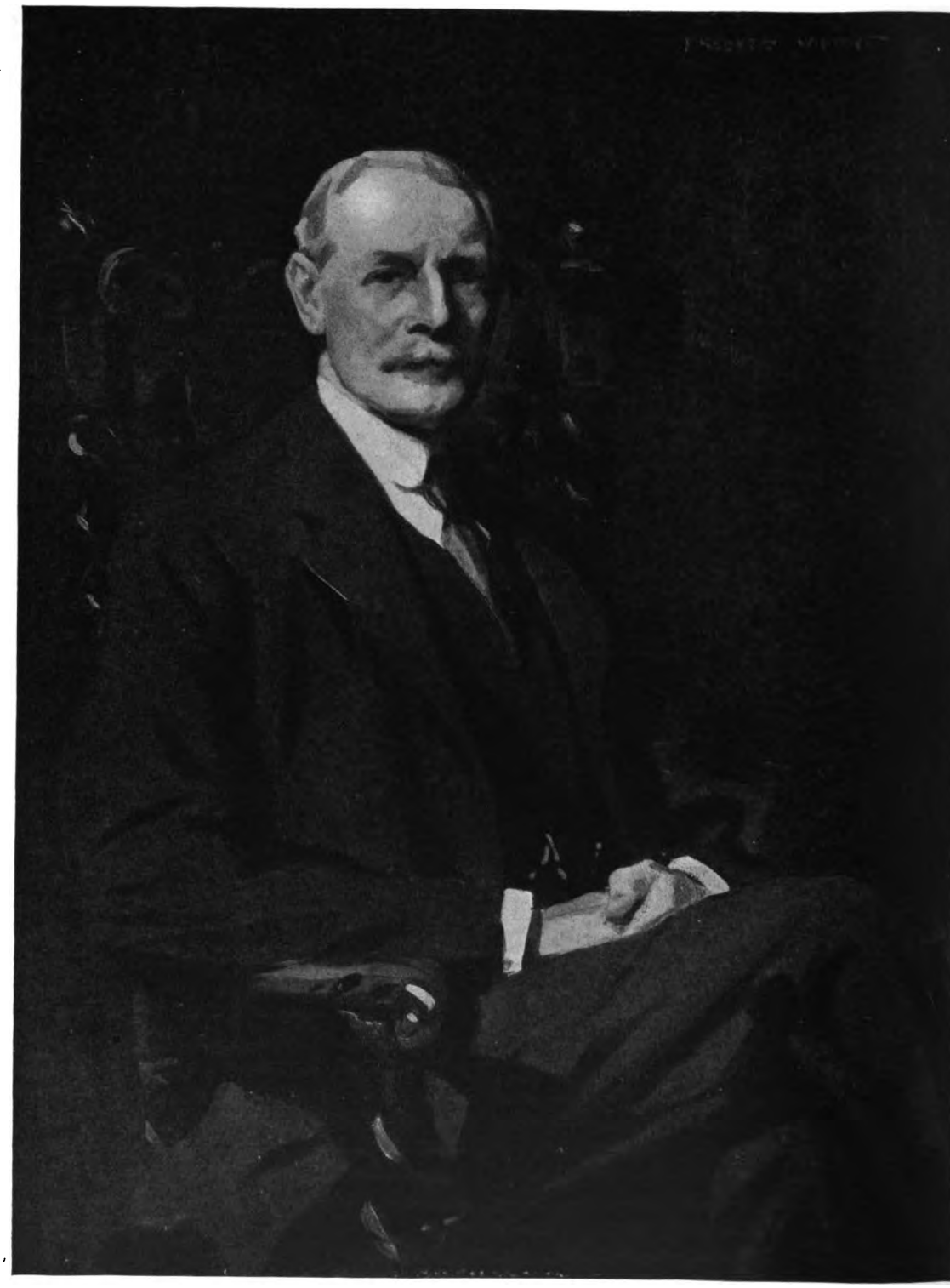

PORTRAIT OF MARK FENWICK, ESQ. FROM AN OIL PAINTING BY FREDERIC WHITING, R.B.A.

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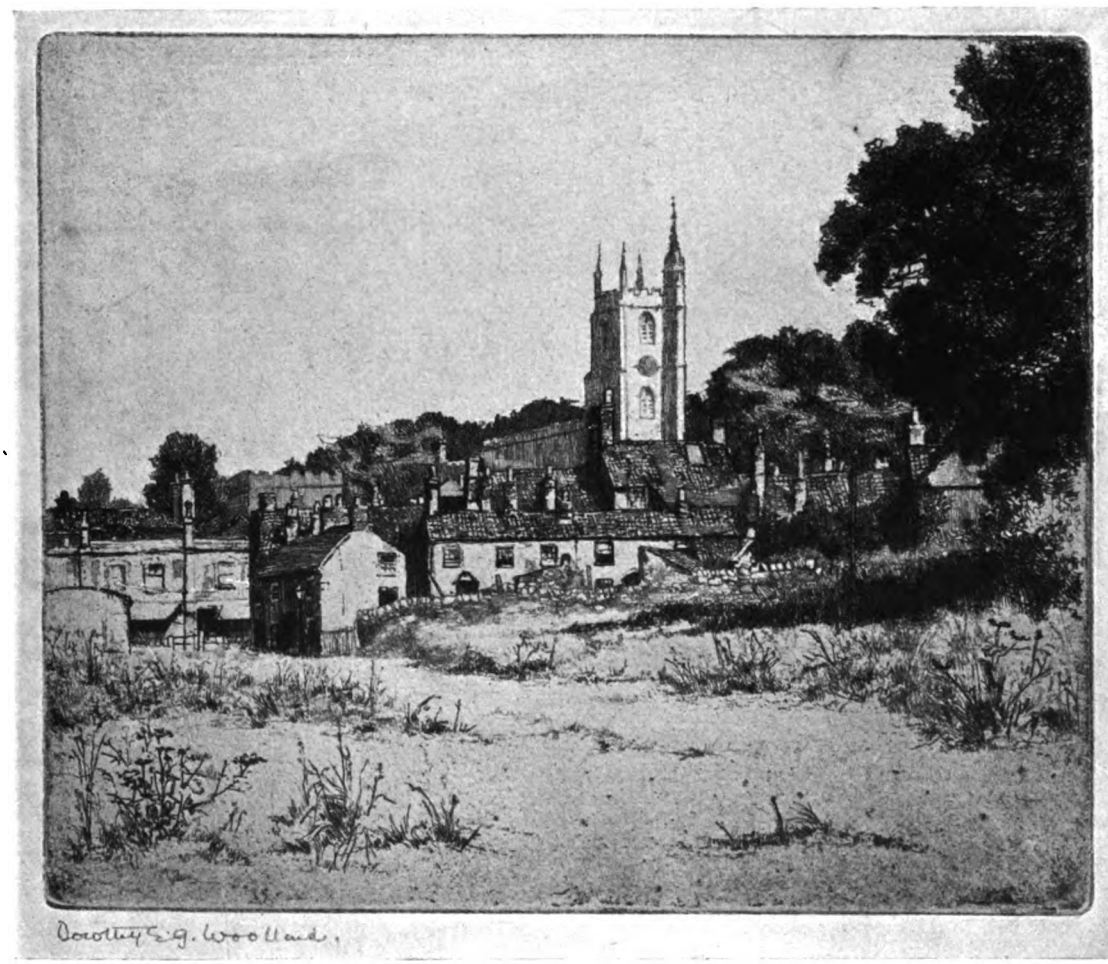
FIVE ETCHINGS BY DOROTHY E. G. WOOLLARD

(Miss Woollard was until recently a pupil of Mr. Reginald Bush, A.R.E., at the Bristol Municipal School of Art, and is now, as the winner of a Free Studentship, studying at the Royal College of Art, South Kensington, under Prof. Sir Frank Short, R.A. The examples of her work here given are reproduced by courtesy of Messrs. Frost and Reed of Bristol.)



"WESTBURY"

BY DOROTHY E. G. WOOLLARD

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"WESTBURY No. 2." BY
DOROTHY E. G. WOOLLARD

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"MILL ON THE HARBOUR." BY DOROTHY E. G. WOOLLARD

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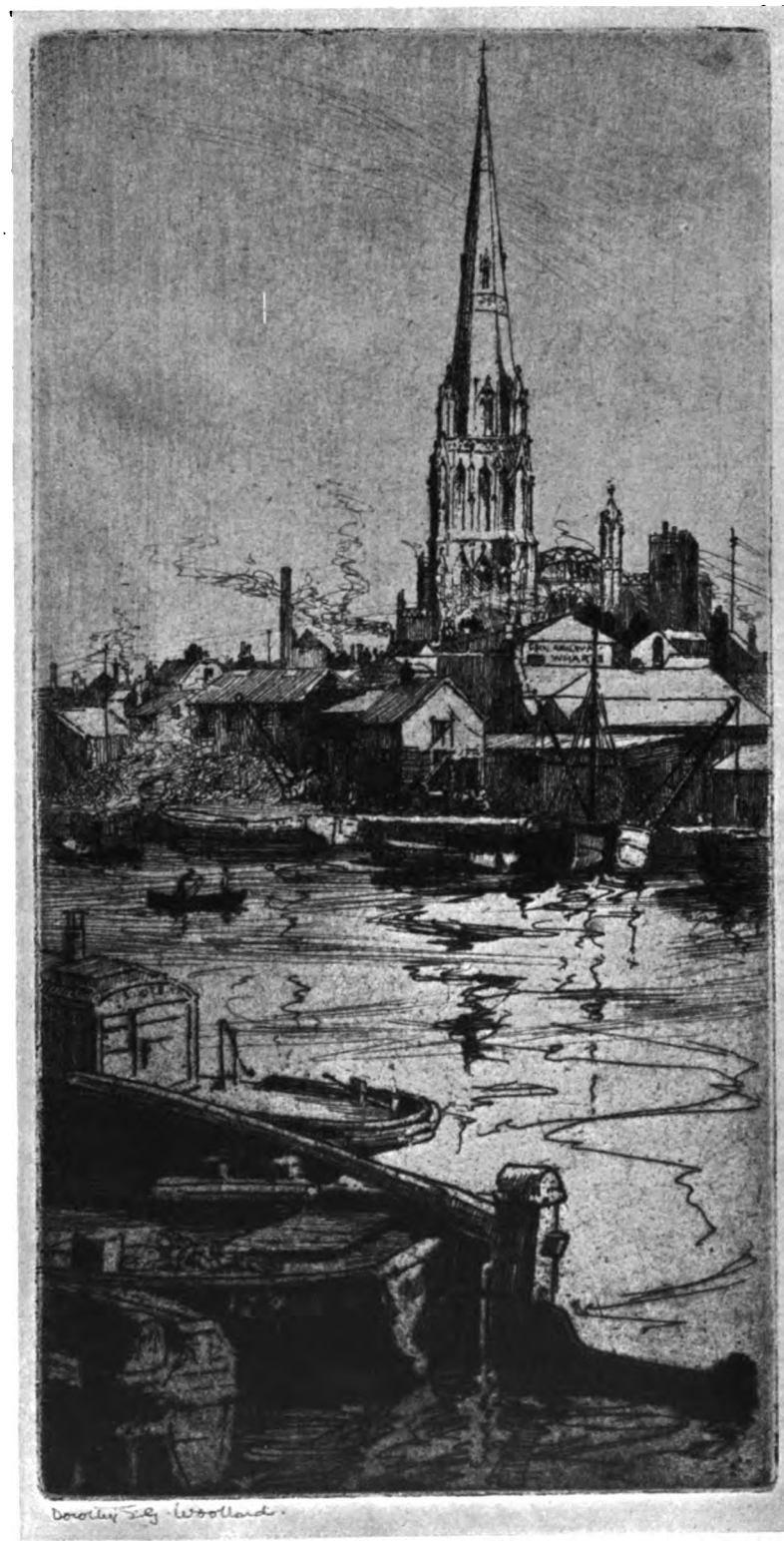

"REDCLIFFE CHURCH FROM THE HARBOUR"
BY DOROTHY E. G. WOOLLARD

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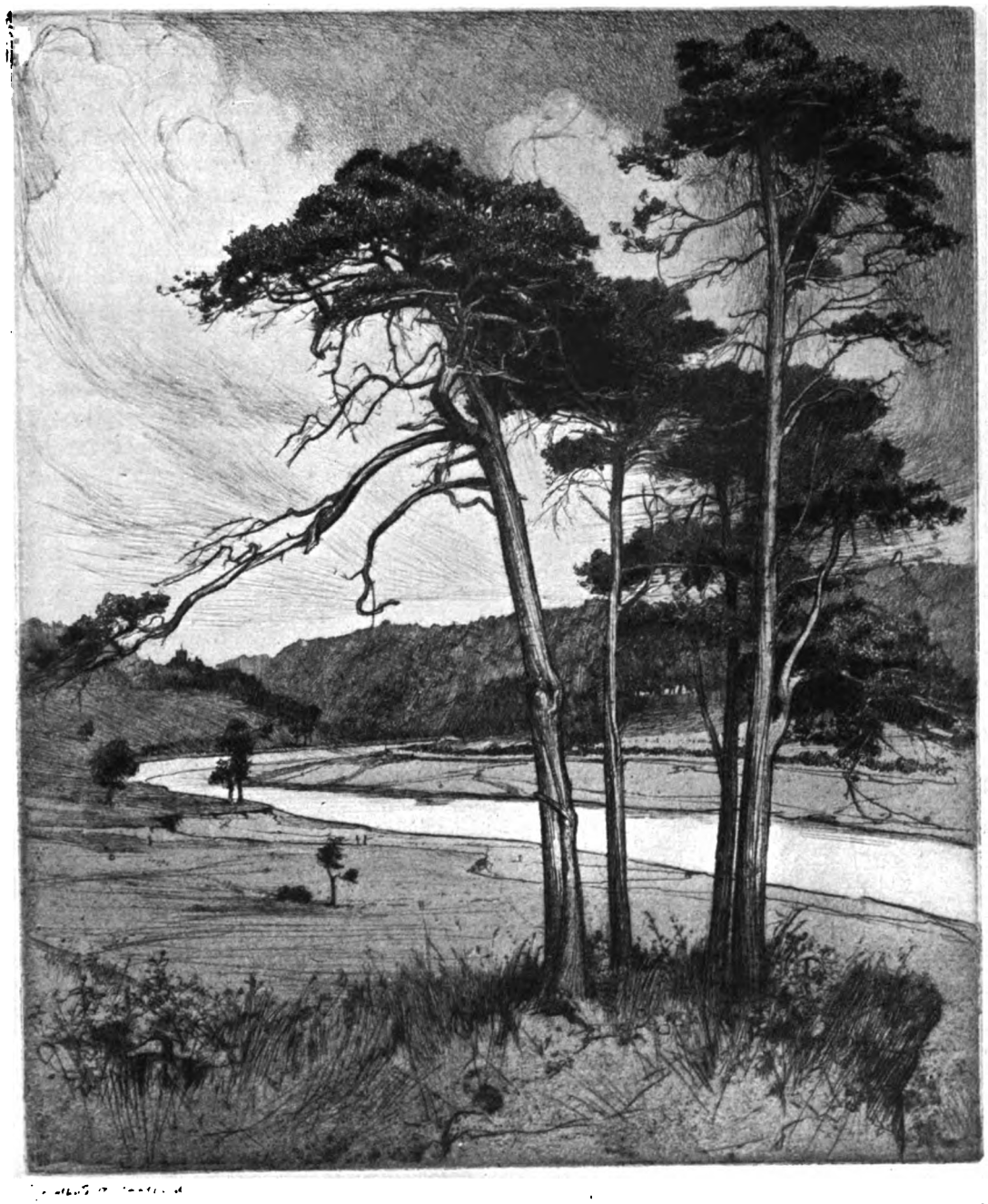

"COOK'S FOLLY FROM KINGSWESTON PARK." BY DOROTHY E. G. WOOLLARD

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A NOTE ON THE STAINED-GLASS WINDOWS OF HENRY A. PAYNE.

My interest in the stained-glass work of Mr. Henry Payne was first excited some years ago by seeing examples of the work of his pupils at South Kensington. They were little windows of birds and flowers, little chequered patterns, coats-of-arms, rendered with a delight in colour that made one glad to see work which showed happiness in the doing yet sad to think what small encouragement there is for such work now. Since then I have seen many of his own windows—the seven-light window in St. Agatha's, Birmingham, the five-light windows in Roker Church, Sunderland, and St. Martin's, Kensal Rise, the three-light windows at Madresfield Church and the Hook Church, Upton-on-Severn, the two-light windows in the apsidal end of St. Alban's, Birmingham, and at Norton and Stokesay, and the lancet windows in the Wych Church, Malvern Link, and in Scisset Church, Yorkshire.

I write neither as artist nor as craftsman—simply as one to whom the contrast and combination of translucent, glowing colours appeal more intensely than anything else in art. And in its quality of colour no glass was ever richer or more diversified than that of the best makers to-day. It fails of its effect, however, except in the hands of artists with discrimination and feeling for the whole design of the window. Mr. Payne and a few others whose windows I know—notably Mr. Whall, Mr. Louis Davis, Mr. Reginald Hallward, Mr. Hugh Arnold, Mr. Strachan, Miss Townshend, and Miss Esplin—possess these gifts, and with them new possibilities in the making of windows open out. They are both artists and craftsmen: they not only design but actually supervise every part of the window, choosing each piece of colour, with results very different from what may be called "trade" windows. People will not understand that a window to be a work of art must be the work of an artist. The spirit of the Gothic tradition in glass-painting remains without degenerating into imitation. Canopies rarely appear: if they do they are constructed of intertwining boughs and foliage. Draperies in colour are richer than ever, but less ornate. In their scheme the importance of letting light come through the glass is paramount. No piece of glass is of the same tint throughout, and different thicknesses of the leads and slight deviation in shape of quarries, with a note of colour here and there between them, prevent any thought of mechanical workmanship. On entering a church so lighted one's breath is drawn with a quickening of delight at sight of such glory of colour.

Mr. Payne is fond of illustrating earth and sea and sky and all sorts and conditions of men united in praise. The cartoon of the window in St. Martin's, Kensal Rise, is full of movement and life. In the magnificent window in the south transept of Roker Church, on the text "Come unto me," there is on one side of the figure of Christ an old workman and a kneeling factory girl, clad in the colours of her choice (now harmonised), a dazzling orange-ruby jacket and sea-green hat with brilliant roses in it, which has slipped down on to her back, and on the other, labourers with tool-bags and two children in coral-red and blue. Outside there are a king and queen. The bases of the five lights are of vivid green glass. The colour throughout

DETAILS OF THE ASCENSION WINDOW IN ROKER CHURCH BY HENRY A. PAYNE, A.R.W.S.

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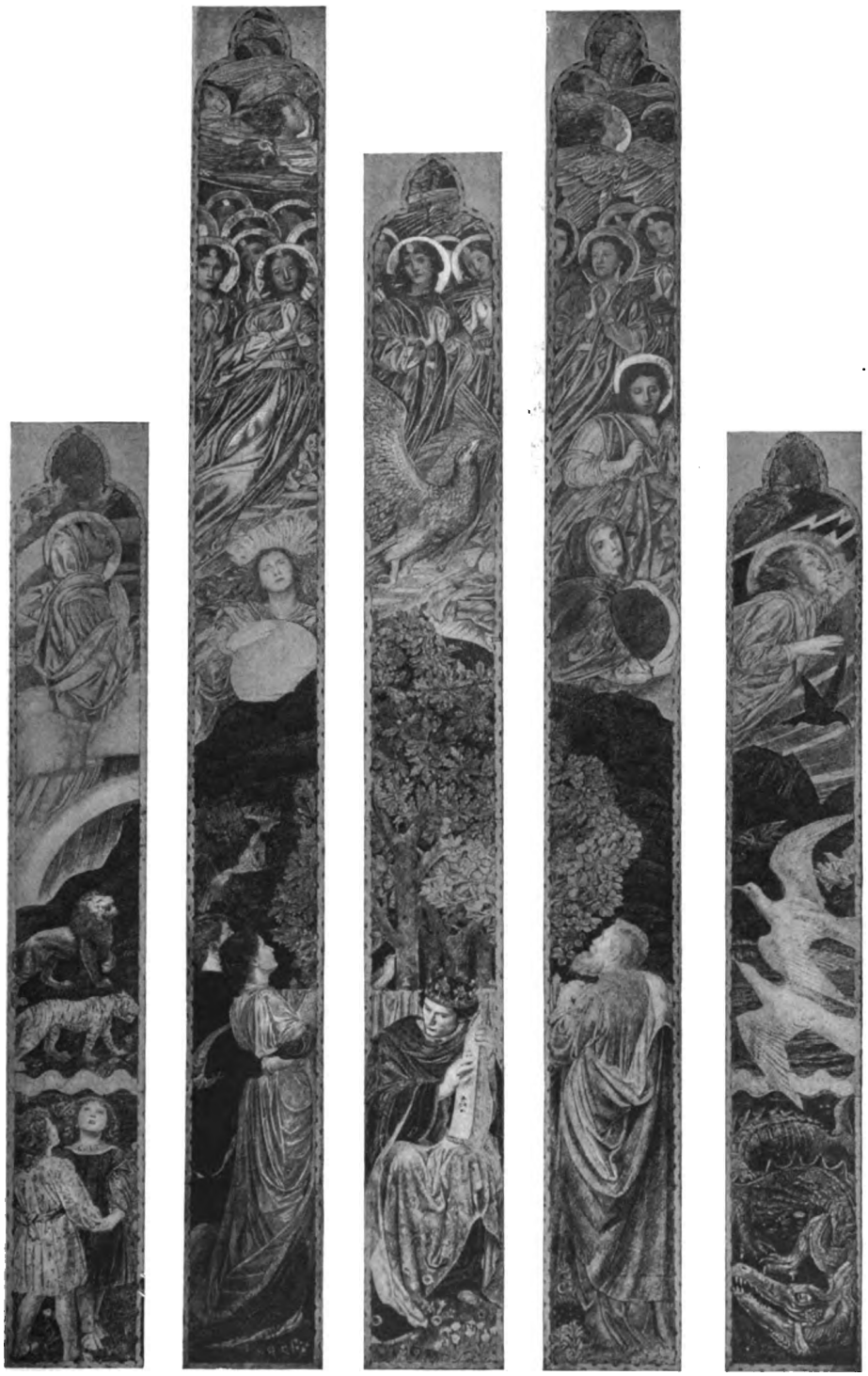

"PSALM CXLVIII." A WINDOW IN ST. MARTIN'S, KENSAL RISE, LONDON, DESIGNED BY HENRY A. PAYNE

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is splendid. Another window in the same church brings out a characteristic of Mr. Payne's figure-drawing. He departs from the tradition that the disciples and prophets must necessarily be old men with bald heads and flowing beards. The conventional face of Christ, king, prophet, or angel, never satisfies him; he aims at character. His saints look saintly and not feeble-minded; his angels may smile, but never smirk.

A particularly characteristic window is that in the little church on Hook Common. In the centre light is a figure of the labourer carrying scythe and sickle, approaching a wood with vivid green trees, while under his feet is grass exquisitely bright, sown with wild roses, daffodils, and daisies. In the adjoining panel in the foreground is a group of lambs cropping the sunlit herbage, intersected by a stream across which brier roses stretch. In the middle distance are white horses yoked to a plough furrowing the brown earth on the side of a hill crowned by a clump of very dark brown trees, behind which the sun is setting. Here—and it is the same in nearly all his windows — Mr. Payne's rendering of grass and clover is enchanting not only from the colour, but from the variety of flowers all springing naturally out of it. An idea of this is conveyed in the coloured plate, *Sir Galahad*, which in other respects illustrates well the effect he obtains. Birds too—eagles, as in the Hook Church, peacocks, as in Madresfield, and pigeons, as in the Scisset and other windows—are rarely absent.

In the large west window of Mr. Bidlake's fine modern Gothic church of St. Agatha, Birmingham, the subject pictured is the Rising from the Tomb. Here the treatment of the dawn breaking behind the figure of Christ is very bold. The subject is almost beyond the reach of glass, but it is nevertheless daring in its conception. The intense blue colour in the tracery lights shimmering with glittering things of rose and gold and silver is strongly reminiscent of the glass in Chartres Cathedral. Another window of similar character is that in Madresfield Church. Here children are portrayed naturally as they are in the village to-day in a profusion of flowers, and there is a marvellous representation of the passing of the redeemed through death to life. There is, however, no hint of a doom—an opportunity a mediæval artist would not have let slip to use every shade of red, purple, and violet.

MEMORIAL WINDOW IN SCISSET CHURCH, YORKSHIRE. BY HENRY A. PAYNE, A.R.W.S.

Windows such as these, and others in the churches named at the outset, show that a style has been developed which, after the lapse of nearly four centuries, makes the art of glass-painting a great one again. The meaningless imitation of the old styles which accompanied the Gothic revival some seventy years ago had not a touch of life or spirit. It received a check in the sixties from the genius of Burne-Jones and Morris. From their inspiration dates practically all that is worth seeing in modern glass-painting. In the hands of Mr. Payne and the small group of artists with similar ideals the art is now a living one and must continue to be so if only the power of appreciation can be excited.

T. M. Legge.

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"SIR GALAHAD." DESIGN FOR A WINDOW AT KELVINSIDE, GLASGOW BY HENRY A. PAYNE, A.R.W.S.

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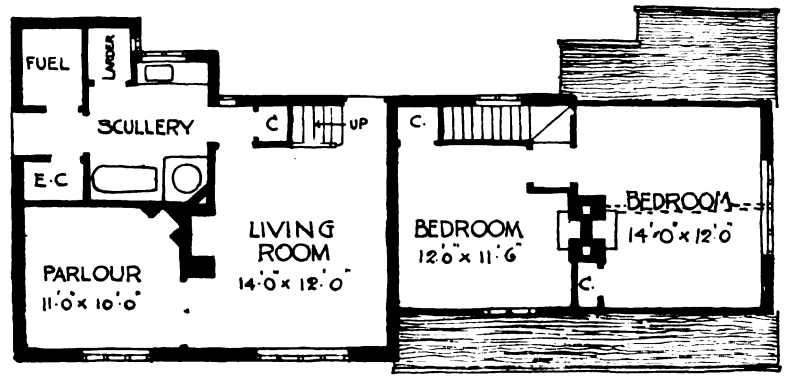
THE CHEAP COTTAGE. BY M. H. BAILLIE SCOTT.

THE problem of the cheap cottage is one which has recently much engaged the attention of all those who are interested in country life and the proper housing of the agricultural labourer. In discussing such a matter in THE STUDIO it is natural that more prominence will be given to the artistic aspect of the problem than to the merely utilitarian point of view. And first it will be well to remove any misconception that may arise as to the meaning of the term artistic used in this connection, for it is a term which is generally misunderstood. It is too often believed that an artistic cottage is a plain cottage to which some extra embellishment has been added which makes it a little more expensive and a little more ornate than the plain cottage. Like those old prints which were sold at a penny plain and tuppence coloured, the artistic cottage is assumed to be a luxury which the plain man cannot afford. No doubt there are some grounds for a conception of this kind as applied to many cottages which boast artistic claims. It will be well therefore at the outset to explain that art in this connection has little relation to cost and little relation to ornament. An artistic cottage may be very cheap or very costly, it may be very plain or very ornate, but its beauty depends neither on costliness nor decoration. The artist in words may compose a telegram or a sonnet which shall be a masterpiece of economical and concise expression; and just in the same way the art of cottage building likewise may consist mainly in a fine economy in materials. The landowner who deliberately defaces an old country village because he believes that ugliness is cheap and beauty expensive is under a delusion, and we have object-lessons enough in the old cottages of many a



COTTAGE AT MILFORD, SURREY

M. H. BAILLIE SCOTT, ARCHITECT

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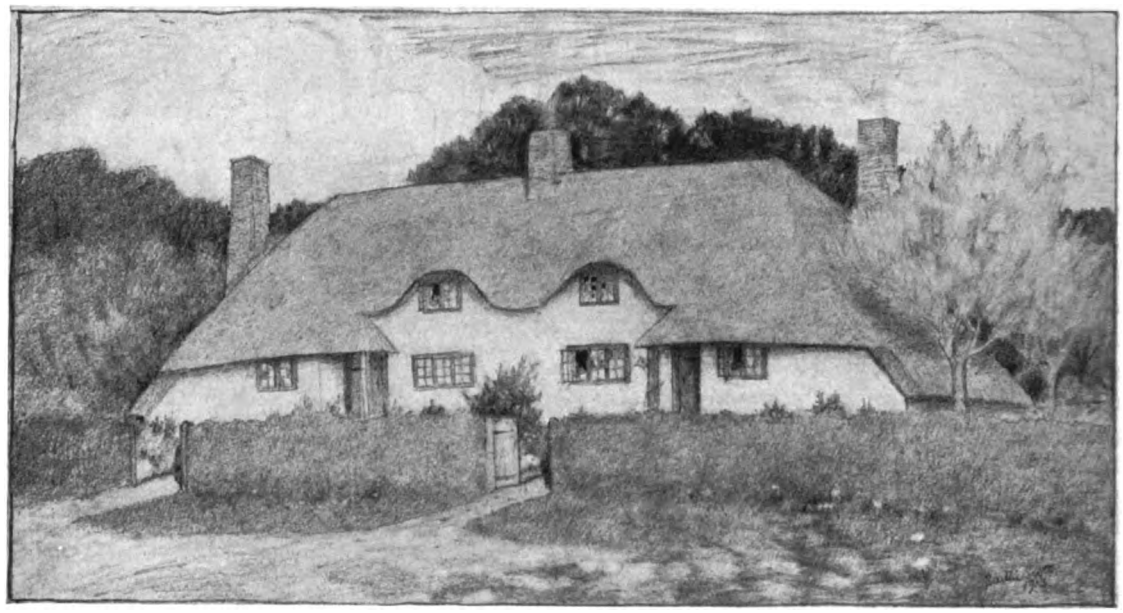

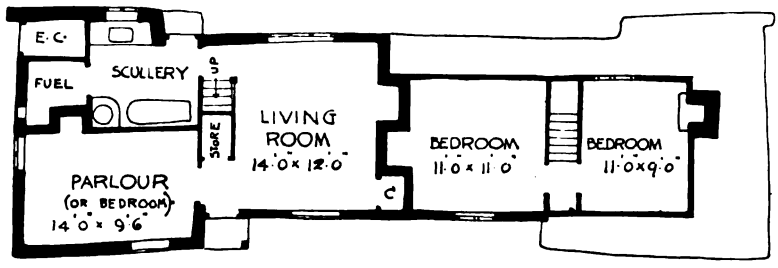

A PAIR OF THATCHED COTTAGES. M. H. BAILLIE SCOTT, ARCHITECT

country village to disprove this fallacy. And if art in the construction of cottages has no definite relation to cost it is likewise necessary to insist that it has no definite relation to hygienic conditions. We all know that many charming old cottages fall short of modern demands in this respect, and we must not therefore hastily assume that a cottage which is charming to the eye is necessarily defective in practical advantages. The old cottages when they fail in this respect do so not because they are beautiful but because their designers did not recognise the importance of such matters.

If we consider the cottages of our old villages, we are impressed at once by their aspect of natural and unaffected grace, and while we recognise in each an individuality they are each and all in harmony with each other and with their surroundings. They seem to explain and make articulate the appeal of nature. We can imagine nothing more appropriate to Sussex than the Sussex cottage in all its variants, and if we leave the kindly sheltered places of the South for the bleak and rugged uplands of the North, we shall find the cottage there has become no less austere than the landscape. All this varied beauty in the building of old cottages was obtained by simple and unlettered folk building in natural and unaffected ways. And we who bring to the problem all the knowledge and skill which our modern civilisation boasts, have so far failed utterly to produce cottages worthy to be set by the side of the old work. We have lost the art of producing beauty in simple building. It is somewhat unfortunate then that at such a time we should be threatened with an extensive development of cottage building, for our previous experience precludes the hope that these cottages will be designed or built by those who still retain some appreciation for the artistic aspect of the problem. We have observed with dismay the uncompromising and brutal ugliness of recent official cottage building in Ireland, and protest against a like disfigurement of our country villages and rural lanes with work of this kind. And if we consider the cottages which have recently been built in England, there seems small encouragement for the hope that we have yet learnt the secret of cottage building. We have seen of late years the development of the garden suburb, and much as we dislike the frank and brutal ugliness of the official cottage, it is at least honest and unaffected and makes no pretence to artistic claims. But in the garden suburb we find ourselves

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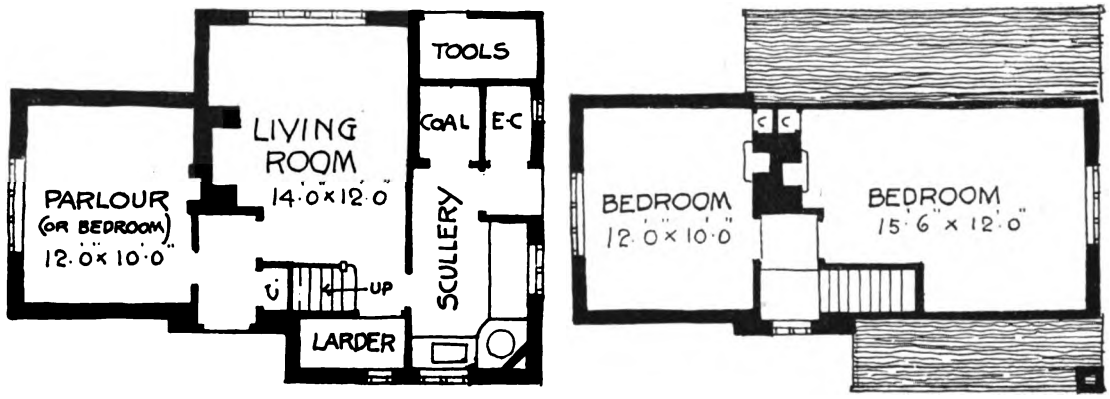
surrounded by a bewildering multitude of little cockney villas posing as cottages amongst which we look in vain for the unaffected and earnest qualities of the old work. Art is underlined everywhere, and each of these miniature bijou residences seems to pose and smirk in the conscious appreciation of its own artistic qualities. And then again we are threatened with the standard cottage, which captures our imagination with the happy prospect of a future where all the characteristic variety of local character in our old villages will be superseded, whether in the mountains of Wales or on the Sussex Downs or on the broad levels of the Midlands, by the continuous reiteration of the same standard cottage officially approved. Or again we have the efforts of the Ideal cottage builder, who has nailed the standard of economy to the mast. With ruthless disregard to the comfort of occupants, he constructs a cottage which at first sight appears to be a hen-house with a chimney-stack, and which even if it cost £150 may be said to be dear at any price, or again the outcome of implacable conditions as to cost has led to the evolution of a cottage in which the principal living room has dwindled to impossible dimensions. The various experiments that have been made in cheap cottage building show clearly the futility of taking a fixed price as the basis to work from. The proper basis is the minimum cubic space which must be allowed for the well-being of the occupants, and this space must be gained in the cheapest possible way, consistent with good building, which in the long run is always the most economical. The cost will necessarily vary considerably according to locality. No doubt the ideal method of building a cottage is that it should be designed by the occupants. A man should make his own dwelling as the birds of the air their nests. But if under modern conditions



COTTAGE NEAR BEDFORD

DESIGNED BY A. P. STARKEY

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this cannot be, the designer of the cottage should take at least as much care and thought over the plans as if he were going to live with his family in the cottage himself. Let him imagine he is living under the rule of some wise and humane Mikado who, making the punishment to fit the crime, may condemn him to inhabit the dwellings he creates for other people. The possibility of such a contingency will make him consider the comfort of the occupants as the dominant factor in cottage planning and he will discern the primal necessity of a family living room of reasonable size, with some of those qualities of inviting homeliness which are now so much appreciated in the old cottages that their original occupants are being dispossessed of them by the well-to-do, just as they are also being despoiled of their old furniture and ornaments. The cottage which consists of a series of isolated little plastered boxes and which has no central dominating house-place can never be anything but pokey and uncomfortable. It fails to express the fact that the family require one room for their common occupation as well as isolated apartments for individual members. If a parlour is included in the plan it may well be formed as a recess in the main living room, so contributing to the spaciousness of the interior. In this way an interior is obtained which is similar to the old "butt and ben" cottage of the North. In the consideration of "the housing of the working classes" the phrase itself seems to suggest that we are providing shelters for creatures with nothing more than material needs. The study of the artistic aspect of the question, especially with reference to the interior, is generally considered unnecessary. But since man does not live by bread alone, and since there are none so humble that they are not capable of taking pride and pleasure in their dwelling, it may be urged that the cottage should be planned with all that affectionate care which makes the old cottage so attractive. And such beauty as it may possess in its outward aspect can only satisfy us if it is the outward expression of inward comeliness and comfort. It must be designed from within outwards. In reversing this process and in imitating externals instead of creating an outward aspect as the resultant of planning, the modern picturesque cottage inevitably appears affected and unreal. The beauty of the old work was the result of right methods of building which we have forgotten and neglected and which in many cases we are forbidden by law to practise. If we want to be healthy and happy it is not enough to imitate sedulously the outward aspect of healthy persons. We must study the methods of life which lead to such results naturally and inevitably. In the whole field of modern architecture the imitation of external form has been our bane. In our Gothic

COTTAGE IN SOUTH WALES — M. H. BAILLIE SCOTT, ARCHITECT

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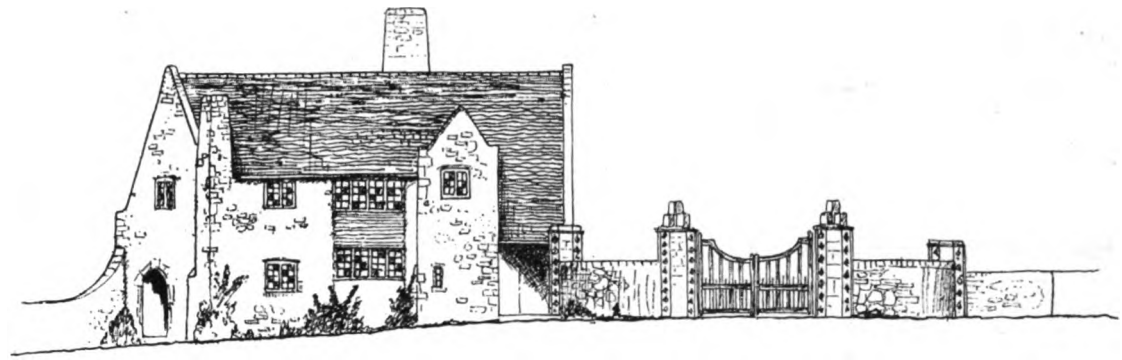
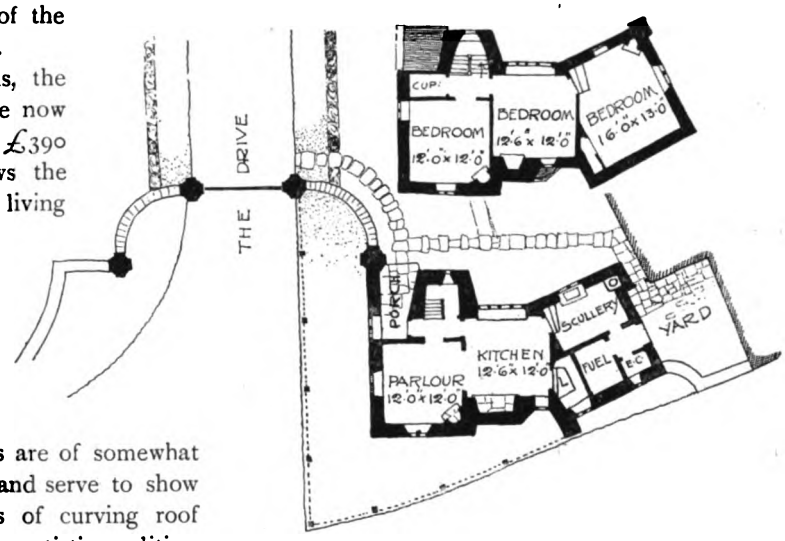


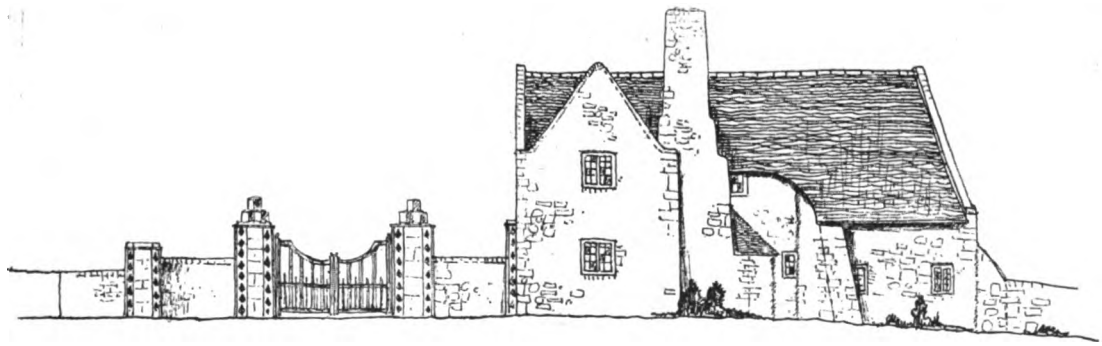
COTTAGE IN SOUTH WALES : SOUTH FRONT ELEVATION

revivals and classic revivals, as well as in our attempts to reproduce the picturesque old cottage, we have been concerned mainly with external aspect as a thing to be consciously arranged in accordance with a definitely designed preconception instead of a natural outcome of the governing factors of the problem.

Referring to the illustrations, the cottages at Milford in Surrey are now being built at a contract price of £390 for the pair. The plan shows the parlour lending its space to the living room to give a roomy interior. On the upper floor the bedrooms are large enough to allow of one of them being divided by a partition to form cubicles, thus giving three bedrooms if required.



The pair of thatched cottages are of somewhat similar plan to those at Milford and serve to show how the use of thatch admits of curving roof lines. But apart from its obvious artistic qualities, thatch as a roof covering is specially appropriate for buildings in which bedrooms must necessarily be in the roof, because it keeps these attic rooms warm in winter and cool in summer as no other form of roof can. The risk of fire can be met by the application of a fire-proofing solution, and vermin can be kept at bay by chemical treatment. From the tenant's point of view the practical advantages of thatch are overwhelming, but from the point of view of the landlord the question of repairs has to be faced. In the case of the cottages at Milford the landlord proposes to fix the rent at such a percentage on



COTTAGE IN SOUTH WALES : NORTH FRONT ELEVATION AND PLANS

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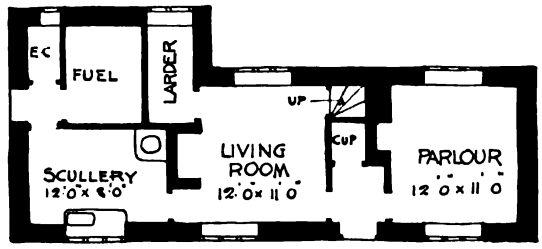
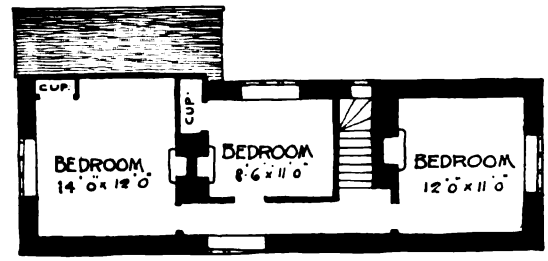


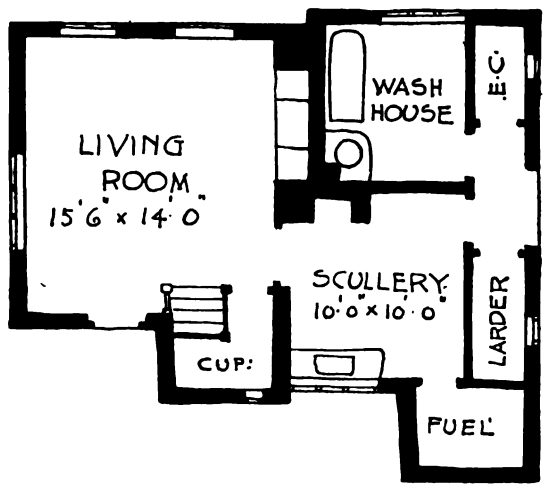


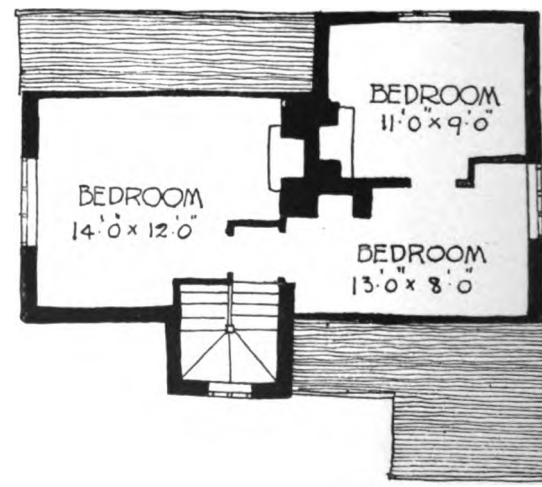
COTTAGE AT SHERBORNE, DORSET — M. H. BAILLIE SCOTT, ARCHITECT

The cottage in South Wales was designed for a country somewhat wild and rugged, while the slope of the ground and shape of the site led to certain irregularities of plan. It is therefore useful in showing the futility of the standard cottage design and the need to make the buildings in a special district illustrate the character of their surroundings. The walls are of the rough local stone and the roof of the so-called rustic Welsh slates. These are thick and rough in texture and are naturally stained with tints of russet-brown. With this roof of brown flecked with grey the scheme was to give the stonework several waterproof coats of pink colour-wash mixed with Russian tallow and so while preserving all the varied planes of the stonework to make the walls impervious to the weather. Unfortunately the owner did not carry out this scheme but projected the gables, finishing them with wooden barge boards, and cemented the walls to a level surface.

the outlay as will allow of the formation of a fund to be set aside for repairs and some arrangement of this kind would be specially advisable where thatch is used. In order to get the best straw for thatch it should be reaped by hand.

The cottage designed by Mr. A. P. Starkey for a country site near Bedford shows a scheme where the picturesque character of the exterior seems to have naturally developed from the requirements. In this plan, there being only two bedrooms on the first floor, the parlour would be used as a third bedroom if required.





PLANS OF A COTTAGE AT SHELFORD, NEAR CAMBRIDGE — M. H. BAILLIE SCOTT, ARCHITECT

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DESIGN FOR A ROW OF WORKMEN'S COTTAGES IN A PROVINCIAL TOWN BY M. H. BAILLIE SCOTT, ARCHITECT

The plan of this cottage shows the proposed combination of the parlour and living room to give a roomy interior. The coast of Wales in this district is notable for the beauty and variety of colour in its stones and it was proposed to use these in the gate pillars shown in the sketch.

The cottage at Sherborne again illustrates how local conditions have influenced the design. It was built in relation to a house in which the purchase of the materials from an old Tudor farmhouse in the locality led to a close adherence in the design to the old buildings of the locality.

The cottage at Shelford differs from the other plans shown in that it shows the parlour developed as a living room instead of the kitchen. In the cheapest types of cottage it seems reasonable that the kitchen should be the living room, for then it is necessary only to keep one fire going in the household, which serves the double purpose of warming the house and cooking the food. In matters of this kind, however, convention too often outweighs practical advantages and to the minds of those who are striving after the higher complexities of living, the specialised kitchen will be welcomed as a step on the upward path which leads to the ultimate goal of the villa with the bay-window.

STUDIO-TALK.

From Our Own Correspondents.

LONDON.—The death of Mr. John Henry Frederick Bacon, A.R.A., M.V.O., who died in London on January 24, has deprived the British School of an artist of distinguished ability and versatility. Though still short of fifty at the time of his decease, Mr. Bacon had had a long and successful career, for long before he was out of his teens his exceptional talent as a draughtsman enabled him to secure work for magazines. When he started painting in the late 'eighties he quickly made his mark with those domestic and religious genre pictures which earned for him great popularity, though nowadays perhaps they fail to arouse the interest they once did. A more enduring fame came to him as the painter of the Coronation picture *Homage Giving, Westminster Abbey*, shown at the Royal Academy of 1903 and as a painter of single portraits; during the last ten years of his life the numerous commissions which fell to him in this capacity left little time for anything else. The last important work undertaken by him was of course the Coronation picture of their present Majesties, which was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1912. Mr. Bacon was elected Associate of the Academy in 1903. He was trained at the Westminster School of Art under Mr. Fred Brown, now professor at the Slade School, and afterwards at the Academy Schools.

The Memorial Exhibition of the work of the late Sir Alfred East, R.A., P.R.B.A., has recalled to us some of the earlier landscapes, in which, with a feeling akin to Harpignies, the artist proved himself a rare poet of the most familiar aspects of the countryside. He brought to his work an immense enthusiasm for tree-beauty and an unusual knowledge of vegetable growth and form; moreover he had that sympathetic touch which is the origin of style. In this very matter of style, however, a certain coarseness is to be met with in works of a later period. The great feeling for decoration that urged him to adopt the large scale, over which he exercised complete control in composition, tended to modify the intimacy of technique which had, in his finest pieces, so perfectly corresponded with the mood his pastoral subjects evoked. The exhibition, held

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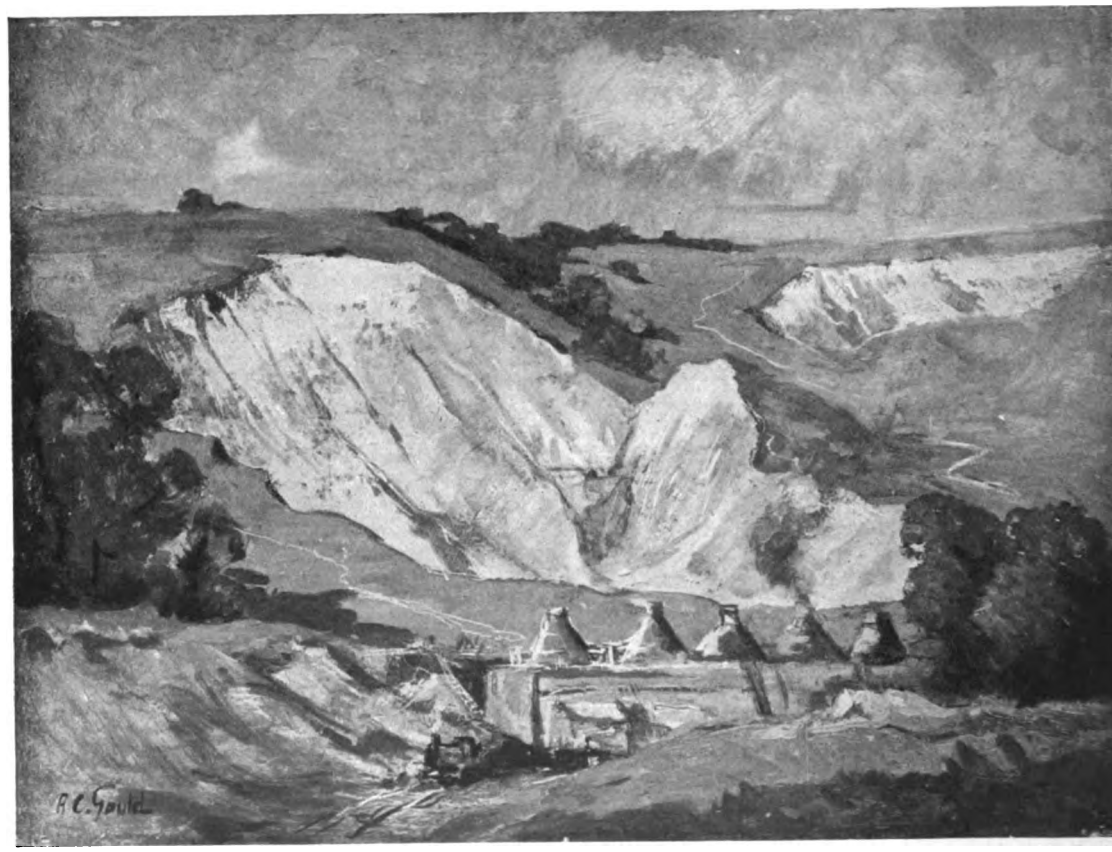
at the Leicester Galleries, also represented his water-colours, spontaneous and full of colour ; and some of the best of his etchings.

Mr. Alec Carruthers Gould, the eldest son of the famous cartoonist of the "Westminster Gazette," is a landscape and marine painter of temperament. His pictures reveal a close sympathy with and intimate knowledge of the varying moods of nature, and his landscapes are invested with a lyrical feeling which constitutes a great charm in his art. Mr. Gould is a member of the Langham Sketch Club and a regular exhibitor at the Royal Academy, the New Society of Water-colour Painters, at various provincial exhibitions and those of the Royal Society of British Artists, of which he was elected a member in 1903. The two examples of his work which we reproduce are both of them Langham sketches, the *Snowstorm*, *Brussels*, showing him in an impassionistic mood, while he is seen in a more decorative vein in the *Greystone Lime Quarry, Oxted*, which, with its spacious and simple treatment, is a delightful harmony of pale blue sky flecked with white clouds echoing the gleam of the bare chalk against the golden brown of the hillside.

The eighth exhibition of the Modern Society of Portrait Painters was the most important that they have yet held. The centre room contained some very notable work in examples of the art of such interesting painters as Messrs. Glyn Philpot, Gerald Kelly and G. W. Lambert. These artists, especially the two first, being still in the process of forming the style and character of their art, their experiments in one direction and then in another are invested with unusual interest. The ultimate success of each is threatened by certain dangers. Mr. Philpot can easily become unnecessarily theatrical in effect, Mr. Kelly dissipates his energies in attempting what is merely arresting in the place of the intimate note with which his real genius lies. To be arresting, just that sheer cleverness is in demand which Mr. Kelly less than his rivals has to show. Another interesting artist, who here made his début, is Mr. Alan Beeton, but the success of his pictures—of which that identified in the catalogue with an extract from "El Liberal,"



"GREYSTONE LIME QUARRY, OXTED" OIL PAINTING BY A. CARRUTHERS GOULD, R.B.A.

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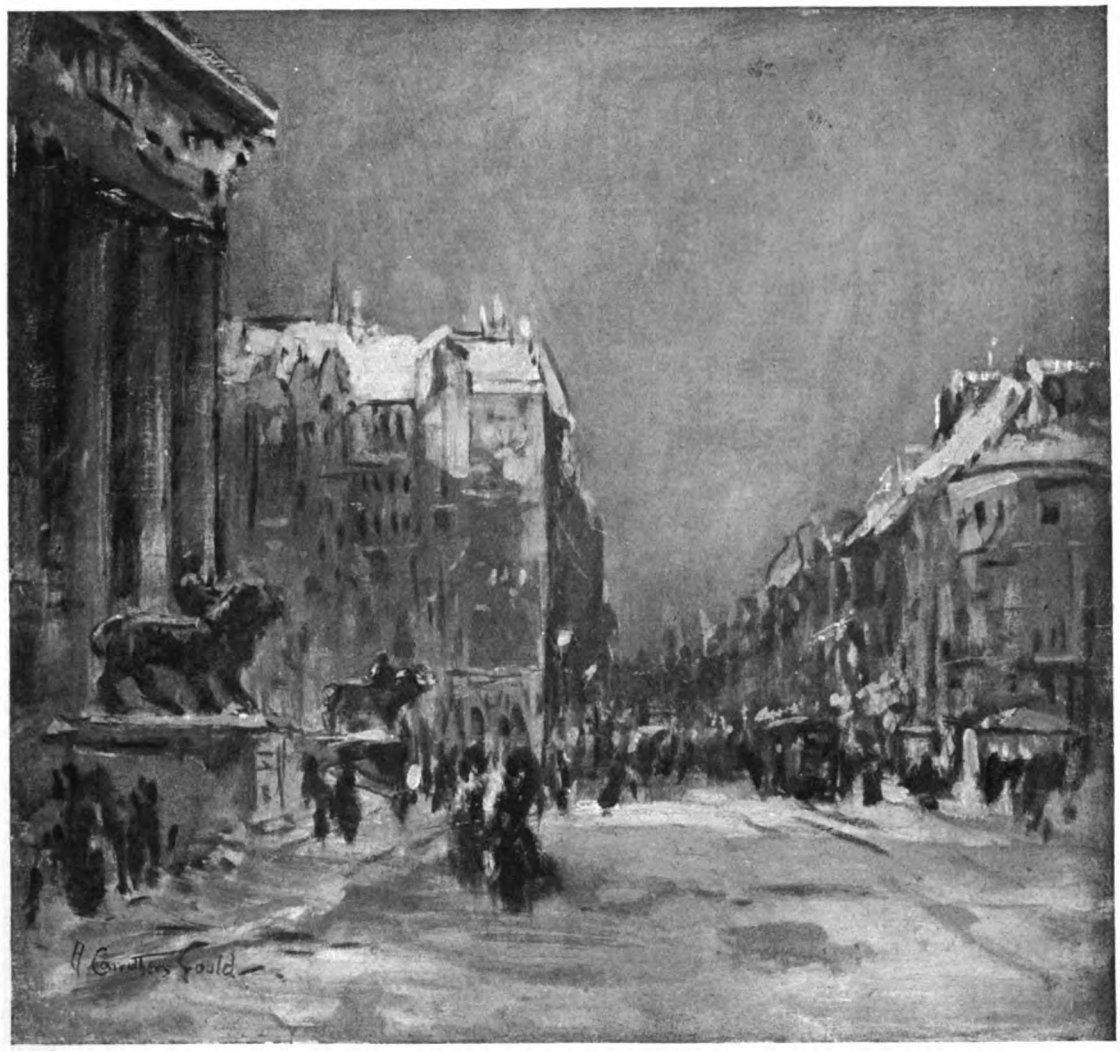

"SNOWSTORM, BRUSSELS." FROM AN OIL PAINTING BY A. CARRUTHERS GOULD, R.B.A.

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"RUBY" (MINIATURE)
BY EVELYN M. YOUNG

and *Otro Manso*, are far and away the best—rests with his peculiar gift for analysis of character rather than technical skill above the ordinary, except that a special kind of the latter is to be presumed where facial character can be so sympathetically stated. Certain artists who sent to this exhibition show a distinct tendency to let their work border upon caricature, through over-emphasis of style and extravagant brush freedom. In contrast with excess of this kind there were several portraits on the walls depressingly subservient to the photographic ideal. The work of Mr. Robert Gray and Mr. Alfred Hayward should be remembered with the best features of this exhibition, and though his draughtsmanship fails him, for the sake of his sense of colour the name of Mr. Colyn Thomson should be added.

At Walker's Galleries in Bond Street two young artists, Miss E. M. Young and Miss H. M. Sinclair, have just been holding an exhibition of their work. Miss Young, who was a student at the Royal Academy Schools, showed some landscapes, pleasing both in colour and composition, but her *forte* is the painting of miniatures. From among her works of this character we reproduce an admirably painted head, *Ruby*, against an unusual but effective vermilion background, and a decoratively treated portrait, charming in colour, entitled *May in June*. Miss Sinclair, who comes from Durban, Natal, has also studied at the Royal Academy Schools. She was represented in the exhibition by a number of works in black-and-white, and some water-colours. The portrait we reproduce shows her decorative handling of the former medium, and *Spring Morning*, painted in water-colour on silk, is graceful in colour and very skilful in the rendering of the effect of light.

Among interesting things at the Ridley Art Club's Exhibition at the Grafton Gallery in February, Miss Atkinson's *Sweet Williams* should be mentioned along with *Marseilles*, *Twilight*, by

"MISS MURIEL BOURNE" BY HELEN M. SINCLAIR

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"SPRING MORNING." WATER-COLOUR ON SILK BY HELEN M. SINCLAIR

Mr. Terrick Williams; *In the Garden*, by Miss I. L. Gloag; *The Marriage at Cana*, by Mr. Robert Anning Bell, R.W.S.; *A Glade*, by Mr. Dacres Adams; *The Sofa*, by Mary Davis; *Overlooking London Bridge*, by Mr. H. S. Teed; two etchings, *The State Elephant of Oodeypore*, by Mr. R. C. Peter; and *Sprangles*, by J. R. G. Exley; and *A Naples Wine Cart*, a bronze statuette, by Mr. Gilbert Bayes.

At the Carfax Gallery Mr. Elliott Seabrooke's paintings and drawings showed us the artist carrying out in oils some of the effects of extensive country and mountain-tops, in scenes of this country and of Italy, which he has in earlier works so beautifully interpreted in water-colours. We think he is most successful in the consciously picturesque *Lingmoor Fell* and pieces of this character, but since this perfect "picture-making" rests for its success upon learned appreciation of Nature his direct studies of rocks and mountain-side, treated with skill equal to their sincerity, argue well for the future of one who has such an evident feeling for landscape.

At the Goupil Gallery there were to be seen during February exhibitions of work by three artists, Mr. L. D. Luard, Mr. Ian Strang, and Mr. H. M. Livens, all of whom are painters of definite capacity. Mr. Luard handles pastoral subjects with a vigour and decisiveness of method that can be sincerely commended; he has a true sense of movement and there is much animation in his pictures. The best things in the collection he brought together were, perhaps, the pastels, *Ploughing: Chipperfield*, *By the Barge*, and *Coup de Collier;* the black-and-white drawings, *Timber Hauling* and *Harrowing at Dogdean*, and the oil paintings, *A Stormy Sky*, and *The Rick, Mecklenburg*, the last an especially agreeable piece of colour. Mr. Strang was seen to best advantage in his etchings, which made a real appeal by their strength and sensitiveness of touch and their significance of tone management; in his oil paintings he seemed to have been working under the wrong kind of influence and to have adopted too readily certain fashionable but foolish modern conventions.

Mr. Livens is a painter of far more independent personality and far more serious conviction. He exhibited much that claimed attention by its soundness and sincerity of expression. In pictures like *Old Folkestone*, *Hastings*, *Southwick*, *On the*

"MAY IN JUNE" (MINIATURE) BY EVELYN M. YOUNG

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SILVER CHALICE. DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY RICHARD TOMS

Grand Junction Canal, and *Evening on the Canal*, he showed a fine sense of dignity in his pictorial design, and handled difficult material with memorable skill. His less ambitious studies of flowers and cocks and hens were completely satisfying in their technical qualities and their harmony of rich, low-toned colour; and his water-colours—in semi-opaque pigment on tinted paper—charmed particularly by their freshness and spontaneity of method.

The illustrations on this page show examples of the metal work of Mr. Richard Toms, an artist-craftsman who brings much thought and feeling to bear on his productions and is thoroughly at home in the various methods incidental to the craft of silversmith and enameller. Mr. Toms has exhibited with the Arts and Crafts Society and at the Royal Academy, and in addition to his professional practice, is an instructor at the Blackheath School of Art and the Woolwich Polytechnic.

SILVER BOWL. DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY RICHARD TOMS

We reproduce on the opposite page four historical panels painted by Mr. Murray Urquhart for the Glyndwr Institute at Machynlleth. They have been designed for the wall of the reading-room forming part of the building known as Glyndwr's Parliament House, which had for many years, until recently renovated and applied to its present purpose, been used as a private dwelling-house, and the artist's intention has been to give a general conception of the Welsh hero's character and activities rather than to illustrate particular incidents in his life, and to subordinate the realistic element to decorative treatment. Mr. David Davies, M.P., at whose expense the Parliament House was renovated, is also the donor of the panels.

SILVER TANKARD. DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY RICHARD TOMS

The Baillie Gallery has been holding an

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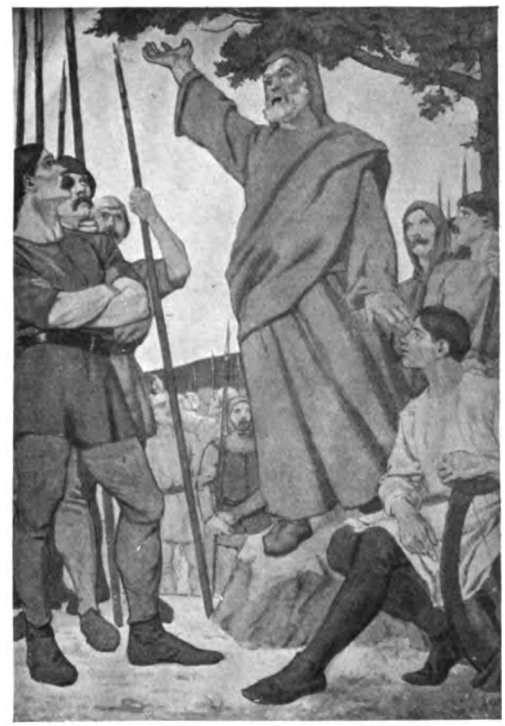
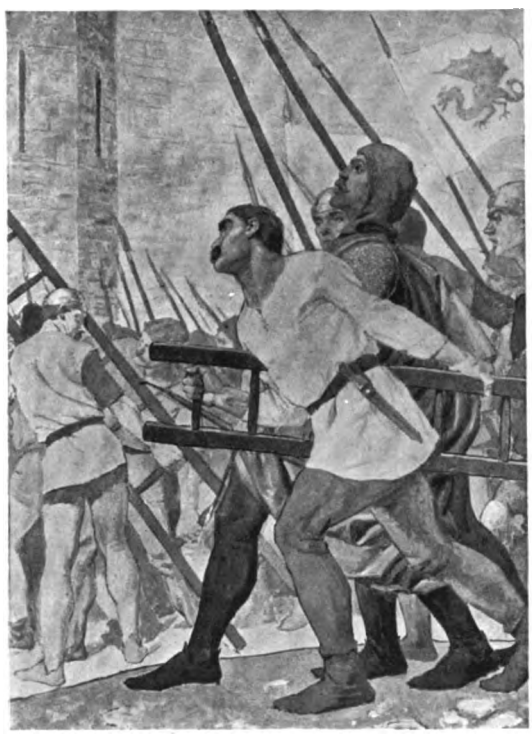
"THE VICTORY AT MYNYDD HYDDGANT"



"A BARD HARANGUING WELSH SOLDIERS"



"GLYNDWR'S SOLDIERS ASSAULTING A FORTRESS"

FOUR PANELS MEMORIALISING EVENTS IN THE LIFE OF THE WELSH HERO, OWEN GLYNDWR. PAINTED BY MURRAY URQUHART FOR THE GLYNDWR INSTITUTE, MACHYNLLETH. PRESENTED BY DAVID DAVIES, ESQ. M.P.

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BINDING OF AN ILLUMINATED MS. ON VELLUM OF "ROMEO AND JULIET." DESIGNED BY ALBERTO SANGORSKI AND EXECUTED BY ROBERT RIVIERE AND SON

exhibition of Mr. Wynford Dewhurst's paintings. We cannot think of an artist in whose art there is such a unique combination of the qualities which make for successful impressionism and those which are the faults of the school at its worst. We have in Mr. Dewhurst an artist particularly sensitive to the charm of certain clear silvery effects of atmosphere, with the power, at his best, of a fine interpretation of detailed effect—as in the bluish reflected lights in a thickly leaved dark tree in *Valley of the Creux, Heather Time.* And his work shows a very happy skill in effecting the imitation of pools of sunlight on otherwise overshadowed lawns. But we have to contrast with this in many cases a curious failure to appreciate the weight and contours of flowers and leaves, so that the foregrounds in many of his works destroy all that he so successfully achieves sometimes in distance and middle-distance effects.

We reproduce the front and reverse covers of a very sumptuously bound illuminated manuscript of Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet." The binding by Messrs. Robert Riviere and Son is in pink levant morocco, elaborately tooled and studded with precious stones, rubies, amethysts, and pearls, the decoration of the front cover suggesting the "love" theme of the tragedy. The doublures and fly-leaves are equally rich in design and fine in craftsmanship. The manuscript, on prepared vellum, is the work throughout of Alberto Sangorski who has executed the writing, the illumination and also the miniatures which illustrate and adorn the text. The whole work took upwards of eighteen months to complete and forms a unique and very sumptuous example of the bookbinder's and illuminator's art.

At Gutekunst's an exhibition of original etchings by M. Bauer and A. D. Van Angeren was held last month. The Bauer section included some new plates in the vein with which the admirers of that eminent artist are familiar. Though Van Angeren has a reputation abroad and some plates of his were reproduced in our recent special number this was the first exhibition of his work in England, and it fully merited the large share of attention which it attracted. Such plates as *The Inner Harbour, Ship Under Sail* and *Along the Wharf* may without exaggeration be called masterpieces, while other plates of significance were *Hamburg-America Liner "Rotterdam"; The River Maas at Night; On the River; The Mill* and *Rotterdam and the Maas.* Here and there, as in some of the river pieces, the artist's touch is a little heavy, but at other times he gains the required looseness

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of style for the interpretation of atmosphere, and combines with it an uncommonplace sense of the picturesque in foreground definitions.

An exhibition of etchings at the gallery of Messrs. James Connell and Sons was chiefly notable for examples by Béjot. Mr. D. Y. Cameron's *Aquanimile* was interesting, also Mr. Martin Hardie's *The Boat-builders Island*, *Petit Andelys*, and Mr. Ian Strang's *Tagus at Toledo*, but generally speaking over-worked and darkened plates were too much in evidence, and insufficient interest shown in open, suggestive draughtsmanship and purity of line.

At the E. J. Van Wisselingh Gallery oil-paintings by the Dutch artist H. A. van Daalhoff have been on view recently, and in many of them was displayed a delicate gift for colour in union with an idealistic impressionism such as was perfected in France by Carrière.

PARIS.—It is now nine years since Gaston La Touche founded the Société Internationale de la Peinture à l'Eau. Now that the president is no more, the members of the Society have regarded it as a privilege to do honour to his memory by holding this year a very fine exhibition of his water-colours, which occupied an entire wall in the galleries of MM. Chaine and Simonson. Around this collection the regular exhibitors of the Society assembled a number of excellent works. Among the best of the exhibits were the *Etudes de Danses* by Auburtin, views of Rome by Avy, decoratively treated drawings of birds by Bigot, some beautiful studies of flowers by Mlle. Crespel, an evening scene by Mlle. Esté, gouache-drawings by Gillot, visions of Venice and the Dolomites by Jeanès, which were dazzling in their display of colour, a superb *Souvenir d'Assise* by Simon, some water-colours of extremely delicate execution by Mme. Lucien Simon, and some interesting views of Belgium by Luigini.

"SCENE DE PÊCHE (BAS-ESCAUT)" BY ALEXANDRE MARCETTE
(Société Internationale de la Peinture à l'Eau, Paris)

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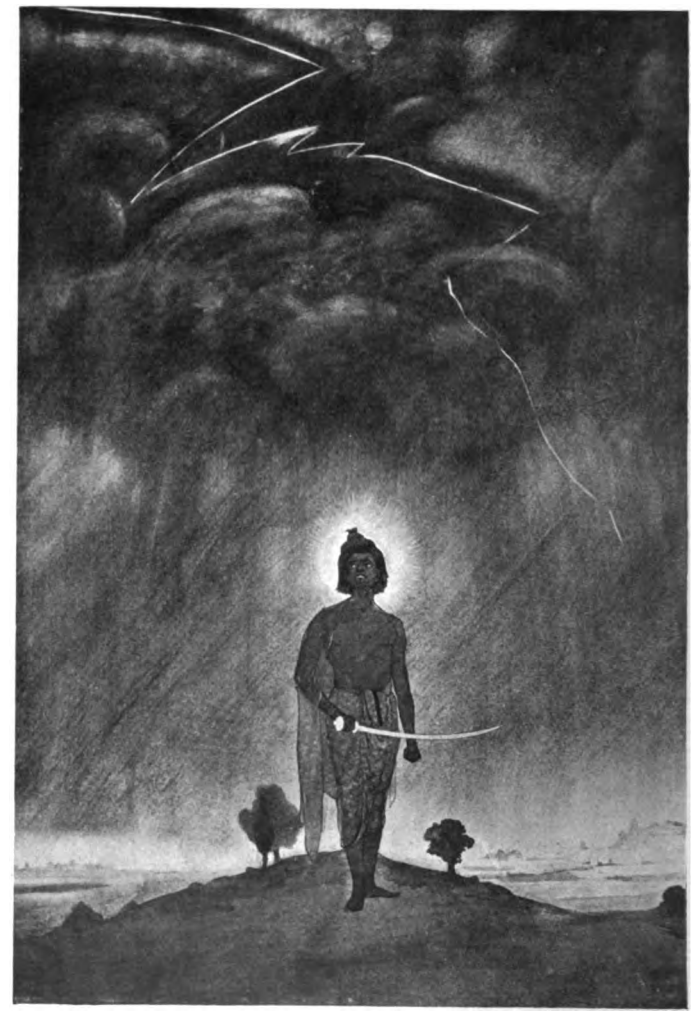
Foreigners contributed largely to the success of the exhibition, and I would mention particularly in this connection the works of Bartlett, the interiors of Walter Gay, and the effects of light of Favai. Fernand Khnopff showed two heads of remarkable character, M. Henry Cassiers some brightly coloured and high-toned views of Holland, M. Frantz Charlet some dexterous racing scenes, and finally M. Alexandre Marcette again evinced his right to be counted among the best marine-painters of the modern school. His *Scène de pêche* on the Lower Scheldt is an admirable vision of sea and sky.

For the first time, as far I am aware, the work of a contemporary Indian artist has been shown in Paris, in the exhibition, which has been studied with interest by connoisseurs and painters alike, of works by Fyzee Rahamin, held recently at the Georges Petit galleries. The work of this artist, which I understand will also be seen in London shortly, makes its appeal by the excellent quality of the drawing, the richness in the handling of colour, and the absolute originality of the artist's conception. It differs fundamentally, both in feeling and in technique, from all the productions of our western artists; for although Fyzee Rahamin has lived and worked in Europe, he has not failed to keep intact his individuality.

Among the works exhibited, there was a series of a dozen water-colours of admirable finish symbolising certain melodies in Indian music. Six of these airs are associated with gods, the six others with goddesses. To each god-tune, called a *Raag*, there is a corresponding goddess-tune, (*Raagnis*). These sacred melodies are appointed to be sung at certain seasons of the year and certain hours of the day, and there is attributed to them a mystic influence over the elements of nature. The "Raag" here reproduced is the "Megh Raag," and when sung or played according to the rites in the proper season, it brings forth a storm and torrents of rain.

Besides this series, Rahamin's exhibition contained some admirable visions of his country, and also certain remarkable portraits, having the finish of the most beautiful of Persian miniatures, as well as a very personal accent of their own. One of these portraits was that of Shahindo (Begum Fyzee Rahamin), the wife of the artist, and another very remarkable one was that of Moulana Shibili, the great Indian poet, who writes also in the Persian tongue, and who is the greatest living authority in India on the Mohammedan history. H. F.

It is no secret that the exhibition of Arts and Crafts organised by the British Board of Trade last year at Ghent, created a very favourable impression on the many French visitors who saw it. Hence the announcement that on the invitation of the



"MEGH RAAG" (THE CLASSICAL INDIAN GOD-TUNE WHICH EXCITES THE ELEMENT OF WATER IN NATURE). BY S. FYZEE RAHAMIN

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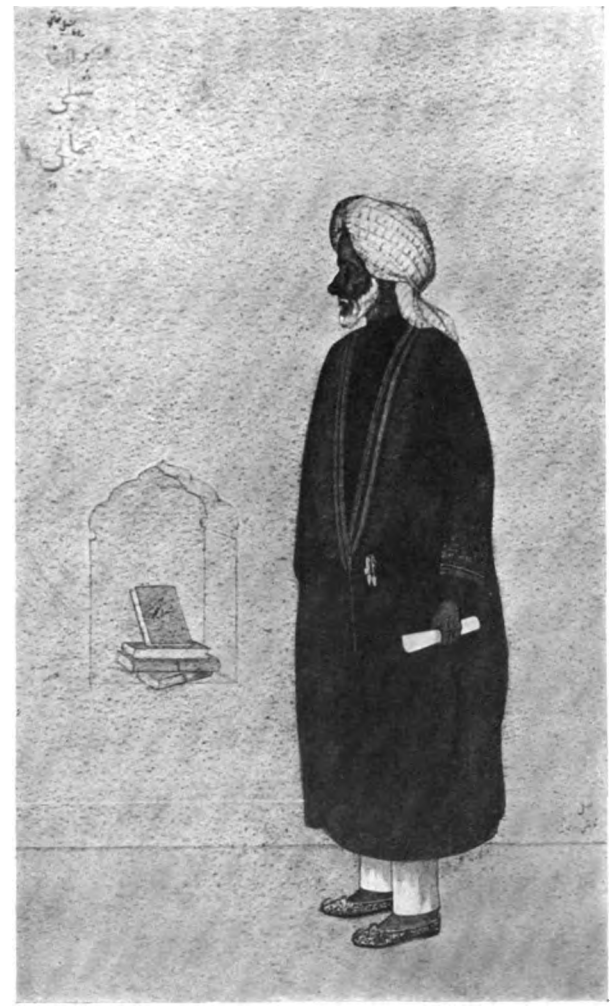
PORTRAIT OF SHAHINDA (BEGUM FYZEE RAHAMIN)
BY S. FYZEE RAHAMIN



PORTRAIT OF MOULANA-SHIBILI, INDIAN POET
BY S. FYZEE RAHAMIN

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"UNE BRETONNE" (WOOD SCULPTURE). DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY E. G. LE BOURGEOIS

French Government an exhibition on somewhat similar lines is to be held in Paris during the coming summer has aroused keen interest here, and it is safe to predict a cordial welcome when the exhibition opens in May. Space has been provided for the display in the Pavillon de Marsan at the Louvre, and it is understood that the general organisation will be a repetition of that which proved so successful at Ghent.

Amongst artists in Paris who exploit wood-carving as a medium of expression, Mons. E. G. Le Bourgeois counts amongst the most interesting. In his newel-posts, friezes and panels, delicate figures and animals are his favourite themes, but naturalism is never too precisely asserted. The accompanying illustration, *Une Bretonne*, is a typical example of his work, in which his ability in obtaining realistic qualities when desired is characteristically defined.

E. A. T.

BERLIN.—At the Künstlerhaus there has been on view a selection from the works of open-air artists, such as Eichhorst and Lünstroth, who have assiduously pursued the study of light in interesting rural districts, Türcke and Ter Hell, whose vast landscapes are full of quiet charms, and Uth, Wendel, and Hänsch. Lithographs by Kallmorgen and drawings by Otto H. Engel were also features of interest. The sculptor Gerhard Janensch, a prominent teacher in the Royal Academy of Art, has just finished a monument to Frederick the Great for Silesia which sums up in the simplest formula the watchful and iron energy of that monarch. In the January exhibition of the Secession mentioned below this artist exhibited a nude female figure in marble, and variety is the keynote of his life-work. A sense of humour is discernible in his realism, yet pensive melancholy appears the dominant feature. His mastery over form and his insight into character combined with technical latitude and skill have equipped him equally for monumental work, portraiture and imaginative compositions, and he manipulates clay, marble and wood with the same dexterity. Janensch studied under Schaper and succumbed to the influence of Begas, but while assimilating the best teachings of such masters he has followed his personal bent. Undeterred by noisy modernists he upholds his ideal of harmony in art.

After all the experimental extravagances in present-day art life the January exhibition in the

PORTRAIT BUST BY GERHARD JANENSCH

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"ON THE SUMMIT" *(Schulte's Salon, Berlin)* BY HANS BEATUS WIELAND

Secession building was to be greeted with warm sympathy. It was arranged by artists who consider a middle line between conventionality and radicalism the necessary condition for all healthy art development. In this conviction Profs. Bruno Schmitz, Max Schlichting and Reinhold Felderhoff acted as the jury, and noted painters and sculptors such as Schönleber, Dettmann, H. Vogel, Habermann, Brandenburg, E. Kampf, Otto H. Engel, Scherres, Clarenbach, Block, von Brandis, Strathmann, Eichhorst, Hartig, Dill, Schott, Lewin-Funcke, Janensch, Constantin Starck and Oesten expressed their sympathy by contributing works. A walk through the rooms brought one in touch with much good work and revealed not a few old acquaintances, and the excellent impression gained was not marred by offensive subjects or daring methods unsupported by solid craftsmanship. That strong art also received due valuation was made clear by the prominence given to the plastic works of Franz Metzner. The work of this collaborator of Prof. Bruno Schmitz in the great National Monument in Leipsic impressed one as elevating and enigmatic, for his manipulative deftness in moulding summary form can well achieve the gigantic with a tragic note, but he approaches the comic when he attempts grace. The baroque types of a large canvas, *Emigrants*, drew attention to the name of Prof. Friedrich Pautsch of Breslau, who succeeded in arousing compassion for these outcast peasants of the Silesian mountains, although the execution of the different parts of the picture was somewhat unequal. Ludwig Vacatko showed a capability for dramatic equestrian scenes and the influence of artists like Angelo Jank and Stuck. Portraiture of sensitive refinement was sent by Raffael Schuster-Woldan, and Julie Wolfthorn's energetic characterisation proved interesting.

At Schulte's the memorial exhibition of the works of Gaston La Touche proved a source of delight to admirers of this painter of light-hearted fantasies. Music of more sonorous tonality seemed

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to issue from an unusually beautiful portrait entitled *Nanna* by Anselm Feuerbach, and some male portraits by Sir Hubert von Herkomer afforded pleasure by their naturalness and dignity. Hans Beatus Wieland manifested a deepfelt love for snowy Alpine regions, where he has discovered intimate beauties amidst peaks and glaciers and encountered strange figures of solitary wanderers. Paul Paeschke, the clever and delicate etcher, evoked surprise also as a painter of actualities who has learned to appreciate the beauty of deep colour-harmonies. The sculptor Georg Schreyögg stood out as a realist who seeks for expressive form and has well grasped the teachings of ancient art.

Paul Cassirer had a surprise in store for the connoisseurs of old art with his comprehensive exhibition of the works of Alessandro Magnasco, the Genoese painter-monk of baroque times. This interesting brushman, but little known heretofore even among experts, gave the impression at first sight of possessing quite unusual talent. One felt, as it were, flooded by a breath of passion and by the ingredients of melancholy and grotesqueness so rare to-day. One saw landscapes of the Salvator Rosa style, glimpses of life in monasteries, guard-rooms, taverns, and among fishermen and street-singers which recalled Goya, Daumier, and Hogarth. There was nervous vibration as in Tiepolo, and enticing tonalities sparkled forth from a mysterious chiaroscuro. A closer study, however, revealed defects, especially in the drawing; nevertheless one felt grateful for the discovery of an artist who was a spiritual and veracious chronicler of the world in which he lived. J. J.

A serious gap in the ranks of German sculptors has been left by the death of Ignatius Taschner, who died at the end of November last at the little village near Dachau in Bavaria where he had but lately built himself a house. He was only forty-two, but in the course of this all too brief lifetime had proved himself an artist of marked individuality and of unusual versatility; for besides sculpture, which became his principal vocation, he had practised as a wood-carver, etcher, painter, potter, and as a

"WANDERING MONKS" *(Schulte's Salon, Berlin)* BY HANS BEATUS WIELAND

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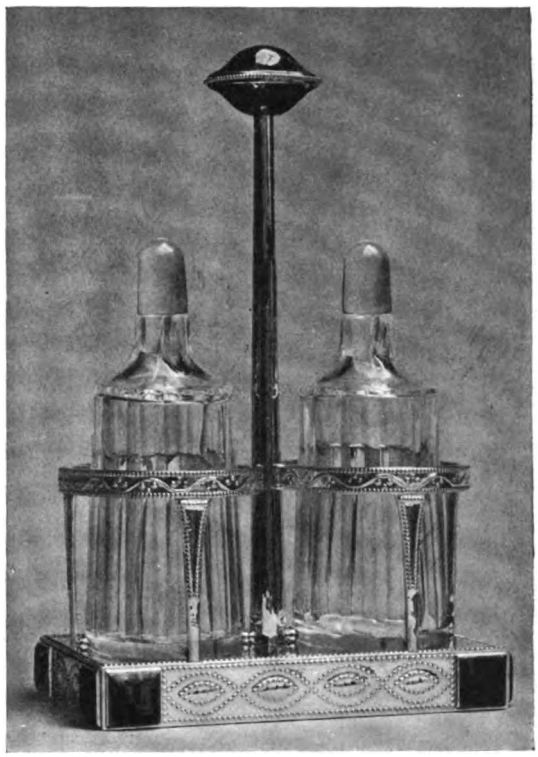

CRUET-STAND IN POLISHED SILVER AND MALACHITE. DESIGNED BY PROF. JOSEF HOFFMANN, EXECUTED BY THE WIENER WERKSTÄTTE

designer of furniture, posters, and book decorations. In Berlin he has left permanent memorials of his art in the sculptural decoration of the great Wertheim stores and in the various groups which form such a fascinating feature of the Fairy Tale Fountain in the Friedrichshain, of which some illustrations appeared in this magazine a short time before his death.

VIENNA.— The exhibition of Applied Art held recently at the Austrian Museum for Art and Industry, again showed that much progress has been made in this direction, not only in the matter of design but also with regard to the manipulation and execution of the designs. The number of artists who are also craftsmen or craftswomen is steadily increasing, and this is a sign which cannot be too heartily welcomed. The entire arrangement of the exhibition was in the hands of Architect Carl Witzmann, now a professor in the school attached to the museum, who again showed refined taste and capability in adapting the monumental hall to the requirements of this exhibition.

Apart from the various interiors, such as drawing-rooms, dining-rooms, living-rooms, bedrooms, etc., by various modern architects, numerous objects were shown which were designed by artists in all parts of the empire, thus proving how the modern movement in architecture and applied art is being fostered in distant parts of Austria. This is largely owing to the policy of the Education Department in appointing as professors capable men who have received their training in the Vienna schools, though of course the inborn talent of the Austrians for all forms of decorative art is an important factor.

The objects exhibited by the Wiener Werkstaette and designed by Prof. Josef Hoffmann, E. J. Wimmer and A. Nechansky were most beautiful in design, and some at least could hardly have been more perfect in workmanship. The objects shown were of various kinds, and among them were a number of articles made for Baron Stoclet's new mansion in Brussels, which in its integrity is the creation of Austrian architects, designers and crafts-

CRYSTAL GOBLETS DESIGNED BY RUDOLF GÜRTLER AND CRYSTAL JARDINIÈRE DESIGNED BY ADOLF ENGEL; EXECUTED BY J. AND L. LOBMEYR

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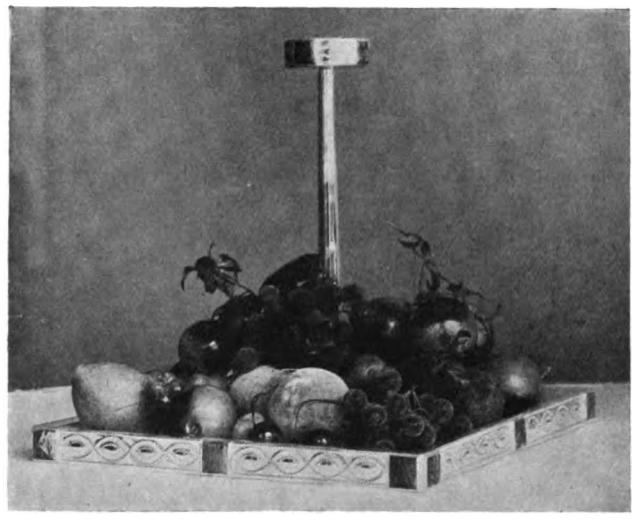


FRUIT-STAND IN POLISHED SILVER AND MALACHITE. DESIGNED BY PROF. JOSEF HOFFMANN; EXECUTED BY THE WIENER WERKSTÄTTE

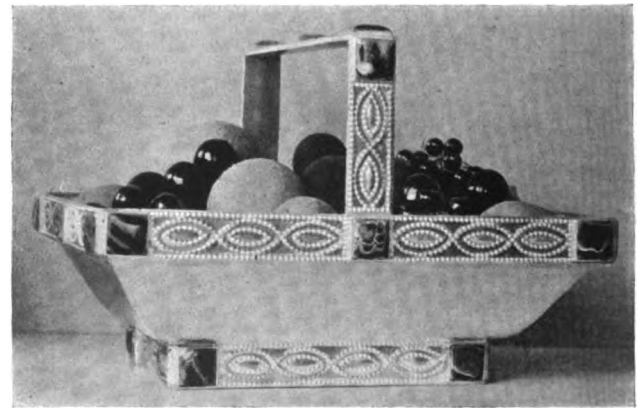
men. There was scarcely a thing which did not possess an intrinsic beauty of its own.

The work exhibited by students of the various Fachschulen showed how keen they too are to give of their best. The schools represented were Teplitz-Schönau, Znaim and Bechyn, where pottery is the special study, and Haida and Stein-Schönau, which specialise in engraving and painting on crystal and glass. Many objects of real beauty were the work of the students past and present of the arts and crafts schools in Vienna, the exhibits comprising jewellery and all kinds of metal work, pottery and porcelain, crystal and other glass, furniture of all kinds—in short, everything needed for the decoration of the home and for personal adornment. A fine sense of proportion and purpose was everywhere discernible, and thus the interest of visitors otherwise indifferent to the value of things artistic was excited, as was proved by the large number of objects disposed of.

GOLD BRACELET WITH CRYSTAL ORNAMENT. DESIGNED BY HERMINE WEISS; EXECUTED BY A. HELDWEIN

The show as a whole was well worth seeing on account of the various methods of manipulation which could be studied and compared. Of particular interest on this occasion were the examples of embroidery and batik work. The revival of these crafts has been remarkable, and many and various are the uses to which they are put. The exhibits in this division were chiefly the work of the artist-craftswomen, though a few were by men; but it must suffice here to mention names such as Dora Wibiral and Valerie Petter, Marietta Peyfuss, Yvonne Brick, Elsa Stübchen-Kirchner, Mizzi Friedmann, Emmy Zweybrück, Rosalie Rothansl, Melitta Löffler, Minka Podhajska, Fräulein Segenhüller, and the Productiv-Genossenschaft formed of past students at the Imperial Schools for Embroidery. Mention must also be made of the beautiful jewellery and metal-work designed by Hermine Weiss, Leopoldine König, Paula Guggitz, and Sophie Noske-Sander. A. S. L.

The memory of a distinguished personality is perpetuated in the striking portrait of the late Cardinal Oreglia, Dean of the Sacred College in Rome, by Count Bartholomew D. Lippay which is reproduced on page 156. This artist, who is a Hungarian by birth but



POLISHED SILVER FRUIT-BASKET WITH PERL AND MALACHITE. DESIGNED BY PROF. JOSEF HOFFMANN; EXECUTED BY THE WIENER WERKSTÄTTE

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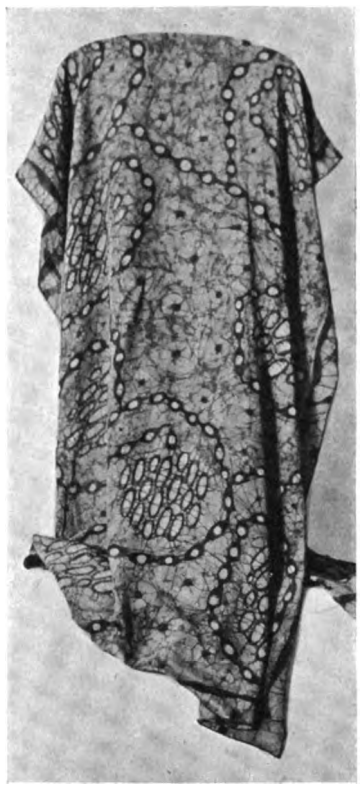

BATIK SHAWL. DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY VALERIE PETTER

has been settled in Vienna for many years past, has during the last two decades been a frequent visitor to Rome, where many of the highest dignitaries of the Roman Church have sat to him, including the supreme Pontiff now occupying the throne of St. Peter.

FLORENCE.—Florence, which has always been for artists the "chosen" city, has for some years past been the home of the sculptor Frédéric Beer. He came hither from Paris—where he had busied himself mainly with executing portrait busts—prompted by the desire to realise his long cherished ideals and to reap the harvest of what his experience, his conscientious work and his love of life and beauty have taught him.

A consummate master of technique, Beer happily never seeks, as so many have done, to escape from the true domain of statuary. Beautiful lines, accurate and perfect modelling, rigorously exact anatomy, a finished conception of the human form and a minute analysis of surfaces and planes, these are the terms in which he himself sums up and defines the aims of the sculptor's craft. These are fine classic traditions, but they are applied always by the artist in a modern spirit. Beer's work is never the vain repetition of ancient formulas and tastes that have vanished. He is a profound realist, he never transforms his models to suit some particular idea or conception of beauty, rather he chooses always models so perfectly proportioned, so graceful in form and so expressive in character that he succeeds in achieving in his work the union of two qualities so often opposed to one another, the combination of absolute truth with perfect beauty.

L. G.

WARSAW. — Leon Wyczolkowski, one of the most conspicuous figures in the present generation of Polish artists, belongs to that older group of painters who were born about the middle of the nineteenth century, a group which includes such well-known names as I. Chelmonski, Julian Falat, Iacek Malczewski, and others. Among them Wyczolkowski must from his nature be regarded as one of the youngest as he is one of the

BATIK SHAWL. DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY DORA WIBIRAL AND FRL. SEGENHÜLLER

(See Vienna Studio-Talk)

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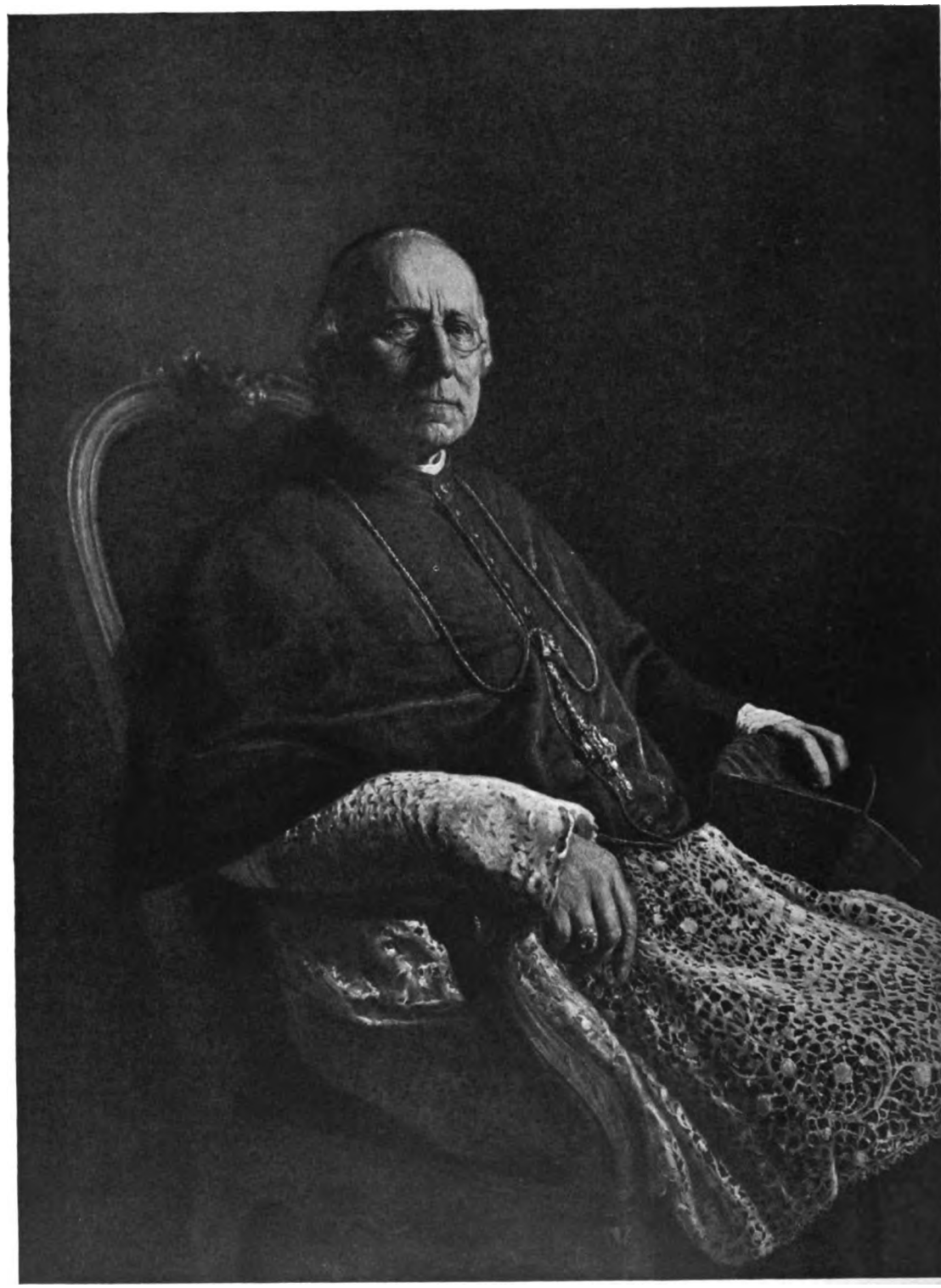

PORTRAIT OF THE LATE CARDINAL OREGLIA
BY COUNT BARTHOLOMEW D. LIPPAY

(See p. 154)

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BUST OF MRS. BROWN POTTER. BY FRÉDÉRIC BEER
(See Florence Studio-Talk, p. 155)

most productive; his talent has passed through numerous stages of evolution and has been exercised in almost every branch of plastic art.

Born in Warsaw in 1852, Wyczolkowski attended the school of drawing in this city under W. Gerson; later on he studied under Prof. Alexander Wagner in Munich, and finally became a pupil of the great Polish historic painter, Jan Matejko in Cracow. Public attention was first drawn to the young artist by a picture representing the flight of Maryna Mniszek, the wife of the False Demetrius—a work of deep pathos. A stay of some years duration in the sun-bathed Ukraine revealed to him the problems of *plein-air*, and together with J. Pankiewicz and W. Podkowinski, a painter who died early, Wyczolkowski became one of the first Polish impressionists, the pictures he painted at that time of fishermen, ploughmen, and field labourers in strong sunlight counting among the best things they have done. Later on pastel became his favourite medium, and he acquired a thorough mastery of it. Turning to portraiture he was very successful as a portrayer of men; he also painted landscapes, still-life, some very fine flower-pieces, and even tried his hand at sculpture. In all these works, the number of which is very considerable, one is impressed by the *brio* of the artist's conception, his masterly command of form, and the rich, vivid colour of his pictures.

Wyczolkowski began quite early to occupy himself with graphic art; and in the course of his career he has tried practically every kind of technique, but his favourite medium of expression has been, and still is, auto-lithography, which seems to respond better than any other to the pre-eminently impres-

"LA PITIE" BY FRÉDÉRIC BEER
(See Florence Studio-Talk, p. 155)

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sionistic character of his artistic temperament, and from it he is ever seeking to wrest new secrets. Very frequently he draws his motives and studies direct on the stone, often combining various methods of procedure, and in some cases even employing several stones for a monochrome print in order to produce a stronger effect. Wyczolkowski's *œuvre* as a lithographer must amount now to well over a hundred subjects. Among the earliest are those published by the collector, Mr. Felix Jasienski of Cracow, in the Album of the Society of Polish Painter-Gravers (1903). Latterly the artist has been in the habit of grouping his lithographs in portfolios, chiefly according to subject-matter, and in this way we have had in turn the "Lithuania" portfolio, the "Danzig" portfolio, the "Wawel" portfolio (so called from the ancient castle of the Polish kings in Cracow, where the artist resides), the "Ukraine" portfolio, and so forth. By degrees he has become more and more master of the technique of lithography; he has simplified the means employed, and his line has acquired ever more of that velvety softness which is one of the charms of this medium. Finally, it should be said that he has wholly abstained from the use of colour in order that he may achieve in the classic black and white alone those really monumental effects at which he aims.

P. ETTINGER.

COPENHAGEN.—When the late King Edward VII visited Rosenborg Castle in 1904 the author of these lines had the honour of calling his Majesty's attention to a bust of Charles I of England which possesses in a marked degree the characteristic points of Bernini's style. The Bernini bust of Charles I is one of the lost masterpieces and was supposed to have been purloined during the days of the Civil War or lost in the fire which occurred at Whitehall. It is well known that the famous Italian sculptor was commissioned to make this bust of Charles and that Vandyck expressly painted a full-faced portrait and two profiles, on one canvas, in very detailed manner, which was sent to Italy as a guide to Bernini, and from which he made the bust in question, never having seen the king. This picture was safely returned to England accompanied by the bust, and the former is now in the royal collection at Windsor Castle. King Edward expressed great interest in the bust and said that it looked as much like a Vandyck as a piece of sculpture could possibly do. Since that date very careful comparison has been made between the bust and the details of photographs of the Vandyck picture at Windsor. My judgment as to the similarity to Vandyck has been confirmed

"A FISHERMAN" FROM AN ORIGINAL LITHOGRAPH BY LEON WYCZOLKOWSKI

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(From the "Ukraine" portfolio)

"PLOUGHING TEAMS." FROM AN ORIGINAL LITHOGRAPH BY LEON WYCZOLKOWSKI

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"OLD WAREHOUSES AT DANZIG" FROM AN ORIGINAL LITHOGRAPH BY LEON WYCZOLKOWSKI

(See Warsaw Studio-Talk, p. 158)

by an examination of the question by the sculptor Prof. Julius Schulz of the Royal Academy at Copenhagen.

In regard to its resemblance to Vandyck there is the delicacy of features, the lace collar and the hair falling exactly as it does in the painted portrait. The front face shows this closely. The left side of the hair (facing the spectator) only extends to the top of the collar, while on the right it wholly covers it. This surely is something more than a mere coincidence.

In regard to the bust being the work of Bernini, it clearly exhibits all his virtues and faults, particularly in the over-emphasis of style, and what Winckelmann characterised as his invariable effort to secure dignity by exaggeration. This is shown in the over-thick hair, the "put" of the moustache, and the natural development of the forehead. In fact this last point is so pronounced that one can scarcely account for it unless by the supposition that the sculptor never saw the model, which we know was the case with Bernini and Charles. Apart from the head the bust not only departs from Vandyck but indicates that Bernini left the lower portion to another hand. He never showed himself capable of so wide a departure from classical views as to cut a scarf-knot in this fashion.

It may be advanced that the bust is a close copy of the lost Bernini, but with a careful examination this theory is difficult to believe, as the bust is far too strong a piece of work to be a copy unless it be a copy by Bernini of Bernini. In Domenico Bernini's life of his father we find the letter in which Charles I desires him to make his bust after a painted portrait.

"SIGNOR CAVALIER BERNINO,—La fama del vostro sublime ingegno, e delle Opere illustri, che così felicemente havete condotto a fine, hà passato li termini dell' Italia, e quasi ancora quelli dell' Europa, e nella Nostra Inghilterra hà portato il vostro nome glorioso, sopra quanti Virtuosi siano stati sin' hora nella vostra professione. Onde Noi avidi di participare qualche parte di vostra così rara virtù, e animati ancora dalla vostra bontà ci siamo mossi, come facciamo, a domandarvi, che vi vogliate compiacere di far il Nostro Ritratto in Marmo, sopra quello che in un Quadro vi mandaremo subito, che

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saremo certi della vostra buona intenzione, assicurandovi, che alla stima, che di voi facciamo, desideriamo ugualmente corrispondere colle Opere, e il Signore Iddio vi tenga in sua santa custodia. Data in Valuthal li 27. Marzo 1639.

"CARLO RE D'INGHILTERRA."

This letter from Charles to the sculptor Bernini desiring a specimen of his work is interesting. The date 1639 is wrong and should be 1636 as has been proved by Fraschetti in his monograph on Bernini (Modena, 1900). But it is important to note that the king promises to send the portrait immediately, as by this statement we learn that the picture was finished at this date and ready for its journey across Europe. We know that Vandyck in January 1636 came back to England from the Continent where he had spent two years from March 1634. Thus the picture must apparently have been painted before he left England in 1634, and not, as stated by all previous authors, about 1637. The date given on the bust, painted presumably when it was made, is "1633, ætatis suae 33."

In Fraschetti's volume we find further information. At the Cancellaria Ducale in the Record Office at Modena is a letter from Francesco Montovani to the Duke, dated April 11, 1637, praising the skill with which Bernini had excelled himself in the execution of this bust of Charles I "now ready to send to England on Saturday next." In another letter a week later Francesco states that the bust has been despatched to Charles as a gift from Barberini, the nephew of Pope Urban VIII, the patron of Bernini. This does not coincide with the terms of the letter from Charles, but it enables us the better to understand why Charles only sent Bernini 1000 *scudi romani*, while Queen Henrietta Maria, as stated by A. Bardelli in a letter of October 1, 1639 (*vide* Fraschetti), sent him a ring with a jewel to the value of 6000 *scudi* as a reward for the bust "that had been ordered as a present for the queen." The thousand *scudi romani* can hardly represent the king's payment to Bernini for his work, but together with the queen's ring, the sum seems more in the nature of a gratuity.

To return to the technique of the bust itself. We

BUST OF KING CHARLES I OF ENGLAND AT THE CHÂTEAU OF ROSENBORG, COPENHAGEN. MR. BERING LIISBERG, INSPECTOR OF THE ROSENBORG COLLECTIONS, CONTENDS THAT THIS IS THE BUST BY BERNINI WHICH IS USUALLY SAID TO HAVE BEEN DESTROYED IN THE WHITEHALL FIRE OF 1697

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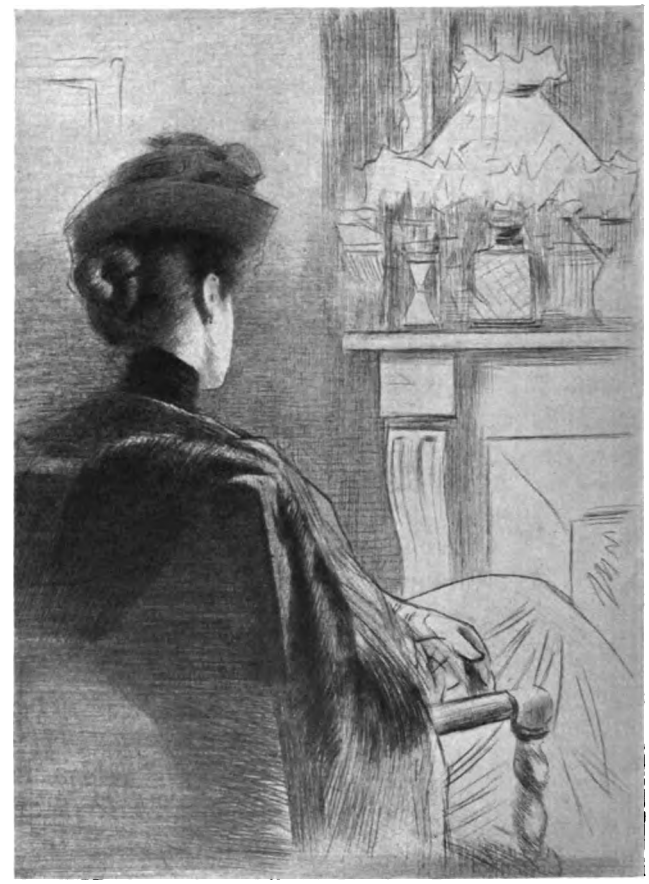
have shown that the head is in the style of Vandyck, it will now be seen how much the lower part resembles the bust of Charles I by Le Sueur. The bust is made of marble of different colours. The head is white, the armour black, partly gilt, and the sash is porphyry. The armour with the lion-head shoulder-plates and with the finely inlaid early Renaissance ornament in gold, instead of the usual floriated design in relief, is more classical in this bust than in that of Le Sueur. The twisted neckpiece with the grotesque head as an ornament in Le Sueur's bust has been misunderstood by the Italian sculptor, who has believed it to be the upper part of the breastplate and has accordingly fixed it as an ornament in relief to the breastplate. It is curious, too, to note the tumid temporal artery which is not to be seen in Vandyck's portraits, but is clearly shown in both Bernini's and Le Sueur's busts. Bernini must have been told about this personal characteristic in the king's physiognomy, but it is evident he had not seen it as he does not put it where Le Sueur, who may be supposed to have seen the king, has it, namely on the right temple beginning from the angle of the eye. Bernini has put it in the front, perpendicular to the right eyebrow. Under the sash a ribbon is seen in this bust at Rosenborg, in which formerly the George hung. Its place is still to be seen, but the medallion has at some time been carried away by a heavy blow.

How is it to be explained that Bernini's bust of Charles I is now at Rosenborg Castle at Copenhagen when in English documents it is always said to have been destroyed when Whitehall was burned down in 1697 or stolen before the fire reached it? The only explanation seems to be that the bust then alluded to may not have been that of Bernini but Le Sueur's or the bronze bust, which seems to have been a poor copy of Le Sueur. It is reported as standing on a corner chimney-piece in one of the rooms at Whitehall. But Bernini not only made the king's bust, he made one at the request of Queen Henrietta Maria from portraits which were sent him. But that is another story and on another occasion we may return to the bust of Queen Henrietta Maria which is at Rosenborg Castle. One supposition as to the way in which these two busts came to Denmark is that Henrietta Maria gave them to the daughter of Christian IV, who attempted to help his nephew Charles I in his struggle with the Parliament. Christian's daughter, Elonore Christine, Countess of Ulfeld, met the exiled queen at the French Court in 1647. This conjecture does not explain how the queen in her hasty flight from England was able to take such heavy luggage with her. A more probable explanation is that Prince George of Denmark after the Revolution in 1688, when Stuart portraits became a little out of fashion, sent the two busts to his brother, King Christian V of Denmark, who at that time was busy with the arrangement of his new museum at Copenhagen Castle, the "Kunstkammer." It is an indisputable fact that in the catalogue of this royal collection, made in 1690, they are mentioned for the first time, together with other Stuart relics. This then is the history, from the Danish side, of the bust in Rosenborg Castle. Perhaps to quote your own Roger de Coverley it may be thought that "much might be said on both sides."



"ALONE." FROM AN ORIGINAL DRY-POINT BY RODOLPHE PIGUET

(See Geneva Studio-Talk, opposite page)

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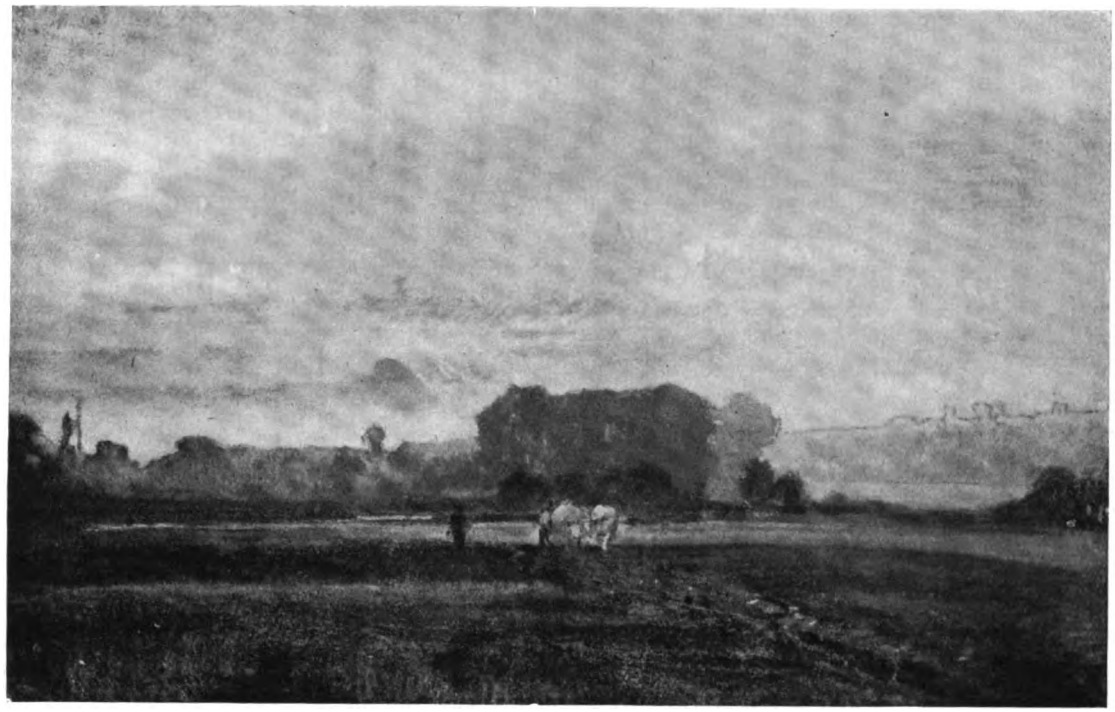

"FIN DU JOUR" (PASTEL) BY RODOLPHE PIGUET

I claim with some show of reason that there are enough coincidences to make more than a colourable story, and enough facts to induce European art critics and connoisseurs to cherish a belief that at last the lost Bernini has been found. If the bust be not by Bernini, then whose can it be?

BERING LIISBERG.

GENEVA.—Mr. Rodolphe Piguet belongs to those Swiss artists who have been and are an honour to Swiss art beyond the frontier, who accomplish the greater part of their life-work in such centres as Paris or Munich, but who never forget, amidst the intoxication of success and fame, the beautiful homeland. He began his career as a painter on enamel in the studio of the Genevese master Charles Glardon, who carried on the tradition of Thouron and Petitot.

Mr. Piguet has always been a staunch defender of the claims of the art of painting on enamel, for which Geneva was so distinguished in the days of those masters in the practice. It is a matter for regret that the best traditions of this exquisite art have not been maintained. A Geneva school of painting on enamel in which the spirit and traditions of the early masters should be caught and carried on would be welcome. Why should this practice be regarded as one of the minor arts in painting, any more than the sonnet as minor work in poetry? Boileau has said:

> Un sonnet sans défaut
> Vaut seul un long poème,

and may it not be said, with equal truth that those gems of diminutive art which Petitot and Thouron achieved are of more worth than many a vast canvas? It was not, however, in the practice of painting on enamel that Mr. Piguet achieved fame, though after having left it aside for many years he has returned to it again and has made some happy efforts at landscape and portraiture in this most delicate yet durable art.

At the age of twenty Mr. Piguet left his native land for America, where he worked for some time as illustrator on the staff of the "Aldine Review," and later, on that of the American "Daily Graphic." It was not, however, till he arrived in the electrical artistic atmosphere of Paris that he came to the full consciousness of his possibilities. Here he accomplished his most important work, achieving fame by his masterly execution in dry-point, coloured engraving, and pastel. The secrets of the language of these he made his own, and into it read his best self. "When I first turned to the use of the dry-point," he says, "I found etching, properly

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speaking, too complicated. I was attracted to the dry-point by what one could accomplish with so simple an instrument and I sought to do on the metal with the point what one does with the pencil on paper." With what skill and delicacy he used this instrument is well known.

When he took to the pastel, he was equally happy, and his impressions in this medium of landscape on the banks of the Marne are suffused with a pensive beauty and luminous quality all their own. Mr. Piguet has been awarded the highest honours at the Paris Salon as well as the Cross of the Legion of Honour, and a glance at his fine *pointes-sèches* or his exquisite pastels of the Marne side or that album of etchings of Swiss subjects to which I referred in the Special Number of THE STUDIO on Etching and Engraving, is enough to convince us that we have here a work in which technical skill has yielded its utmost, in which the intimate moods of landscape and the elegant as well as familiar aspects of life are finely rendered in limpid language; in which classic and modern methods touch and blend and the charm and nicety of the "little masters" of the eighteenth century have found new expression. R. M.

TOKYO.—The Bijutsu Kyokai (Fine Art Association) of Kyoto held an exhibition recently in its building in Okazaki Park on the bank of the Sosui. There were some excellent works of lacquer by such contemporary artists as Mikami Jisaburo, Okamura Yosakichi, Okamoto Sensuke, Yoshida Heisaburo, whose *suzuri-bako*, an ink-stone box, and a larger box for papers are among our illustrations, and Suzuki Hyosaku. There were also splendid embroideries in frames and in the form of screens. Among those exhibited by Iida Shinshichi, who keeps a number of talented artists busy with thread and needle, there were such embroidered pictures as *Sword Sharpener*, *Snow Scene*, and a screen embroidered with an autumnal scene. Among those shown by Nishimura Sobei, who also produces excellent woven work as well as embroidery, there was a screen embroidered with waves and a framed picture of a dog similarly executed. Tanaka Rishichi also exhibited embroideries, some of which were a faithful reproduction of oil-paintings. Indeed, most of the embroideries shown were executed with such marvellous dexterity that it was difficult to distinguish them from paintings even at close range. The embroidery artists seem to delight

"BORD DU MARNE" (PASTEL) BY RODOLPHE PIGUET

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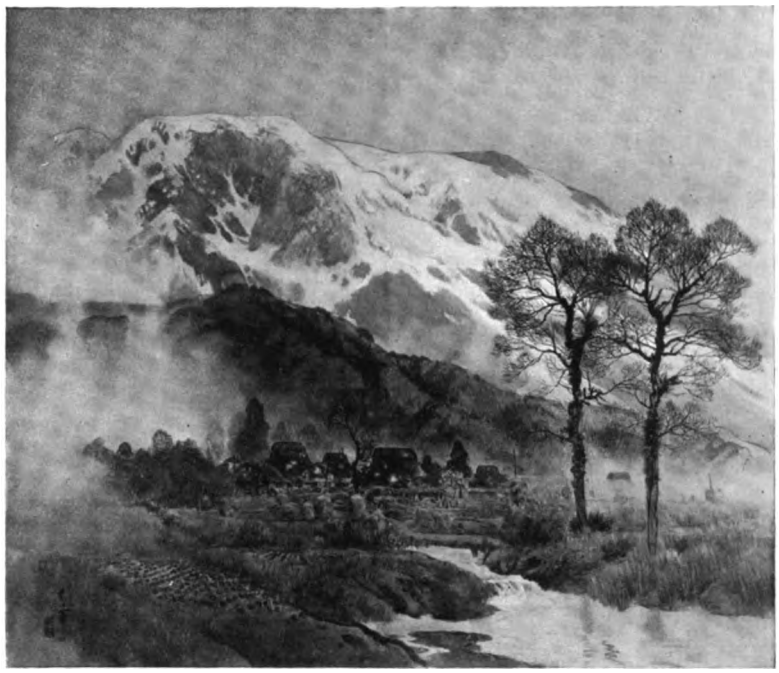

"SNOW IN SPRING" (TWO-PANELLED SCREEN) BY YAMAMOTO SHUNTEI
(Kyoto Bijutsu Kyokai)

in concentrating all their talent in reproducing paintings with thread and needle. With all due respect for their wonderful facility, I cannot help wishing that they would so employ their talent as to reveal the best characteristics of this branch of art, instead of trying to imitate paintings, which can be best accomplished with the brush. If they were to direct their attention more towards purely decorative design, I cannot help thinking there would be a great future before them.

The same exhibition also contained some splendid examples of pottery and porcelain shown by such noted contemporary potters of this ancient city as Seifu Yohei, Kinkozan, Ito Tozan, Kawamura Seizan and Shimizu Rokubei. Besides some carvings in wood and metal and some artistic bamboo baskets by Morita Shintaro and Yamada Yosaburo, the exhibition also comprised a number of paintings in the Japanese style, among which a few may be mentioned here. *Shigure*, a drizzling shower by Hirai Baisen, showed excellent qualities: the feeling of wetness was well brought out and the sound of the rustling wind and of the rain beating on the dying leaves of a large tree was almost audible. *The Clearing Mist* by Yoshida Ryoka also showed good atmospheric qualities. The life-like depiction of a girl playing on the *tsuzumi* by Matsumura Kaiso and Nakamura Shunyo's *Summer Day* attracted attention. *Snow in Spring* by Yamamoto Shuntei, *Spring Sea* by Fukuyama Keisui, and Mikami Suizan's *Bird Fancier* were among other good examples shown. The paintings in general showed a marked tendency towards the decorative.

LACQUER BOXES FOR STATIONERY AND INK-STONE BY YOSHIDA HEIZABURO
(Kyoto Bijutsu Kyokai)

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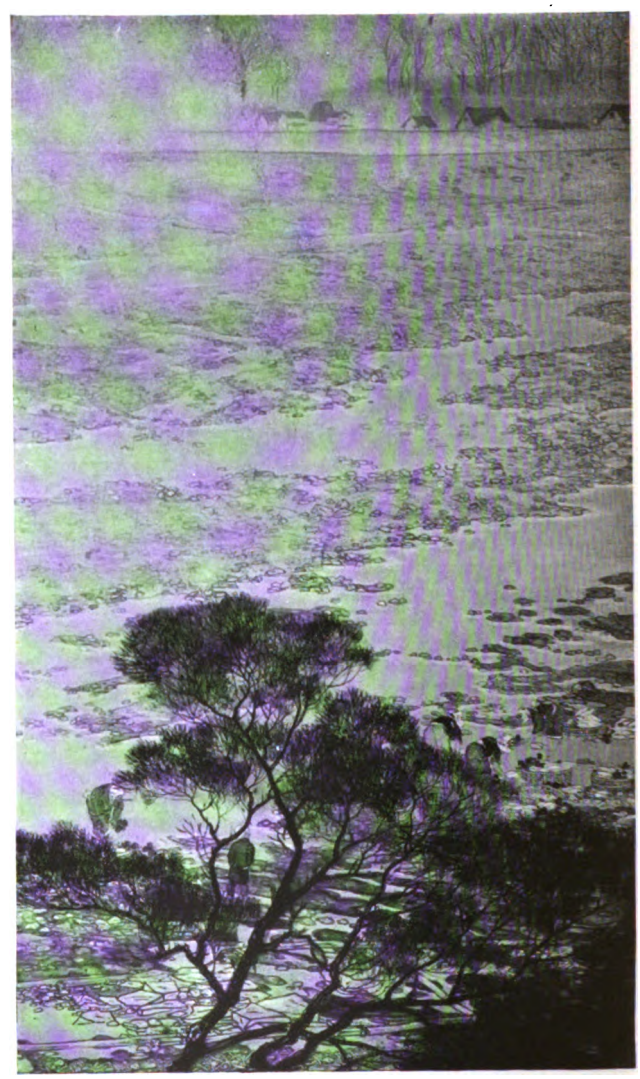
The seventh exhibition of the Katsumi-kai was held recently in the Konchi-in, one of the temples of the Nanzenji at Kyoto. The annual exhibitions held by this society, though by no means conspicuous for their size, are of great importance, inasmuch as they contain choice articles by noted artists which generally furnish a hint to a new style of work in the branches of art there represented, and so these exhibitions have come to be noted for originality and excellent workmanship. The Katsumi-kai is a small society and is under the supervision and leadership of Kamisaka Sekka, who teaches design at the Kyoto Art School. He has done much for the development of design in applied art, especially in lacquer and porcelain. He is a strong advocate of preserving the best qualities in our old decorative art, he himself being an earnest follower of the Koetsu style. It was in order to free the artists from the oppression of dealers, so that they might work with the unrestricted freedom so necessary for a healthy development of art, that the society was organised.

The Katsumi-kai exhibition included works by four potters, eleven artists in lacquer, one in metal, one in cabinet-making, one in wood-carving, and a number of designs and decorative paintings suitable for being applied to lacquer, etc. Among the examples of porcelain which may be mentioned here were an incense burner and flower vase by Ito Shoto, a cake bowl and water jar by Kawamura Seizan, a peacock ornament by Miyanaga Tozan, bowls by the fourth Shimizu Rokubei, and in lacquer a *suzuri-bako* (ink-stone box) by Iwamura Shinjiro, similar objects by Tojima Kofu and Kamizaka Yukichi, and a mask-box by Kimura Hideo. *Kiku-Jido* and an old man carved in wood by Ishimoto Gyokai were also notable features.

By the recent death of Okakura Kakuzo we have lost one of the great benefactors of modern art of Japan. When young, Mr. Okakura derived his inspiration from the late Mr. Fenellosa, who was then teaching at the Imperial University of Tokyo and who with an overwhelming enthusiasm did much to restore the art of Japan. Mr. Okakura helped him in his researches and translation, and became himself much interested in the subject. We are thankful for the earnest efforts he made to stop the outflow of the art treasures of the country. He was mainly responsible for the creation of the bureau in the Department of Education for the purpose of protecting old temples and their treasures, and also for the founding of the Tokyo School of Fine Arts. He encouraged such artists as the late Shunsho, Yokoyama Taikan, Shimomura Kwansan, and Kimura Buzan, through whom he expressed his artistic ideals. With them he established the Bijutsu-in and endeavoured to revive the spirit of old art in a new form which resulted in the creation of what is popularly known as the "obscure" style of painting. His services rendered



"THE CLEARING MIST" BY YOSHIDA RYOKA
(Kyoto Bijutsu Kyokai)

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INCENSE BURNER BY ITO SHŌTŌ
(Katsumi-kai, Kyoto)

to the Boston Art Museum will long be remembered, and he was appointed to be Japan's next exchange lecturer to America to expound Japanese art at various American universities.

HARADA JIRO.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

Reminiscences of my Life. By HENRY HOLIDAY. (London: William Heinemann.) 16*s.* net.—As a record of a long and busy life Mr. Holiday's "Reminiscences" can be sincerely welcomed. For a great many years he has ranked among the more prominent of our decorative artists; he has made a reputation not only at home but in many parts of Europe and America as well, and examples of his work are to be found all over the world. He belongs to that group of Victorian decorators—in which can be included such artists as Burne-Jones, William Morris, Albert Moore, and Sir W. B. Richmond—who have done so much to keep alive in this country the finer traditions of design, and in this group he holds a position of considerable distinction. As a designer of stained glass he is, perhaps, most widely known, but there are few forms of mural decoration as well which he has not handled successfully, and he has painted some notable pictures in oil, tempera, and water-colour, besides making occasional excursions into sculpture. His book gives a full account of his professional career with its early struggles and later successes, reveals a good deal of his private life, and is crowded with anecdotes about the people he has met; and included in it are many disquisitions about social and political questions in which Mr. Holiday has always taken a very keen interest. Of Mr. Gladstone he was a close personal friend and devoted admirer, and he tells many stories about the great Liberal leader. One of these is worth quoting because it throws a somewhat surprising light upon Ruskin's opinions in social matters: "Referring to Ruskin, Mr. Gladstone said, 'We had a conversation once about Quakers and I remarked how feeble was their theology and how great their social influence. As theologians they have merely insisted upon one or two points of Christian doctrine, but what good work they have achieved socially!—Why they have reformed prisons, they have abolished slavery, and denounced war.' To which Ruskin answered, 'I am really sorry, but I am afraid I don't think prisons ought to be reformed, I don't think slavery ought to have been abolished, and I don't think war ought to be

PORCELAIN VASE BY SEIFU YOHEI
(Kyoto Bijutsu Kyokai)

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BAMBOO FLOWER-BASKET. BY MORITA SHINTARO
(Kyoto Biiutsu Kyotai.—See p. 165)

denounced.'" How many of Ruskin's present-day followers would agree with him on these points?

The Splendid Wayfaring. By HALDANE MACFALL. (Simpkin, Marshall and Co.) 10*s.* 6*d.* net.—This book is characteristic of the indefiniteness of so much of the art-criticism of to-day, and it reflects the feverish character of artistic aspiration in our time. The author's method is to be contrasted with that of the scholar for whom the past lives through unconscious effort of the imagination. He seems a little too inclined to identify progress with mere innovation, but at the same time he is not an advocate of the extremes of "cubism," "triangulation," and the rest, contending, as he does, that pictures cannot be attempted in sensations outside vision. Most of the problems of interest in connection with contemporary art, including the art of mounting plays, he reviews energetically and combatively. It is obvious that the author has his own point of view, but we are not sure that he always succeeds in expressing it, or that we are prepared to accept it in many cases when he does. The book is picturesque, with fanciful illustration and effective binding.

Neue Deutsche Exlibris. Mit einleitendem Text von RICHARD BRAUNGART. (Munich: Franz Hanfstaengl.) 21 mks.—Great care has been bestowed on the production of this volume of modern German book-plates and besides its interest to the collector of such things it is in itself an admirable example of that *Buchkunst* which is cultivated with so much assiduity in Germany at the present day, as the great exhibition to be held at Leipzig this summer will prove. Various technical methods are exemplified in the series of plates presented; there are a few in colour printed from wood-blocks, others are printed from half-tone or line engravings, in some cases with a tint; but the majority are etchings. Numerous artists are represented in the selection, which comprises nearly a hundred plates; for the most part they are artists who specialise in one or other of the "graphic" arts, but prominent painters such as Gustav Klimt, Max Klinger, Hans Thoma and Emil Orlik are also in evidence. Naturally in a collection of this sort a considerable diversity of motive is to be found, but perhaps the most striking feature of the entire series is the reiteration of the nude figure—and more particularly, the female—as a part of the design. Herr Braungart in his introduction touches on the great rôle which the nude plays in the designing of book-plates by contemporary German artists, who introduce it chiefly as a symbol of nature. We presume, however, that it is not as a symbol of nature that a nude male figure wearing a pair of spectacles enters into one of the designs in this series, nor does the same explanation fit another design in which a horrible creature—apparently a gorilla or "old man of the woods"—is carrying off a nude girl in his hairy arms. The motive evidently refers to a legend familiar to naturalists, but it is too nauseous for any kind of artistic treatment. Symbolism, however, in many interesting forms is met with in this collection of plates and one of course looks for it in designs of this character, but in some cases we think the decorative function of the book-plate has not been adequately kept in view.

Royal Academy Lectures on Painting. By GEORGE CLAUSEN, R.A., R.W.S. (London: Methuen and Co.) 6*s.* net.—These lectures were delivered to the students of the Royal Academy in the years 1904, 1905, 1906, and 1913, by Mr. Clausen during his tenure of office as Professor of Painting. They represent the opinions of an artist of great ability who has, as he says, tried in these expressions of his convictions on many important art questions to avoid dogmatising, and has

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endeavoured to indicate to the students a line of thought, and an attitude towards their work, which can be traced in all important past achievements and which can reasonably be assumed to underlie the good work of the present and future. In all the lectures Mr. Clausen argues with a sincerity and breadth of mind which can be much commended in favour of the cultivation of a sense of serious responsibility in the study and practice of art, and points out very clearly how the modern student can profit by the example of the great masters of the past without sacrificing his individuality and without losing touch with the spirit of his own time. The book covers very wide ground and sums up shrewdly and suggestively nearly all the points which admit of debate in art education of the more intellectual type; it is written lucidly and with an agreeable simplicity of style, and it bears throughout the stamp of real conviction. Coming, as it does, from an artist who has always been regarded as essentially modern in his views, it is undeniably of value to present-day workers in art.

Intérieurs Anciens en Belgique. Par K. SLUYTERMAN (The Hague: Martinus Nijhoff.) £5 net.—Prof. Sluyterman of the Technical High School at Delft, has with the assistance of Maître Cornette of Antwerp here brought together an extremely interesting series of interiors from many of the fine old buildings for which the cities of Belgium are noted—chiefly buildings of a public or quasi-public character, the number of purely residential edifices represented, such as châteaux, being but few in comparison with the ecclesiastical and municipal buildings. The interiors themselves, however, whatever may be the function of the edifice of which they form part, are mainly of a domestic character as regards their appointments and fittings, and as such they exemplify the high standard of taste and craftsmanship attained by Belgian architects and craftsmen of old. Among the interiors of ecclesiastical and monastic buildings, one finds the sacristies of Tournai Cathedral, the churches of St. Charles Borromæus, Antwerp, St. Peter, Louvain, St. Gommaire, Lierre, the abbeys of Averbode and Grumberghen; refectories in the abbeys of Heverlé and Postel (Moll) and the Black Sisters' Convent at Louvain; the Chapter room of St. Vincent, Soignies, and galleries and other details. The secular buildings represented include the town-halls of Audenarde, Courtrai, Furnes, Ghent, Liège, Louvain, Malines, Mons; the Palais de Justice at Bruges and Furnes; the Plantin-Moretus Museum and Maison des Brasseurs at Antwerp; the Hôpital de St. Jean at Ypres; the Palais d'Ansembourg, Liège; and the Châteaux of Anderlecht, Gaesbeek, Beauvoorde, Mielmont, Modave, etc. The illustrations are on a large scale and show the details of the various interiors with admirable clearness.

Lives of the Most Eminent Painters, Sculptors and Architects. By GIORGIO VASARI. Newly translated by GASTON DU C. de VERE. (London: Lee Warner.) Vols. V and VI. 25*s.* net each. —A special feature of the fifth volume of this new edition of Vasari's Lives, which is as admirably translated as its predecessors, is the inclusion amongst the illustrations of a number of fine sculptures and paintings that are little known out of Italy. The world-renowned masters Sansovino, Lorenzo di Credi, Baldasarre Penizzi, Andrea del Sarto, Dosso Dossi, Pordenone, Caravaggio, Francia, Parmigiano, Palma Vecchio, Lorenzo Lotto and others of equally high rank are of course represented, some by fine plates in colour as well as in monochrome, but scarcely less beautiful than their works are some of the examples given of the productions of others who won but little renown except in their immediate environment, such as the sculptors Andrea Ferrucci and Silvio Cosimo, both of Fiesole, Raphael's gifted pupil Tamagni, of Baccio da Montelupo and his son Rafaello, Pellegrino da Modena, Properzia de' Rossi and Bartolommeo da Bagnacavalla, whose Holy Family with Saints is one of the most beautiful in the book. The fifth volume deals in fact with an exceptionally interesting time in the history of Italion art, when the noble traditions of Florence were being ably upheld by Andrea del Sarto, for whom Vasari had a great predilection. The chief interest of the sixth volume centres in the account of the early engravers of prints.

Old English China. By Mrs. WILLOUGHBY HODGSON. (London George Bell and Son.) 25*s.* net. Why do we collect Old English China? The question is put by Mrs. Willoughby Hodgson, and is one which, as she recognises, admits of various answers, as in fact does every enquiry concerning the motives which actuate those who collect any kind of objet d'art or bric-à-brac. It is undoubtedly true that some of those who collect old china and other things do so out of love and reverence for the things which belonged to or were treasured by their ancestors, but it is also true that the only, or at all events, the chief incentive in a good many cases is a desire to possess something which may yield a profit. Be that as it may, however, Mrs. Willoughby Hodgson has given us a very interesting work which on account of the care

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bestowed on its production is fully worthy of a place on the shelves of connoisseurs as well as collectors. Some very choice specimens of porcelain are figured in the coloured plates, and in addition a large number of examples are illustrated in monochrome, public and private collections having been drawn upon for material. In the letterpress the history of the various factories where the porcelain was produced is briefly touched upon and the characteristics of each kind are succinctly described.

Greek Art and National Life. By S. C. KAINES SMITH, M. A. (London: Nisbet and Co.) *7s. 6d.* net.—We will give the author's argument in this book practically in his own words. The history of the Greek world, he tells us, has of late been carried back some thousands of years, and names that were great in pre-Homeric legend have begun to take their place in a reconstructed history of European civilisation. When the science of archæology, with its systematic methods of excavation and investigation, came into being in the nineteenth century the rapidity and certainty of Hellenic progress between the eighth and fifth centuries B.C. became more puzzling as it became more apparent. The effect of the point of view of the older historians upon the student was unfortunate. It removed the Hellenic race from the category of flesh and blood, and made it superhuman or rather extra-human. It is the new point of view that is put forward in this book, with a scholar's conscientiousness and with imagination. The volume is beautifully illustrated.

Allgemeines Lexikon der bildenden Künstler von der Antike bis zur Gegenwart. Herausgegeben von ULRICH THIEME. Neunter Band. (Leipzig: E. A. Seemann.) Stitched, 32 Marks; bound, 35 Marks.—The ninth volume of this universal dictionary of artists of all periods which Herr Thieme is producing with the assistance of some four hundred experts bears throughout its six hundred and more pages ample evidence of the painstaking care with which, like the preceding volumes, it has been compiled. The bibliographical references appended to most of the notices, showing the sources from which the information has been drawn, imply in themselves a wide range of research and at the same time indicate how very close up to date the information is, some of them being to publications which have appeared within the last few months. The present volume begins with Delaulne and ends with Dubois and within these limits are recorded many names of living artists of various nationalities as well as those of bygone days. The notices are admirably clear and concise, the salient facts concerning each artist's life and achievements being set forth without unnecessary verbiage; and on the whole the space allotted to each has been fairly apportioned, the old masters not being unduly favoured. The utility of the dictionary is enormously enhanced owing to the extended meaning given to the term "bildende Künstler," for besides including painters, sculptors, engravers, &c., it is here made to embrace various categories of workers in the applied arts whose creations are worthy of being classed as "formative" art. In this connection it is interesting to find under "Deme" a list of the famous Japanese family of mask-carvers.

The Beautiful. An introduction to psychological æsthetics. By VERNON LEE. (Cambridge University Press.) *1s.* net.—Though the author of this little work once wrote an essay on "The Handling of Words" she fails to avoid obscurity of style on this occasion. Her argument is most difficult to follow. Her æsthetics base themselves upon a primary distinction to be observed between *things* and *shapes*, or in other words between *subject* and *form*. But æsthetics cannot be understood—in the sense of sharing the experience of an artist—while this distinction is contended for. Science may discriminate between *things* and *shapes*, but creative art is instinctive in its intention to blur the distinction for the moment to our senses. We should be sorry, too, to imagine that artistic sensibility is a thing so easily affected by physical mood and indigestions as the author seems to imagine. Moreover æsthetic experience of the highest order is often obtainable from sources artistically discredited. This is frequently the case, for instance, in the perceptions of original genius either in creative art or in connoisseurship.

Les Tableaux du Louvre. By LOUIS HOURTICQ. (Paris: Hachette et Cie.) 2 francs.—This little book combines the functions of guide and historian. A brief sketch is given of the history of painting, and the notes accompanying the illustrations, numbering over one hundred and fifty, have for aim that of placing the important pictures described in their proper historical relation. The volume is handy in size and should be very useful to visitors to the Louvre.

Les Peintres de Portraits. Par PAUL LAMBOTTE. (Brussels: G. Van Oest and Cie.)—In a preliminary chapter M. Lambotte deals with the special attraction and undoubted interest of portraiture generally and then proceeds to a discussion of the works of some of the portrait painters in Belgium during the nineteenth century. The numerous half-tone illus-

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trations are excellently produced and the volume forms a useful handbook to the interesting modern Belgian school of portraiture.

Thomas Vinçotte et Son Œuvre. Par PAUL LAMBOTTE et ARNOLD GOFFIN. (Brussels: G. Van Oest and Cie.) Accompanying a large number of admirable reproductions of the works of this prolific sculptor are interesting essays by the two literary collaborators. Mons. Lambotte deals with the work of Vinçotte as *Statuaire* and Mons. Goffin writes upon the artist's decorative sculpture.

Memories of My Early Days. By WILLIAM MACGILLIVRAY, Writer to the Signet. Illustrated by H. C. PRESTON MACGOUN, R.S.W. (London: T. N. Foulis.) 5*s.* net.—Eight years ago the author of these "Memories," already an octogenarian, began to set down his early recollections of rural life in the lowlands of Scotland, and in due course the first instalment, which came out under the title of "Rob Lindsay and his School," was followed by others published anonymously like the first. These he has now gathered together in one substantial volume with his name on the title-page. The pages abound in interesting glimpses of a life that contrasts very markedly with the life of the present day. The illustrations are from drawings by the late Miss Preston MacGoun.

The Wild Harp. A selection from Irish poetry, by KATHARINE TYNAN. (London: Sidgwick and Jackson.) 7*s.* 6*d.* net.—The intention of this selection is "to capture for English ears sensitive to a wild music just such strains as might be sounded by the strings of a harp—something . . . a little unearthly and exquisite." More than forty authors are represented in the selection.

The Year's Art for 1914 (Hutchinson and Co. 5*s.* net) is well up to date with its information, the return of *Mona Lisa* to Paris on the last day of the year being the latest event recorded. In reviewing the doings of the past year, Mr. Carter the editor, makes special reference to the McCulloch sale, in which "the scurvy auction prices of the last decade for much contemporary work were amended and we felt that talented British artists could go on painting without regretting that they had not been trained as chauffeurs." The section on the Art Sales of 1913, covers over sixty pages and as he says, "teems with facts which inspire wonderment."

Grinling Gibbons and his Compeers is the title of a portfolio edited by A. E. BULLOCK, A.R.I.B.A. and published by Messrs. Tiranti and Co., containing sixty phototype reproductions of carvings, chiefly by Grinling Gibbons and his assistants, in St. Paul's Cathedral and St. James's Church, Piccadilly—nearly two-thirds belonging to the choir of St. Paul's. In most of the reproductions the detail is shown very clearly, and the student of wood-carving is therefore enabled to study the work to advantage.

A series of very fine reproductions in colour of famous pictures in the Liechtenstein Gallery, Vienna, has recently been published by the J. Löwy Kunst und Verlags-Anstalt of Vienna, with whom the reproduction of works by the Old Masters is a speciality. The series already published comprises fifteen subjects, consisting of two Rembrandts—the *Wife of an Officer* and the *Self-Portrait* of 1656; two by Rubens—a *Portrait of a Child* and a group, *The Artist's Three Sons*; Vandyck's portrait of the *Princess of Taxis* and a *Madonna and Child*; Michael Angelo's *Lute Player*; Sassoferrato's *Mater Dolorosa*; a *Portrait of a Lady* by Leonardo; *Madonna and Child* and *Portrait of a Young Man* by Botticelli; Franz Hals's *Portrait of Willem van Heythaysen*; a portrait by Francia; and two characteristic pictures by Chardin. The prints are neatly mounted and sold separately at six shillings each or four guineas for the set—a low price considering the quality of the reproductions. A further series from the same gallery is promised, to be followed later by selections from the Imperial Gallery and the Academy in Vienna.

The many admirers of the art of Mr. William Orpen, A.R.A., will be interested to learn that Messrs. Chas. Chenil and Co. of the Chenil Gallery, Chelsea, are issuing a portfolio of his drawings reproduced by the photogravure process under the close personal supervision of the artist. The drawings are those with which exhibitions have on various recent occasions made us familiar, as, for instance, *On the Cliff*, *The Bather after Bathing*, *The Yacht Race Kit*, *The Draughtsman and his Model*; and though the absence of colour in some cases makes the prints look a little empty, the qualities of the artist's draughtsmanship are well rendered. The portfolio consists of ten plates and the issue is limited, the price being two guineas net, but single plates may be had at five shillings each.

The photographing of paintings in oil, water-colour or pastel is beset with no small amount of difficulty, but in a little threepenny booklet published by Wratton and Wainwright Ltd., of Kodak House, Kingsway, London, information is given which will help to make this branch of photography easier to those who practise it.

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THE LAY FIGURE: ON ART WITHOUT AN OBJECT.

"I am inclined to think that a great deal of modern art work is produced without any real purpose," said the Art Critic. "So much of it seems to me aimless, and to have no pretence to an object."

"All art work must obviously have an object," declared the Young Painter. "How could any artist work at all unless he had an intention he wished to realise?"

"His intention might be so subtle that no one would be able to discover what he was driving at," laughed the Man with the Red Tie. "I must say that I see a good many things myself that do not seem to have any meaning—I often wonder what they are all about."

"That may be due to your want of discernment," rejoined the Young Painter. "The great artist often appears to be unintelligible to people of inferior mental capacity, but that is only to be expected; it does not in any way affect his claim to greatness."

"Oh, I grant you that!" cried the Critic. "But that is not quite what I mean. The point I want to make is that there is a tendency in modern art to tell you nothing in a very elaborate fashion, and this tendency is, I think, a bad one. Every work of art ought to proclaim its purpose and should have a meaning."

"But every work of art does have a meaning," protested the Young Painter. "It may not have a subject in the popular sense, but it must have an artistic purpose and must express some intention on the artist's part."

"Surely you are not going to dig up that old old argument about art for art's sake," broke in the Man with the Red Tie. "Do let the dead—something that is so very dead too—rest peaceably in its grave."

"Well, why should there not be art for art's sake?" returned the Young Painter. "Why should not a man paint a picture, for instance, to show what a master he is of technical processes? Why should a display of admirable craftsmanship not be justification enough for the production of that particular piece of work?"

"If craftsmanship were everything, why need he trouble to paint a picture at all?" asked the Critic. "It would be enough, it seems to me, if he took a canvas and covered it with spots and streaks of paint cleverly laid on and agreeable in colour. That would show that he had sufficient mastery over technical processes—why bother to do anything else?"

"There are lots of modern painters who don't do anything else," chuckled the Man with the Red Tie. "At least that is what their work mostly looks like to me; only in so many cases it happens that the paint is not cleverly laid on and the colour is often positively disagreeable. But still I suppose that it is all seriously put forward by the men who are responsible for it as art for art's sake."

"What would you say to a man who talked merely for the sake of stringing together pretty phrases and graceful sentences, a man who talked for talking's sake?" suggested the Critic. "Would you not vote him a nuisance and an unutterable bore? Why should the artist be allowed to claim particular privileges and have a licence denied to the speaker? Why should we not call him a bore too?"

"Because if he teaches nothing else he at least shows other artists how their work should be done," replied the Young Painter. "The great craftsman is an educator, a master who guides the student in the practice of art; and he stimulates other men by his example and by the standard he sets up to attempt the highest type of achievement."

"And his influence begins and ends in his studio," declared the Critic. "He teaches nothing but the mechanism of art, and he appeals only to the few people who are interested in the mechanical details of art practice. With the great body of art lovers who want in an artist's work something more than mere technical dexterity he has no influence whatever."

"And does that really matter?" asked the Young Painter.

"Of course it matters," replied the Critic. "The artist is, or at all events should be, a great deal more than a clever juggler with the tools of his trade. He has a message to deliver to the world at large and it is his appreciation of his duty in this respect that makes him of importance in the world. Let him be a fine craftsman by all means, for in that way he will more completely fulfil his mission; but never let him forget that if he is to be a great artist he must have something to say that people can understand and that people will value. His mastery over his methods is important only because it enables him to say more convincingly what he has to say. It is a means to an end but it is not an end in itself—in a word, it is not art."

THE LAY FIGURE.

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A BELUCHI RUG

THREE IMPORTANT GROUPS OF ORIENTAL HOUSEHOLD RUGS

BY WALTER A. HAWLEY

BESIDES the rare and beautiful carpets that belong to collectors and museums, there are about one hundred different classes of Oriental rugs, all of which are suitable for household use. They come from China, India, Turkestan, Caucasia, Asia Minor and Persia, and have colours and patterns that vary not only with each class, but often with different specimens of the same class. Probably one-half this number may be seen in any large rug store, so that all but a most experienced purchaser are generally confused with the great variety and have little idea where any particular rug was woven or what is its real worth. It will be of considerable advantage to remember that Oriental rugs for use belong to three broadly defined groups: (*a*) The old types of rugs which are made in or near villages, towns and cities by sedentary weavers for their personal use. (*b*) Rugs made solely for commercial purposes. (*c*) Rugs made by nomadic tribes.

To the first group belong those rugs which are true to the early tradition of weaving. They represent a high standard of technique, a masterly treatment of drawing and colour. They often display a delicate grace of line and wonderful harmonies of tone that denote the touch of an artist rather than the work of an artisan. In a measure they also portray the ideal thought of the weaver.

The best known of this group are the Khorassan, Meshed, Kirman, Niris, Shiraz, Sarabend, Hamaden, Feraghan, Sehna and Bijar from Persia; the Daghestan, Kabistan, Shirvan and Baku from Caucasia, and the Ghiordes, Kulah, Ladik, Bergamo and Melez from Asia Minor. A description of two such as the Feraghan and Baku will indicate the essential qualities of the others.

By the Persians themselves, the Feraghans are regarded as belonging to a very high type of the textile art. For generations their weavers have felt the quickening influences of association; for they live in the northeastern part of Persia, which has been one of the most prolific centres of weaving. In the Feraghan plain, which stretches for a distance of forty-five miles eastward from the base of lofty Mt. Elwund, are several hundred villages in which they live, and where the women weave, while the men cultivate the fields or watch their flocks of sheep. On account of the simplicity of their life it would seem that the beauty, sentiment and dignity of their woven fabrics are due, in some degree at least, to instincts derived from their remote ancestors, who belonged to one of the great races of antiquity.

So characteristic are the patterns that when once observed these rugs are rarely mistaken for any others. In at least nine-tenths of them the field is entirely covered with a diaper pattern, which is usually the well-known Herati design, consisting of crumpled leaves, surrounded by a conventionalized rose, or less frequently the Guli

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Courtesy of the Tiffany Studio

A BAKU RUG

Hinnai design of a formal cluster of flowers on an upright stem. Another pattern, much less frequently seen, consists of a central medallion surrounded by a field that is either plain or covered with a scarcely noticeable design. Surrounding all is the narrow border of three stripes, which usually has what is known as the turtle pattern, on a green ground. The excellent weave, the clear definition of the elaborate drawing, and the rich varied colouring of red, blue, green and ivory, give to these rugs a distinguishing quality of beauty and refinement.

Not less characteristic are the Bakus, though unfortunately good examples are rare. They come from the district adjacent to the noted petroleum fields on the western shore of the Cas-

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Courtesy of Jones & Bridisi

A PRAYER KAZAK RUG

pian Sea, where even in the dim past the followers of Zoroaster watched the pale flame which rose from the earth like some mysterious spirit to remind them of their faith. Guardians of the occult thought of Persia have striven with the princes of Shirvan for the possession of the sacred spot, and so it is that in these rugs are many reminders of the Persian workmanship. In the centre of typical patterns is usually some star-shaped design from which radiate lines that suggest the effulgence of light, and the corners of the field are quadrangles of octagons fringed with similar lines. Extending over the remainder of the field are rectangular shaped pear designs which show little resemblance to the floral drawing of their Iranian prototypes. Another peculiarity is

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A FERAGHAN RUG

the large number of mechanically drawn birds which are rarely seen in any other class of rugs. The colours, too, have an individuality of their own, since they are often dull tones of tan, light blue and pale yellow, that convey the impression of being faded; yet in the finest examples, woven nearly a century ago, the colours are much richer and even rival those of old Kabistans. The fascination of these rugs is not so much in the expressions of external form, as in the suggestiveness of a mysticism that has influenced the thought and emotions of an ancient race.

The second group consists of rugs which are made either under the direct supervision of large exporting companies, or by weavers whose sole object in weaving is to sell their work to these companies. The material, workmanship and patterns are subject to their requirements, so that the rugs lack that interesting individuality which gives a unique charm to old examples. At least 95 per cent. of them have been made very recently and are "washed" by some process to soften the colours. Nevertheless, many of them are singularly beautiful.

This group includes such rugs as the Tabriz, Gorevan, Kermanshah, Sarouk, Kashan, Mahal and Muskabad. Of these the Kermanshah and Sarouk may be taken as representative types.

Formerly large numbers of rugs were made in the old city of Kermanshah, in Northwestern Persia, but now rugs of that name are woven almost entirely under the supervision of European firms in other localities. They contain none of the features that suggest ideal or symbolic thought, but are rather an expression of perfect harmonies of line and colour. The typical pattern consists of two or more concentric medallions and an ample border of many stripes. The medallions have a wonderful wealth of floral form, represented by delicate vines and foliate stalks, on which are sprays of flowers, such as tulips, daisies, roses, and many simpler forms. The colours, which are softer and more delicate than those found in almost any other rugs of Persia, consist of ivory, pink, light blue and green, contrasted with a few darker shades. Exterior to the border is a narrow edging of pink, or occasionally blue or green. No other Oriental rugs are made in so many different sizes, for they may be found in small mats 2 by 3 feet, and some are even larger than 12 by 16 feet. Nor is the prayer arch so frequently seen in any other Persian rug, though probably not one in a hundred have ever been used in the act of devotion. The durability, warm, cheerful colours and delicacy of pattern justly make these rugs most desirable and popular.

In Sultanabad, the great centre of modern Persian weaving, are made most of the Sarouks, which derive their name from a little village a day's journey to the northwest, where a generation and more ago, in squalor and poverty, the weavers were tying knot by knot an exquisite pattern. They bear some resemblance to the Kermanshahs in their concentric medallions, their foliate and floral forms; but there is a greater tendency to elaboration and refinement. The shorter, more velvety nap permits a clear definition of the drawing, which preserves a perfect balance throughout the field. The borders are more narrow, and, furthermore, the colours are always dark, consisting of sombre blues and reds, with lesser quantities of green, olive, yellow, buff and ivory. They are also more closely woven than the Kermanshahs and are made only in moderate sizes. In the supple lines of stem and tendril and graceful moulding of leaf and flower, in the wondrous harmonies of rich, expressive colours that suggest the gorgeous splendour of the East, remain traces of that genius

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that produced the famous Ispahans of Shah Abbas' time.

In many respects the rugs of the third group are the most interesting of all. Woven in desert, in rugged valleys, on upland plains and on bleak mountain sides, where the poetic beauty and stern realities of nature are ever present, they represent more than any others those earlier types from which under cultured influences have developed the most elaborate carpets. They are, in fact, subordinate manifestations of a great artistic spirit that for centuries has pervaded the Orient. Their bold, impressive colours seem to reflect the emotional attitude of barbaric minds, and their designs are often crude drawings of objects associated with their simple lives, or again, they symbolically express the deep impulses of untrammelled minds in constant contact with elemental forces. The Beluchistans and Kazaks are good examples of this group, which includes, also, such rugs as the Yomuds, Tekkes, Afghans, Genghas and Yuruks.

Across the sandy wastes of southern Beluchistan and Southeastern Persia, which is only here and there gladdened by green spots and living water, untamed tribes of Beluches wander with their sheep, goats and camels. The material of the warp and weft of their rugs shows the crude nomadic spinning, but the soft nap of old rugs displays a lustrous sheen rarely seen in any other Oriental rug. At the sides are usually heavy goats' hair selvage, and at the ends are broad embroidered webs, which are one of their most striking characteristics. Their tones of colour are also a distinguishing feature, and consist of red that has a shade of madder, a purple with bluish cast, a dull green, and a dark brown that has often an olive tinge. The patterns are largely geometric, but in the old pieces are often floral designs that suggest Persian influences, and not infrequently some crudely drawn animal, such as a goat or a camel, is hidden somewhere in the field. Many of these rugs have a prayer pattern, consisting of a large, almost square-shaped mihrab, though the dark visages of their weavers have little indication of spiritual devotion. Within recent years large numbers of modern copies have been made, but they lack the soft, mellowed tones of the old pieces, which are now growing scarce.

Very different are the Kazaks, which are woven by some of the Cossack tribes who live in the southern part of Caucasia. Their nap is long and often shaggy, and their bright colours would be far more apt to win the sympathetic approval of an American Indian than those of most any other Oriental rug. There is bold massing of red and invariably some green. Blue, yellow, brown and white are also used. Many of the rugs have no formal pattern, but contain an incongruous lot of geometric designs characteristic of nomadic weavings, but even these are usually arranged so as to preserve symmetrical balance. Placed about the larger designs are frequently smaller figures, such as eight-pointed stars, lozenges fringed with latch-hooks, and crude human and animal forms. Only rarely is there any indication of floral forms. Many of the rugs have the prayer pattern, in which the mihrab has either the shape of a wall tent with flattened apex or else is almost square. Their long nap, strong colours and crude, unrelated designs give to the rugs a more barbaric aspect than is found in any others. In them delicacy, beauty and harmony are replaced by strength and vigour, and refined, artistic perception yields to intensity of feeling.

Probably at least nine-tenths of the Oriental rugs now for sale belong to the second of these groups. As their weavers are no longer sustained by the strength of tradition, the patterns show little artistic originality and degenerate into weak conventions; yet most of these rugs are beautiful and possess the great essentials of expressive colour and rhythmic lines. They harmonize well with the usual furnishings of a household and meet the requirements of most purchasers. The old types, on the other hand, are preferred by those whose minds yield to the spell of association and whose moods are susceptible to the influence of the spirit that dominated the weaver. Such rugs afford a lasting delight to whoever knows their history and can appreciate their qualities, while the interest in modern rugs often wanes. Before it is too late, then, let the purchaser, though he select from a stock of commercial products for most of his floor coverings, not fail to lay aside some old rug of interesting history that for years has remained an heirloom in an Oriental home, or one whose nomadic character is true to those early traditions of a simple and symbolic art that prevailed long ages ago.

A Forthcoming Article—The many admirers of Mr. Albert Sterner's work will welcome the news that The International Studio has in preparation an article upon this artist by Mr. Christian Brinton, which will be profusely illustrated and will explain as much as possible the unique position which this eminent artist holds to-day in the world of art.

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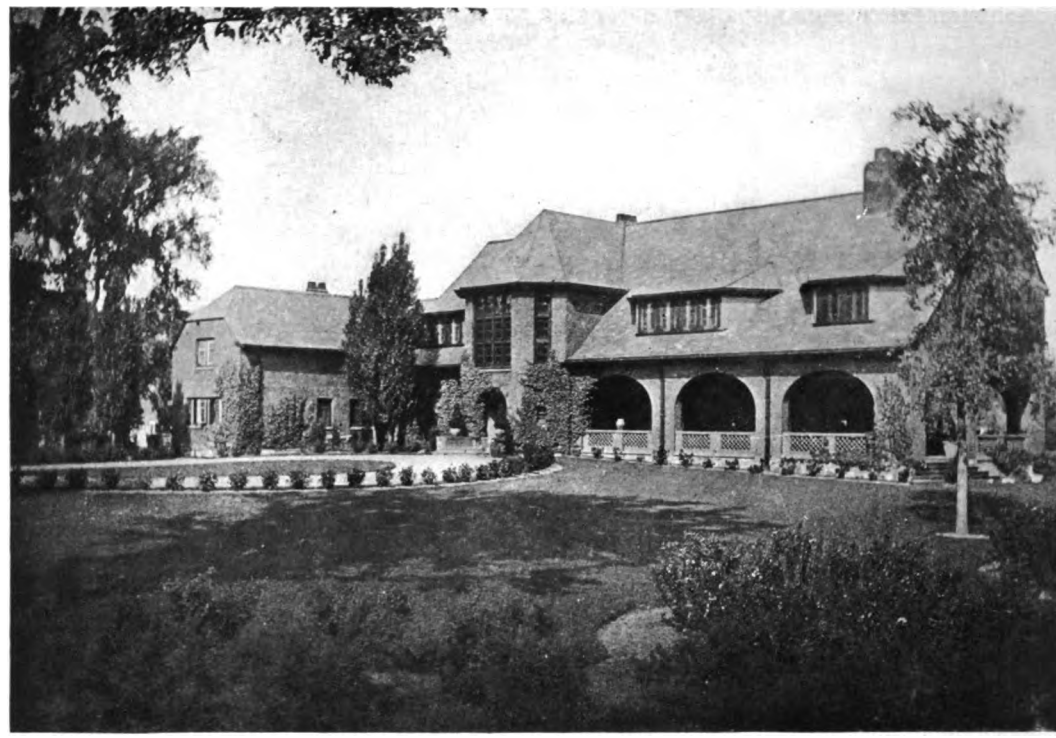
A Country Residence in Massachusetts



GENERAL VIEW OF DR. LEAKE'S HOUSE — ARCHITECTS, MESSRS. ROBINS & OAKMAN

A COUNTRY RESIDENCE IN MASSACHUSETTS

IN PLANNING the accompanying home for Dr. Leake, Williamstown, Mass., the architects, Messrs. Robins & Oakman, were principally concerned in following English domestic tradition. A glance at the general view of the property reveals the good influence which guided them in their task. Extreme simplicity of design, including total absence of applied ornament on the outside, the use wherever possible of local materials, and a studied co-relation of parts in considering house and grounds, may be mentioned as the leading characteristics of the plan.

The house commands an excellent view of Graylock to the east and south-east. The front, lying parallel with the street, is reached by a straight carriage drive, planted with poplars and some 350 feet in length; between the poplars, which are, comparatively speaking, short lived, fifteen years at the outside, long-lived trees have been set, and these will attain to solid growth when the poplars have played their part. The garden is all new planning, with the exception of some old elms, which have been of great service in sustaining the character of the surroundings and in adding increased pleasure in the view obtainable of Graylock Mountain on the garden side.

PORCH ENTRANCE

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A Country Residence in Massachusetts

Local dark red brick, Dutch (cross) bond have been used for the exterior, with local flints for the foundation, running irregularly into the brick work at grade. Vermont slate, mixed red and green, have been employed in the roof work. The gutters are wood, the leaders are strapped with wrought iron. In the interior all is ash, stained and rubbed. The rough plaster walls of sand have a variety of colour which is agreeable to the eye, and a good background for hangings and furniture.

All living rooms and bedrooms face south, and as the prevailing winds are south to south-west, the living rooms get plenty of sun and breeze, besides pleasant outlook. The ground floor rooms are connected by wide openings, while an ample central stair hall, with double run of stairs, is well lit by a large staircase window above the porch entrance. Levels follow natural grade, giving greater height to the living rooms. The porches, open in warm weather, are glazed in the winter. Care has been observed to separate service space from the main portion of the house and to keep family rooms and visitors' equally distinct.

W. H. N.

DETAIL OF STAIRWAY

A CORNER OF THE LIBRARY

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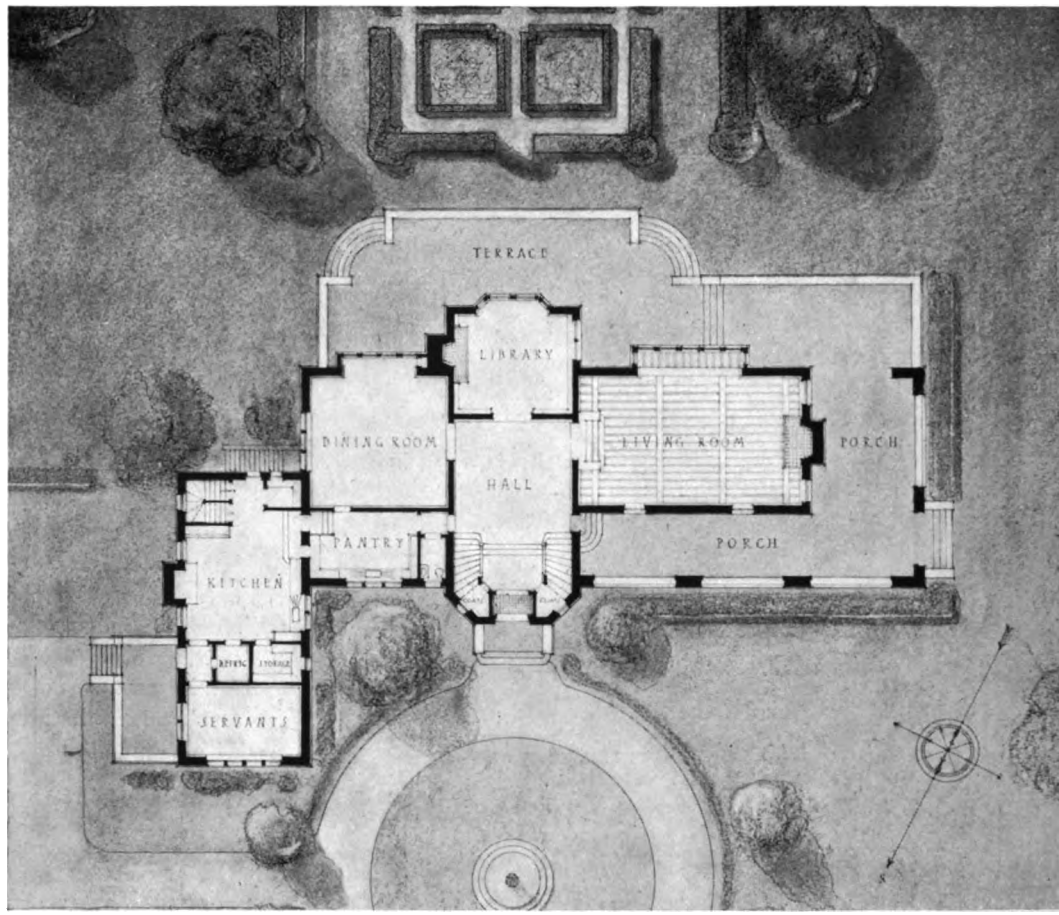

GENERAL PLAN OF GROUND FLOOR AND GROUNDS

CARNEGIE INSTITUTE, PITTSBURGH

DIRECTOR JOHN W. BEATTY has announced the personnel of the jury for the eighteenth annual International Exhibition: John W. Alexander, Cecilia Beaux, William Chase, Robert Henri and W. Elmer Schofield, all of New York City, N. Y.; Charles H. Davis, of Mystic, Conn.; W. L. Lathrop, of New Hope, Pa., and Daniel Garber, of Lumberville, Pa., represent the American artists, while M. Caro-Delvaille, of Paris, and Mr. Julius Olsson, of St. Ives, England, represent the European artists. These ten artists will meet at the Carnegie Institute in Pittsburgh, April 9, to choose the paintings for the Eighteenth Annual International Exhibition and to award the three prizes with medals: A gold medal and $1,500; a silver medal and $1,000, and a bronze medal and $500. Honorable mentions will be conferred on other paintings of exceptional merit. Director Beatty will, as usual, preside ex-officio as chairman of the jury.

HALLWAY WITH GLIMPSE OF LIVING ROOM

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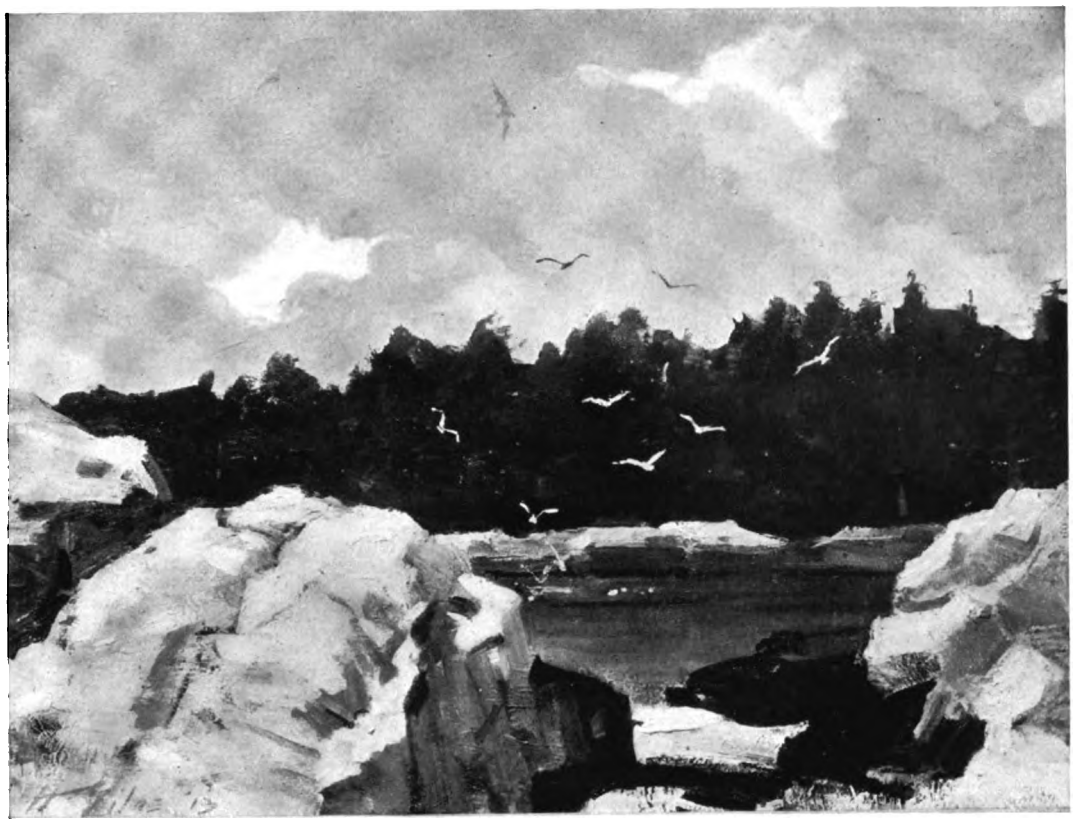
A Six-man Show in Philadelphia



SHEEPSCOTT BAY — BY HOWARD GILES

A SIX-MAN SHOW IN PHILADELPHIA
BY W. H. DE B. NELSON

AN EXHIBITION of Paintings and Sculpture by Six New York Artists was held from March 4 to 18, at the Philadelphia Art Club. This was no haphazard grouping, such as may be observed time and again in the galleries of our cities, but a carefully conceived and organized display of work by six friends in art, men who see things with a common viewpoint, working out their problems in perfect sympathy and accord. To emphasize their artistic union, excellent photographs of the Six encountered one at the door, united under one frame: William Jean Beauley, Gustave Cimiotti, Jr., Howard Giles, Arthur Schneider, Harry Franklin Waltman and W. D. Paddock.

They were anxious for once to be properly hung and in congenial company. Solicitous to have the public judge them on their merits, they showed their wares without fear or favour, knowing that they had done their best and promising to do still better. In an ordinary exhibition the artist is at

DROOPING FLOWERS — BY W. D. PADDOCK

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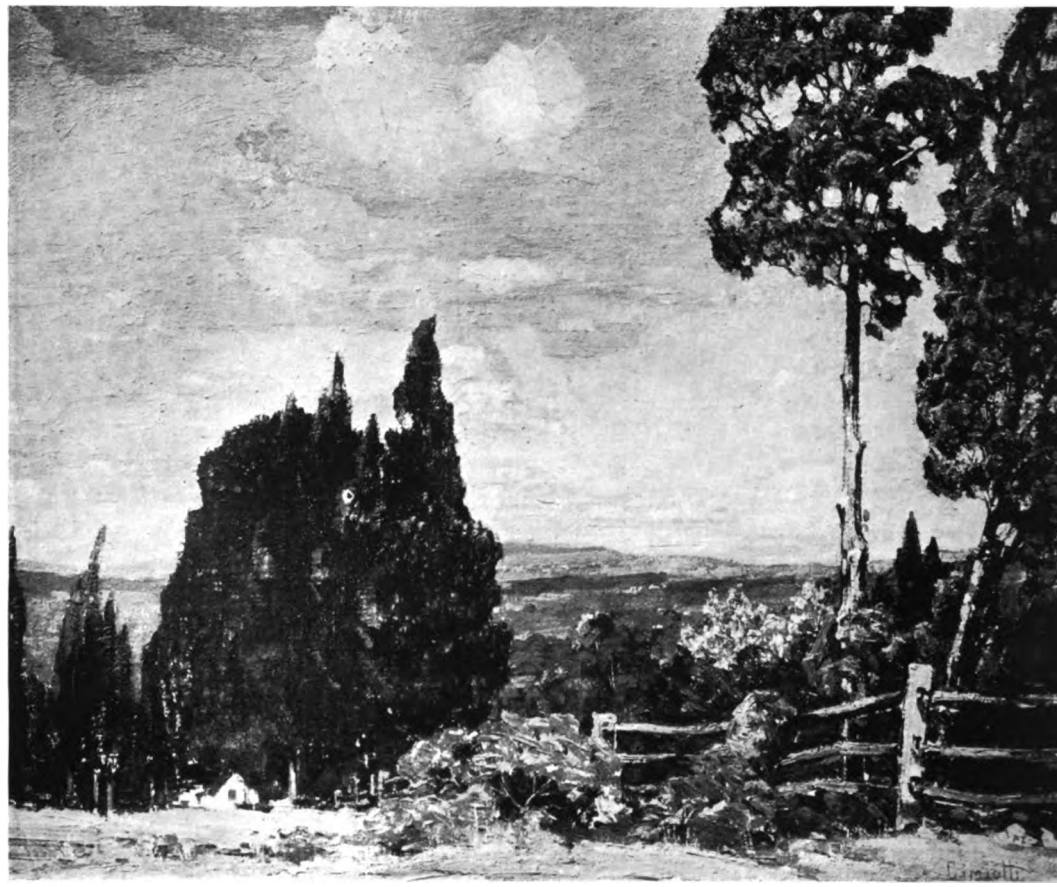

SEPTEMBER AFTERNOON — BY GUSTAVE CIMIOTTI, JR.

the mercy of jury and hanging committee. He may be accepted or rejected, no matter how good, bad or indifferent, his submitted work; having passed the jury, he still runs the gauntlet of chance; his picture may be skied, or may be poorly lighted or be killed by the colour of its neighbours. All these adverse conditions disappeared, and the merest glance round the handsome gallery of the Art Club convinced one that he had to do with the best kind of impressionism, fresh, spontaneous, out-of-door work, performed by men who have attained success and in whom acceptance by juries of academies has ceased to produce strange and unaccustomed thrills.

It was perhaps a misnomer to style their exhibition one of paintings and statuary, for of statuary in its real significance there was none. It was an instance of *lucus a non lucendo*. What took the place of statuary, however, were some exquisite little bronzes by W. D. Paddock, which, owing to their Lilliputian dimensions, had to be discovered. It might have been better to have grouped them in a case. In all other respects arrangements and hanging could not have been improved upon. Facing the entrance was the largest canvas on view, a nude by Howard Giles, a young girl standing boldly in sunlight, pose and colour well studied and achieved with no accessories to detract the eye from the dominant figure. Several out-of-door subjects by the same artist, especially *Holidays* and *Five O'Clock*, attest his freedom with colour sanely applied and his power of elimination of all unnecessary detail. It is seldom that an illustrator has climbed into the higher places of painting with such success as Howard Giles. Much to be praised, especially the nocturnes, is the work of W. J. Beauley. The picture we reproduce is a good bit of sunlit architecture representing St. Bartholomew's porch. Colour, design and draughtsmanship are his strength, figures his weakness. Arthur Schneider is at times a little crude with his palette, as might be seen in his *Canyon Quarry*, but his *Golden Hillside* and *Forbes Bridge* were good, sound subjects, nicely handled. A portrait of Sousa by H. F. Waltman shows strong characterization and restraint. His

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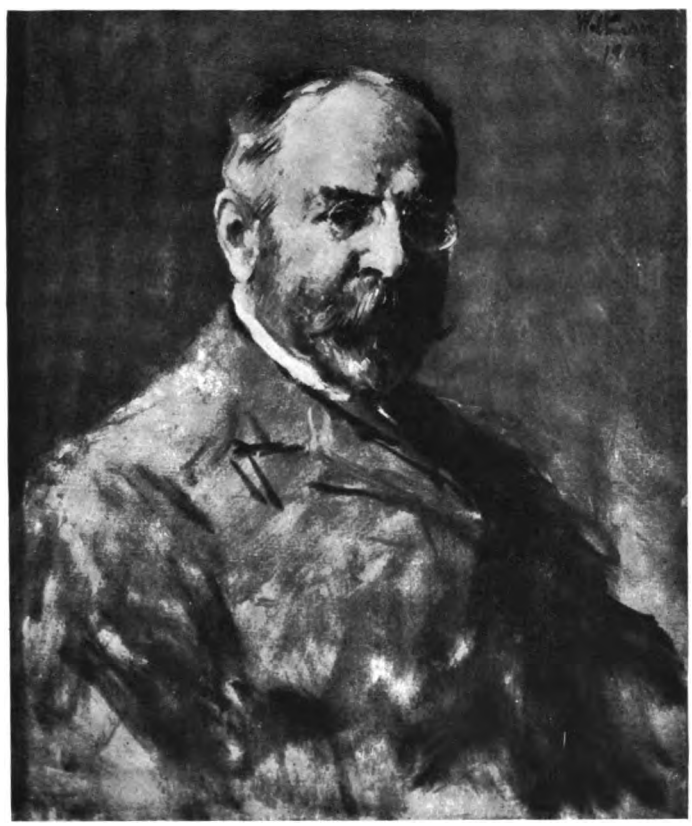
landscapes are marked by good design and colour. One of the best pictures shown and most effective in its decorative power was Cimiotti's *September Afternoon*. W. D. Paddock, not content in his capacity of sculptor, showed some most interesting oils, striking out into quite a new and individual path. His *France* and *Italy* are two arresting canvases. The largeness and simplicity of his designs show how little goes to fill a big frame, if only that little is a real concept. There is none of that "adultery of art that strikes mine eye but not mine heart" in Paddock's paintings. We see soft, receding meadows and a slender stream narrowing to a silver thread as it meets the horizon. This is sunny France. Italy is more austerely considered—an outline of a ruined temple upon a hill, a hill seen and painted with a sculptor's eye and dominating the barren country-

SULTAN-MULAI (ABD. EL-AZIZ) BY ARTHUR SCHNEIDER

side. A feeling of pleasant medievalism pervades his work and sanctifies it.



Loaned by John Philip Sousa

JOHN PHILIP SOUSA BY HARRY FRANKLIN WALTMAN

Such an enterprise has novel features in it and is worthy of imitation. There is no disguising the fact that indiscriminate hanging and uncongenial art-companionship among pictures of conflicting tendencies have done much to weary gallery visitors and to tighten the pockets of that man who just at present is *rara avis*, the buyer of pictures. Watchful waiting may be the right attitude toward this talented group, for they will assuredly do greater things.

THE National Society of Craftsmen opened March 10 for one week with an interesting exhibition from the Hearthside Looms of Lincoln, R. I., where the weaving industry was taken up by Mr. and Mrs. Arnold G. Talbot eight years ago. The Hearthside Looms are the only ones that weave by hand square or rectangular pieces with a plain center and a border on all four sides.

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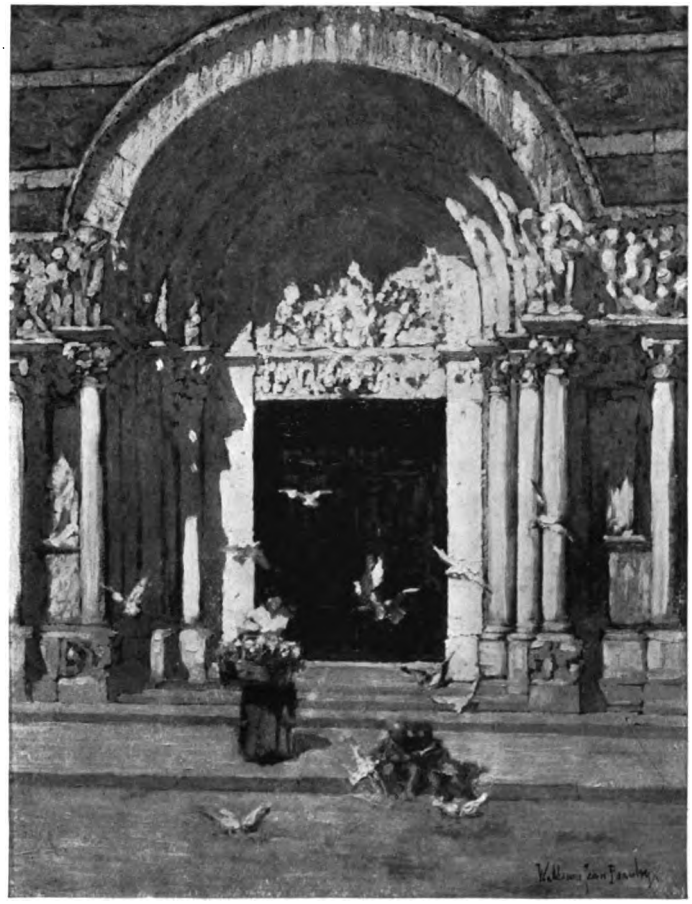

SUNLIGHT ON ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S, N. Y. BY WILLIAM JEAN BEAULEY

IN THE GALLERIES

AMONG exhibitions of importance must be reckoned one by a pupil of Bourdel and Rodin, Miss Sarah Green, whose excellent display at the Starr Company has at once placed her in a leading position among women sculptors. We shall revert to this exhibition later on and at the same time reproduce some of this talented artist's work.

Mr. J. Nilsen Laurvik, the well-known art critic, has been instrumental in bringing to this country an exhibition of Hungarian Peasant Art, carefully selected by Dome Koperly, director of the Hungarian Home Industrial Association. The Arts Club's galleries have been ablaze, the walls being most tastefully covered with every conceivable design and colour in textiles and ceramics. L'art nouveau is clearly a reversion to type, and the merest glance at these garments, mats, embroideries, aprons, caps, cushions, etc., reveals where the modern artist seeks his inspiration. Very curious are the drinking horns, which form the only industry of the herdsman; these huge horns are all differently ornamented, though the main design is similar in each.

The "Making of an Etching" has proved so attractive a feature of the New York Public Library print galleries, that it will be continued during this month. Technical dryness has been relegated to the background. The exhibition illustrates the tools and plates and descriptions or pictures of processes; on showing a roulette, for instance, its effects in a Whistler plate are shown, too. Soft ground etching is explained in showing the work of J. D. Smillie, Jacque and Maroy, while etchings by Goya, Delacroix, Klinger, Mielatz, Turner and Helen Hyde illustrate the employment of aquatint. Furthermore, sand paper mezzotints, Scotch stone are treated of, and the various papers and inks used. Finally "states" are discussed, counterproofs, correcting, and cancelling, so that one leaves this exhibition with the grateful feeling that he can in future regard an etching, if not as a connoisseur, at least with some discernment. Mr. Weitenkampf is deserving of much commendation for this enterprise.

A PORTRAIT BUST OF RAYMOND WYER DIRECTOR OF THE HACKLEY GALLERY MUSKEGON, MICH. BY JO DAVIDSON

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In the Galleries

Deceased American artists lived again last month in their exhibition held at the Macbeth Gallery, one of the very best displays of sane and solid painting that this eminent firm has ever shown. The intention was to call a halt to modern movements in art and make the beholder pause before condemning older phases. It is fortunately possible to enjoy the work of good innovators of today, while worshipping at the shrine of Homer, Inness, Wyant & Co., for in art one can hunt with the hare and with the hound without being untrue to principle. Among lesser known canvases were to be seen Twachtman's *Niagara*, with only the roar of the cataract missing, a delightful green Inness *Summer Foliage*, which in artists' jargon may be termed a "ringer," and Theodore Robinson's *The Red Gown*, which would be a charming canvas were it not for the execrable draughtsmanship in the arms, which appear to be suffering from atrophy.

In the lower galleries *Sketches in Passing* by Frederick J. Waugh have created much interest—notes on canvas on a Mediterranean trip. Fresh, single-sitting sketches, charming and at the same time vigorous, mark the artist's impressions of the passing show, not omitting a cyclone seen from the wheelhouse. Peeps at Vesuvius, Sorrento, Capri, Fayal and Gibraltar are simple, spontaneous efforts of the brush, very convincing in their presentment.

To get together four Antonio Moros is no mean task, and such an assembly would in itself be sufficient plea for an exhibition. These were shown recently at the Ehrich Galleries in company with contemporaneous paintings of other schools, such as El Greco, Hemessen, Pourbus and Benson. *Portrait of a Spanish Prince* is a rare piece of colour and workmanship, from the wiry chestnut hair to the suit of Damascene armour beneath the court ruffle.

The Meunier Exhibition was followed by another one-man show at the Avery Library, Columbia University. Gutzon Borglum requires no introduction. Some forty pieces of sculpture, indeed a great output, bronze, marble and plaster, showed him in his continual search after truth and nature in artistic rendering.

The awakening to motherhood in *Conception*

AUF WIEDERSEHEN — BY CARTON MOOREPARK

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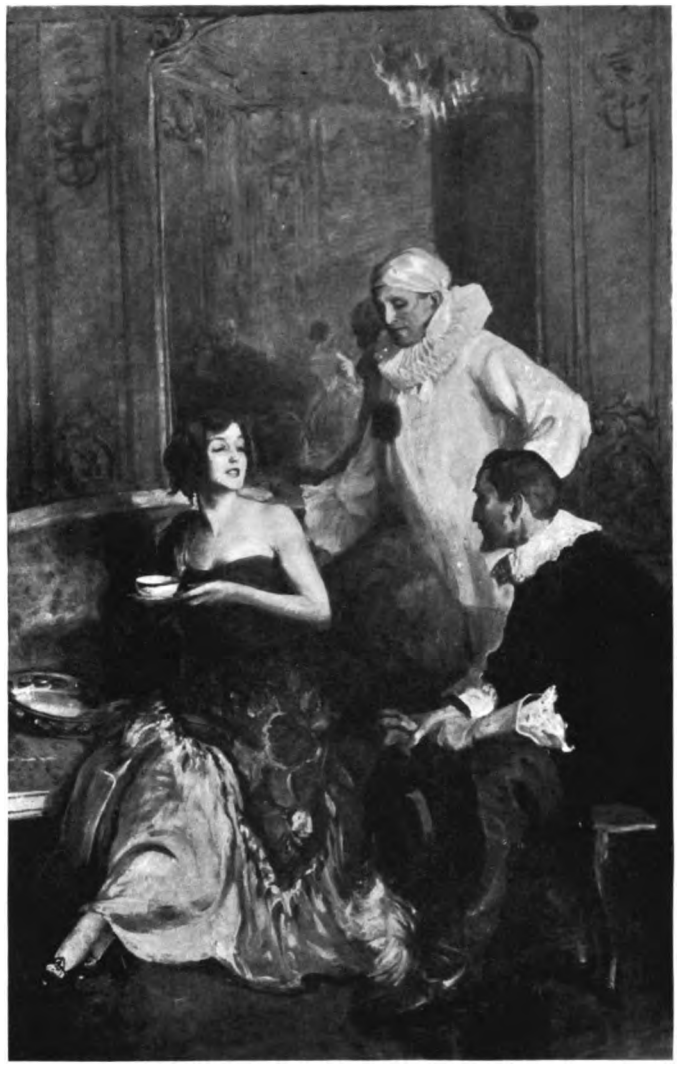

PORTRAIT GROUP "AT THE BALL" BY DEWITT M. LOCKMAN

is beautiful symbolism expressed in dignified language.

Bernhard Gutmann's work called for special mention in our February issue. During the first half of March he held an exhibition of thirty-five canvases at the Arlington Art Galleries, which fully bore out the good opinion we formed of his art. Special attention was given by visitors to a magnificent nude, which for composition, quality and colour puts into the shade anything we have seen of the kind, not omitting Manet's famous courtesan, *Olympia*. His Breton scenes are full of the right colour, and while broadly painted have an unmistakable feeling of poetry, which permeates all his work.

A portrait of his little daughter, with specially designed frame and curtain arrangement, testified to his poetic imagination, which came to further utterance in some delightful still-lifes of flowers, one of which might have been sold half a dozen times over.

Twenty Monets have been on view at the Durand-Ruel Galleries of very varying interest. His *Bassin aux nymphéas*, 1889, and *Nymphéas, paysage d'eau*, 1906, are charming studies of bridge, lake and waterlilies. Many of the canvases, such, for instance, as *Venise, rio della Salute*, would command little respect under another name.

The Goupil Galleries have been holding an exhibition of the water-colours by J. Montgomery Flagg, known to many only as an illustrator. In the sketches of *Staple Inn*, *St. Paul's*, *The Joy of Living*, where an automobile proves its artistic merits as component part of a picture, and especially in his *Fog Outside*, Mr. Flagg achieves high rank among water colourists. His *Noisy Gorge*, though capital in design, is an illustrator's job, very excellent as such and only as such.

Our illustration, *Auf Wiedersehen*, is the work of the well-known portraitist, Carton Moorepark, who has just concluded a successful exhibition at Washington, D. C., in the Shelby Clarke Galleries, where, among other paintings, he showed his latest work, a portrait of W. J. Burns.

The portrait bust reproduced on p. lxiv represents one of the most active museum directors in America, Mr. Raymond Wyer, modelled by Jo Davidson. It is a strong piece of spontaneous characterization, and gives an excellent idea of the man behind the mask.

The group entitled *At the Ball* is a painting by Dewitt M. Lockman, which is one of the attractions of the National Association of Portrait Painters' Exhibition, 1914.

A date has not yet been arranged for an exhibition of the interesting work of the late A. T. Millar. Meanwhile Mr. Solon Borglum has been successful in disposing of two paintings by that artist, one, *The Pool*, to Mr. W. T. Evans, for his private collection, and the other, *The Waterfall*, for the National Gallery at Washington.

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In the Galleries

We reproduce a photo by Mrs. Francesca Bostwick, who showed many excellent plates at the recent Photographic Exhibition in the Ehrich Galleries.

Mr. Eugene Higgins is well known to visitors of etching exhibitions and has recently held a private show at St. Marks-in-the-Bouverie. His work is exceedingly original and always deals with the seamy side of life, whose tragedies he portrays with skill and feeling.

Recent work of Julius Rolshoven has been on view at the Reinhardt Galleries. Besides a number of Oriental subjects vividly realized, he showed several fine interiors and an excellent canvas, such as seldom greets gallery goers, entitled *La Danseuse*. It is just a girl with raised frock, practising a new step, but drawing and colour and rare structural quality make it a masterpiece.

Our reproduction of *By the Sea* by Winslow Homer represents one of the finest examples of Homer's work. This picture is from the collection of Dr. Alexander C. Humphreys, president of the Stevens Institute of Technology, which is on view for an indefinite period at the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh.

A PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANCESCA BOSTWICK

Loan Exhibition, Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh

BY THE SEA SIDE BY WINSLOW HOMER

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RUSSIAN PEASANTS
ETCHING BY EUGENE HIGGINS

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The International Studio

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PLATES

GEORGE SHERINGHAM
Decoration Painted on Silk
THE DREAM OF MAXEN WLEDIG, EMPEROR OF ROME
Frontispiece

GEORGE SHERINGHAM
Painted Silk Fan
THE WAVE
Facing Page 176

GEORGE SHERINGHAM
Painted Silk Fans
THE RUNAWAY FAUN *and* THE FOUNTAIN
Facing Page 182

GEORGE SHERINGHAM
Water-Colour on Silk
WU-SIN-YIN THE GREAT
Facing Page 186

AEMILIA ARS SOCIETY
Needlepoint Lace
Facing Page 198

ALFRED HARTLEY, R.E.
Aquatint
HERRING BOATS, ST. IVES
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DAVID WATERSON, R.E.
Mezzotint
ONE SUMMER'S DAY
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JAPANESE PRINTS and PAINTINGS

FRANCIS LATHROP, the artist, died almost four years ago, bequeathing his entire collection to the Metropolitan Musem of Art. Unfortunately, the conditions of the bequest were such that it could not legally be accepted. The collection of Japanese prints was probably the most important historically ever formed. I have been selling the prints and paintings at private sale, but it takes years to dispose of a collection this size. There are over five thousand prints and almost three hundred paintings still unsold. Among these are many of the finest. The entire net proceeds of this sale go to form a fund to be known as the "Lathrop Fund," to be used to purchase paintings by American artists for the Metropolitan Museum. Every purchaser is therefore a contributor to that fund. This spring I have marked the prices still lower, it being my duty to settle the estate as rapidly as possible, so that a rare opportunity is now offered to collectors.

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ART EVENTS IN SAN FRANCISCO

WE ARE indebted to Mr. George T. Plowman for the following contribution:

Many are the signs pointing to a most interesting season in art matters in San Francisco. The opening of the Exposition in less than a year is already foreshadowed in an awakening of interest in things artistic. The local societies are unusually active, foremost among them being the Sketch Club, which is now most comfortably housed in the new Studio Building, 1373 Post Street. Here the fine galleries are rarely idle. Among a number of their recent exhibits, none attracted more attention than the lithographs by members of the Senefelder Club of London. It was indeed a treat to see the work of this club which, under the leadership of Mr. Joseph J. Pennell, is doing so much toward the revival of artistic lithography.

Another unusually interesting exhibit, which in a way is connected with the Exposition, is that of the mural painters. These artists, to whose hands the decoration of the Exposition palaces has been entrusted, have combined in showing about one hundred canvases at the Palace Hotel. In this way the public has had the opportunity of enjoying the work of Frederick M. du Mond, Frank Vincent du Mond, Childe Hassam, Robert Reid, Edward E. Simmons, William de Leftwich Dodge, Charles Holloway, Milton H. Bancroft; Jules Guerin, chief of the colour department for the Exposition, and from England Frank Brangwyn, who is represented by a number of paintings. This collection is one of the most important exhibited here in years and, judging from the attendance and sales, is much appreciated.

An interesting exhibition of tempera painting by George Haushalter at the galleries of Vickery, Atkins & Torrey, was followed by a charming collection of water colours by Francis McComas, whose subjects were as usual from the desert country of Arizona and New Mexico, where he makes his home. None has more faithfully portrayed the spirit of this wonderful land of the South, the mystery and brilliant colouring of the mesa and the distant mountains.

The California Society of Etchers is another organization which will be one of the factors in the art life of the ensuing year. After a successful exhibition at the Sketch Club rooms, in San Francisco, the etchings which represented some fifty exhibitors were shown at ten other cities on the coast. This society hopes to have a club room and an etching press in readiness for the use of visiting etchers during the Exposition. These exhibitions are forerunners of many interesting pre-Exposition events and promise to be a fitting introduction to the art of 1915.

GRAPHIC ARTS EXHIBITION IN LEIPSIC

THE International Exhibition of Graphic Arts and Book Industries in Leipsic, Germany, from May to October of this year, will celebrate the 150th anniversary of the founding of the Leipsic Academy of Graphic Arts and will be under the patronage of the King of Saxony. It will be a complete resumé of everything pertaining

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"THE DREAM OF MAXEN WLEDIG, EMPEROR OF ROME."
DECORATION PAINTED ON SILK BY GEORGE SHERINGHAM

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The
INTERNATIONAL STUDIO

VOL. LII. No. 207

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APROPOS OF ALBERT STERNER
BY CHRISTIAN BRINTON

LET us for to-day put aside category and classification. Let us suppress the list of portraits the subject of our causerie has painted, say nothing of the prizes he has procured, the museums which have purchased his works, or the various professional organizations he has dignified with his presidency. In order properly to approach him you must employ a certain flexibility of mind and mo[illegible] If you persist in thinking of him in conventional terms you will fail to grasp the significance of his personality or the spirit of his production. It is not the externals that here count, but rather those main[illegible]ngs of feeling and impulse which are the essence of creative activity in any field of endeavour.

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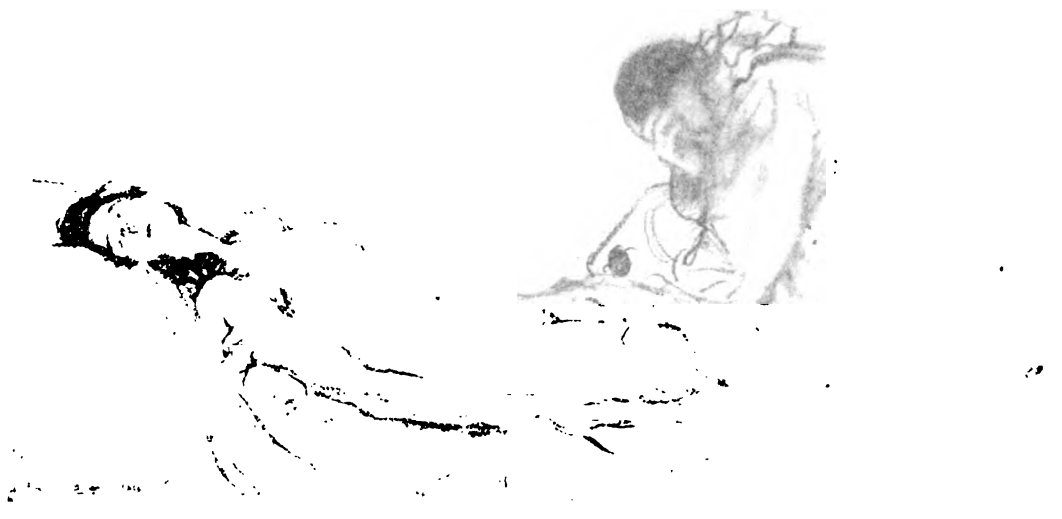

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LITHOGR[illegible]

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"THE DREAM OF MAXEN WLEDIG, EMPEROR OF ROME."
DECORATION PAINTED ON SILK BY GEORGE SHERINGHAM

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The
INTERNATIONAL
· STUDIO ·

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APROPOS OF ALBERT STERNER

BY CHRISTIAN BRINTON

LET us for to-day put aside category and classification. Let us suppress the list of portraits the subject of our causerie has painted, say nothing of the prizes he has procured, the museums which have purchased his works, or the various professional organizations he has dignified with his presidency. In order properly to approach him you must employ a certain flexibility of mind and mood. If you persist in thinking of him in conventional terms you will fail to grasp the significance of his personality or the spirit of his production. It is not the externals that here count, but rather those mainsprings of feeling and impulse which are the essence of creative activity in any field of endeavour.

Somewhere—call it for the sake of comprehensiveness London—there was born, say half a century since, a lad whose destiny it was to remain throughout his lifetime in a state of animated suspension. The fact that he in due course developed into an artist is less significant than the fact that he has been able so successfully to resist the process of esthetic precipitation. He in brief never became solidified, and his work gradually grew to be appreciated quite as much for what it was not as for what it actually was. Next to the possession of a restless, cosmopolitan racial heritage, the most conspicuous feature of his temperament is that he has never been willing, or able, to evolve a set formula. Each subject seems to exact its own special treatment, and that is why his work as a whole remains so elusive and unequal. Art with him has not yet, and doubtless never will, become a standardized product.

Whatever your accomplishments in other direc-

AMOUR MORT — LITHOGRAPH BY ALBERT STERNER

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RED CHALK DRAWING BY ALBERT STERNER

tions, it is safe to assume that your knowledge of geography is too restricted, and your taste for perpetual motion too rudimentary, to follow, even in retrospect, Albert Sterner in his flittings across the face of Europe and America. He has inhabited at various epochs England, Germany, France, Italy, Spain, and the States. His occupations have been numerous and diversified. At different intervals he has been confidential secretary to a wealthy Gaggenau ironmaster, and designer of such incongruous objects as ecclesiastical stained glass windows and sprightly supper cards. He has confronted Chicago with courage, and settled with an air of appealing permanency in Munich, or Paris, only to discover himself after a few weeks immured in the constriction of New York studio life. And yet, while it is to his enduring credit that he did not remain either physically or esthetically stationary, it must be confessed that he meantime applied himself with no scant seriousness of purpose to whatever the task that came to hand. Appearances and disappearances to the contrary, it was not along the path of least resistance, but of sober persistence that he progressed.

Concisely presented, the story of Sterner's 'prentice period resolves itself into the story of how and why he managed to preserve his proper artistic identity. It is the possession of a certain fundamental fluidity of temper which seems, more than all else, to have arrested in him the customary process of crystallization. The justification of his general attitude and practice came quite by chance when he was one day visiting the studio of that consummate master of decorative composition, Eugène Grasset. The younger man, enthusiastic over the elder's firm clarity of design, momentarily deplored his own lack of definite style, whereat the Frenchman, with sagacious insight, exclaimed: "*Le style! n'en parlez pas; ça viendra trop tôt!*" And here, indeed, you have the crux of the matter. It was through refusing to draw or paint according to an accepted receipt that Sterner kept his impressions free and their expression flexible. The individual contrived, through a fortuitous combination of circumstances, to triumph over, or at least escape from being crushed by, the academic system.

Should your taste for analysis still be unappeased, we shall go a step further and complete our diagnosis by adding that not alone has the absence of a fixed manner, but the presence of a definite mood, been of vital importance in the unfolding of Albert Sterner's art. From the outset it has been mood—*Stimmung* in German, *stämning* in Swedish, mere mood in English—which has been the active principle of his production. Glance with gracious discrimination through these pages, or

PORTRAIT SKETCH BY ALBERT STERNER

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Owned by Mrs. Egerton L. Winthrop, Jr.

LA SURPRISE
RED CHALK DRAWING
BY ALBERT STERNER

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better, a portfolio of originals, and you will gather what is meant by the predominance of mood in this work. Each of these subjects typifies a distinct state of feeling, and the treatment in every instance grows out of, and is conditioned by, the theme in question. Bound by no professional predilections or preconceptions, the artist has been able to approach his task in buoyant, unfettered vein, and hence the work at its best reveals the precious spontaneity of life itself. Once he has seized the inner significance of a given scene or episode, he permits the rest to shift for itself. Design may sometimes be undeveloped, and details casually suggested or wholly suppressed, but the spirit seldom escapes him. And that spirit is now correctly mundane, now rebellious, and again caressing, brutal, or sensuous. The impression conveyed in each case is one of convincing reality, a reality coloured, however, by a rare and complex receptivity.

NUDE STUDY BY ALBERT STERNER

It is inevitable that such a versatile emotional equipment should seek outlet through a variety of channels. Albert Sterner is a man of many media. He boasts a medium for every mood, employing at will oils, pastel, red chalk, crayon, charcoal, pencil, pen and ink, water-colour, and the impromptu possibilities of the monotype.

He drifts adroitly from one to the other, because he has devoted an incredible amount of time and patience to the practice of each in turn. During that stressful period when he was mastering at first hand the technique of lithographic drawing and printing, he disappeared for months into darkest Philadelphia, while on other occasions he would dash off to his Newport home just to trace slender silhouettes of the waterfront with ships rocking softly at anchor. Capricious and unaccountable he assuredly is, yet beneath this super-volatile surface lurks a solid groundwork of rigorous self-discipline. He has never shirked that essential grammar of his craft without which artistic effort remains a mere amateurish pastime. He can be free, because he first learned how to be faithful.

It would be sheer pedantry to tabulate Albert Sterner's activities in the province of illustration, portraiture, decorative composition, or the graphic arts in their stimulating diversity of accent. Though circumstance and training have qualified him to attack any problem, that in which he evinces the keenest delight, and from which he extracts his finest effects, is the human, or, to be more specific, the female form. As the object of our loftiest ideals and aspirations, and the occasion of our fugitive and impermanent moments of pleasure, woman plays a predominant part in the life of every man of sensitive endowment, and of none is this more true than of Sterner. In common with all that falls within his esthetic radius, he employs the figure as a vehicle for the expression of some particular emotion or phase of feeling. His method is the same as elsewhere, the result, however, usually disclosing an ampler vision and an increased intensity of response. Here a delicate echo of French eighteenth century frivolity, there a frail straggler from the *Commedia dell' arte* stretched motionless upon the couch, these fragments of femininity are rarely without their eloquent appeal to brain and sense. In gazing at them you recall Watteau and Verlaine, Beaudelaire and Poe, while now and then imagination flies across the Rhine into the forest-clad Fatherland or drifts imperceptible

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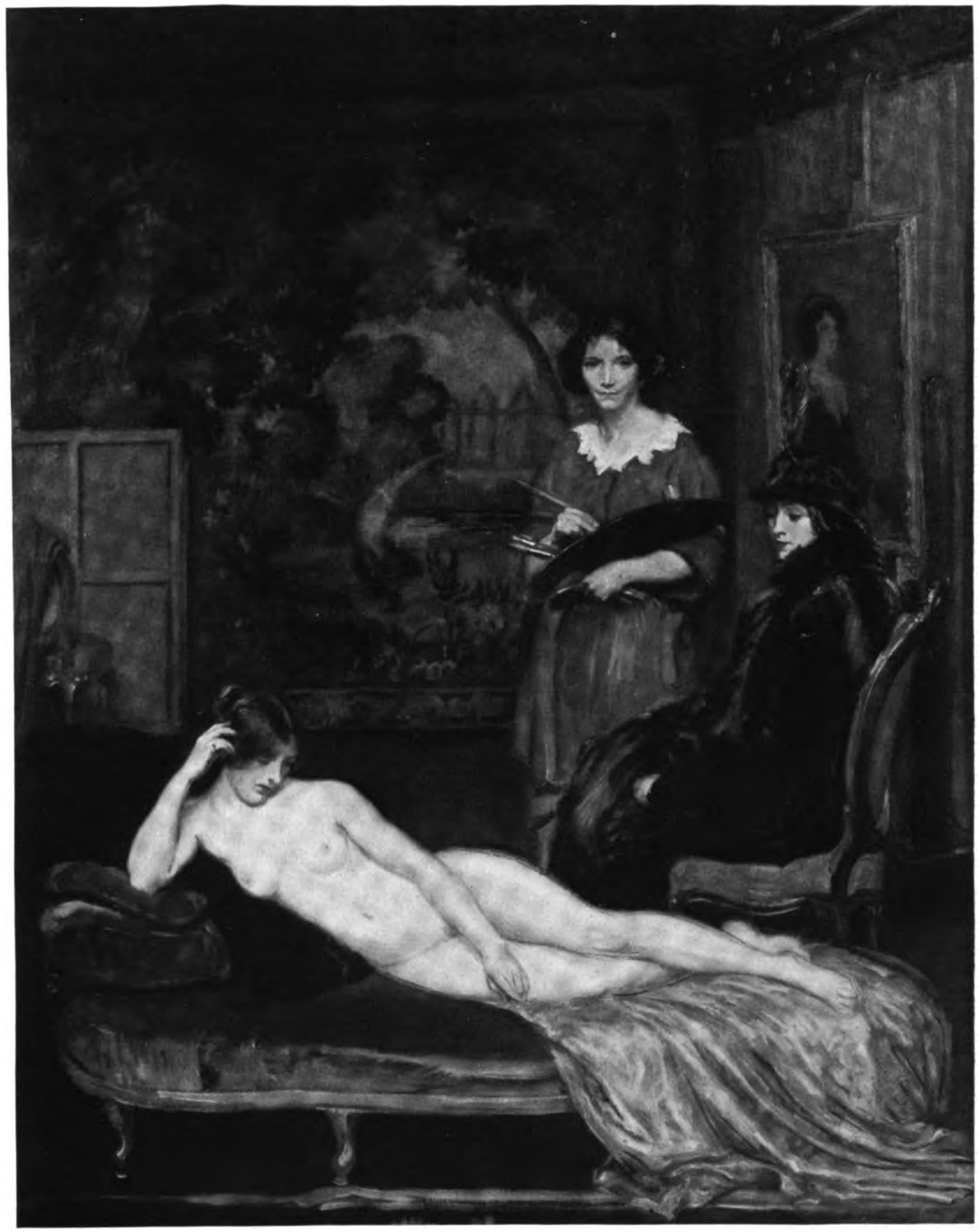

IN THE STUDIO
PAINTING BY ALBERT STERNER

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REMORSE BY ALBERT STERNER

tibly toward the enigmatic East. It is inevitable that these pictorial improvisations in coloured chalk, crayon, or pencil should be eclectic in character, for they are the offshoots of a fancy which is deep-rooted in the past, and which is not infrequently forced to travel far in order to discover a congenial setting.

You will doubtless by now begin to wonder whether it is expedient to lavish such luxuriant phraseology upon a mere, local personage whom most of us know by sight or meet currently in club and café. Is it done merely for the sake of being whimsical, or is there any justification for such an attitude? The answer is simply that art, as a rule, survives not more by virtue of actual achievement than through what it is capable of suggesting, and it is in this same power of suggestion that resides the secret of Sterner's appeal. Viewed in perspective, his multiple attainments in widely scattered fields are secondary to the fact that here is a man who lingers persistently, and to no scant purpose, upon the borderland between the definite and the undefined. The virile, positive side of his nature craves concision of form and contour, while that strain of psychic restlessness which is not less characteristic of his temperament takes refuge in a certain haunting incompletion, in intimations and intentions rather than direct realizations. His art, in consequence, remains, as always, subjective instead of objective. More a promise than a performance, it expresses, let us add in recapitulation, a series of vivid emotional reactions. It is out of gaiety, anguish, abandonment, or pathos that these little scenes or more ambitious essays are compounded. The essential graphic or chromatic facts are there, but they are transfused into something that lives for itself alone, and tells its story independently of obvious technical considerations.

Lest you think Albert Sterner a creature who exists solely in the verdant vocabulary of art writers, it may be a wise precaution to translate him into the terminology of everyday vision and experience. You will not, moreover, find him disquietingly different from the customary travelled citizen of the world. He dresses with requisite circumspection, and is noted for his love of music and his ready command of languages. He is, in fact, tri-lingual, speaking French, German, and English, with the same voluble distinction. Though he appears to advantage in any company, it is in the industrious intimacy of his Gramercy Park studio that one gets in touch with the actual man. Listen to him play a sonata, or watch him at work upon a portrait sketch or some more pre-

STUDY BY ALBERT STERNER

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Owned by Mrs. George L. Boyer, of Boston, Mass.

PORTRAIT DRAWING IN THREE CHALKS OF
MRS. CATHARINE GARDNER BOYER
BY ALBERT STERNER

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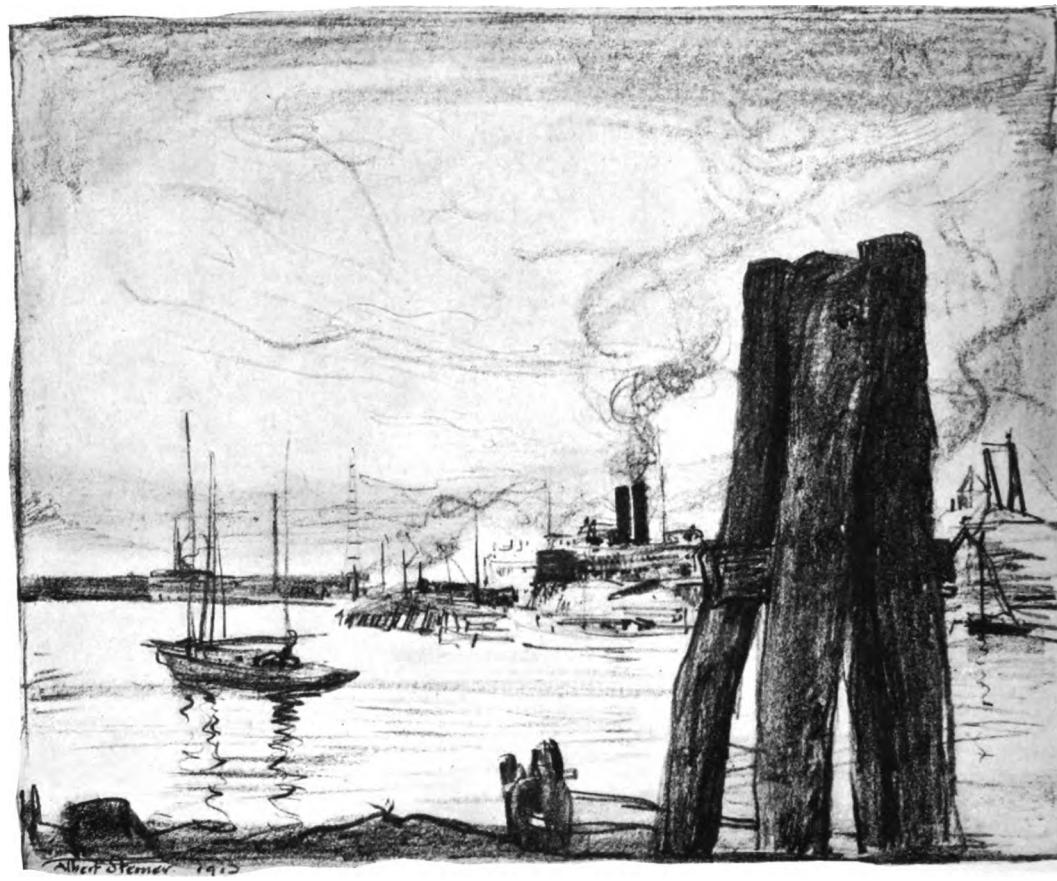

NARRAGANSETT BAY — BY ALBERT STERNER

tentious project, and you will better comprehend a method which offers a judicious combination of concentration and inspiration. He is qualified to take infinite pains, to carry a given scheme as far as necessary, though he prefers to stop before the point of sterile subserviency has been reached. For one whose attitude is so individual and temperamental it is, by the way, of particular interest to note that his favourite masters are Holbein and Ingres.

Chatting blithely in German or French, with, now and then, a passing concession to the local idiom, he catches a capital likeness, or adds a passage of modelling that would escape the ordinary eye. His fund of fancy and reminiscence finds outlet in countless diverting asides, yet all the while he is blocking in a head or building up a composition with his customary purposeful freedom. And when he finally tosses aside a bit of charcoal, or lays by his brushes, something of this same precious inventive zest has been transfixed upon paper or canvas. Like the man himself, the studio reflects an atmosphere of refined cosmopolitanism. Scattered about are books on a bewildering variety of topics. Within the space of a few feet you encounter the literary and artistic legacy of latter-day Europe, with here and there objects that witness his abiding love of the Primitives, Flemish or Italian. The place exhales an atmosphere of intellect and industry, and as such is typical of its proprietor.

The sun having meanwhile swung around to the west, and the light grown too defective for further work, you stroll over to the windows of the Louis-Seize salonnette, and glance down at the park covered with fresh-fallen snow. A group of children are tracing fantastic figures upon the smooth, white surface. Thoughtlessly, spontaneously, they scamper to and fro, leaving behind curious patterns. They appear, however unconsciously, to express some innate sense of rhythm, to possess an inherent, unspoiled appreciation of line and form. He watches them with undisguised delight, for their spirit seems in perfect consonance with his own, which, too, is one of esthetic adventure.

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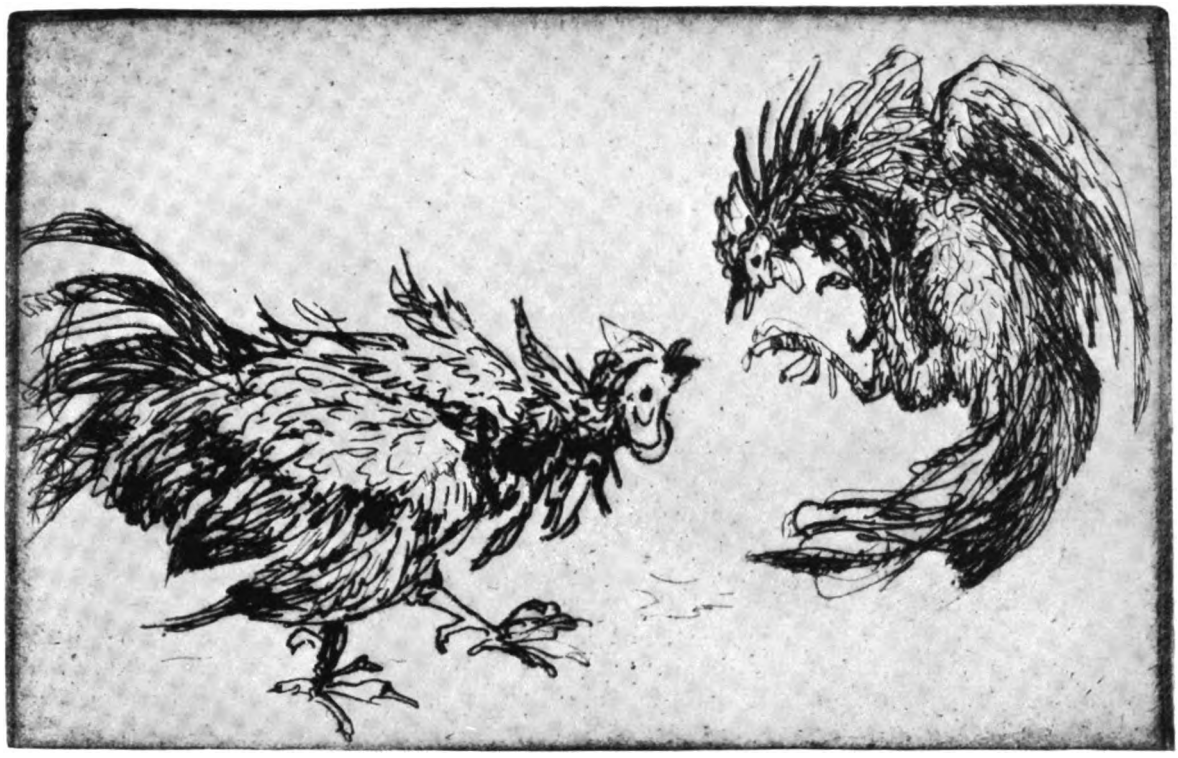

THE COCK-FIGHT BY ANNE GOLDTHWAITE

THE ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN ETCHERS

BY FORBES WATSON

RECENTLY the Association of American Etchers held its second annual exhibition in New York. Twenty-eight artists showed a group of one hundred prints, and it is not necessary to take up in detail the work of each in order to bring out the fact that this society, together with other recently formed associations in different parts of the country, is helping greatly to encourage and develope the American etcher. The few accompanying reproductions have been chosen, not because they are more significant than much of the other work shown this year by the Association, but because they give an idea of the variety of the prints exhibited.

Beginning with Anne Goldthwaite's spirited *Cock-fight*, we find in the work of the artists which has been reproduced, distinct individuality in outlook and expression. D. S. MacLaughlin, in his *Leaves of Asola*, has given us a fresh appreciation of the rich opulent Italian landscape and in Henry Winslow's *The Carpenter's Shop* a reticent hint of romance tells of a true feeling for the subject, which is expressed by sound and delicate craftsmanship.

Contrasting with these old-world subjects is Earl Horter's *Smelters—Pittsburgh*, a decorative treatment of the most spectacular of modern activities. In landscapes there is much variety in subject and in treatment, as one may see by examining the peaceful landscape, *L'Église a Grand Marne*, by Lester G. Hornby; *The Harlem River*, by Gustav Goetsch, or the design of two dead trees, by Ernest Haskell, while Mahonri Young's *Tewa* and John W. Cotton's *A Belgium Farm*, airy, light and decorative, are individually distinctive.

Interiors with figures have been seen by Eugene Higgins and Allen Lewis, and in *The Rent Bill* and *The Lady on the Stair*, broadly massed design is enlivened by human interest, depicted from a genuinely pictorial point of view. The work of Allen Lewis is further represented in the accompaying cuts by *Old Woman Reading*, convincing in characterization. Detailed reference might easily be continued to include the charmed delicacy of the work of John Marin, the healthy native quality of Ralph M. Pearson, the sympathetic feeling for the romance of European subjects shown in the work of George Aid and George T. Plowman, and, in fact, many of the other artists in the enthusiastic young association. But it is perhaps more important after this preliminary glimpse at the work shown to indicate what may

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be expected from the efforts of such an association under existing conditions.

To any one who has been closely in touch with the recent development of art in America, the present situation must appeal as one of great possibilities. In many respects it is unique. The unabated activity of our collectors who cover a broader and broader field is paralleled by a far more significant activity, namely, that of the creative artist. Masterpieces are not made every day and talent is at all periods a rare human manifestation. Light talents abound, but he who is capable of creating a work of art that shall outlive the epoch in which it is made is himself the creation of certain happy conditions. And the elements of such conditions are now apparent.

THE LADY ON THE STAIR BY ALLEN LEWIS

A large portion of the United States is still in the pioneer stage, but in every part of the country states, cities, towns and individuals are enthusiastically devoted to art in one form or another. Perhaps it is a little reckless to use the word art so freely. But there is, if not the consummation, at least the desire. Everywhere the interest in sculpture, painting, music and other esthetic manifestations increases. Some of the interest is on the surface, but much of it goes deeper. We are acquiring by leaps and bounds and mistakes are frequent through timidity and ignorance; yet the severest observer cannot help seeing our advance.

In spite of the timidity of many collectors, of their desire to have "standardized" art, a few brave men exist who respond to contemporary artistic thought and are willing to acquire a work of art because it moves them, and not because it has a certain number of "experts'" certificates appended to it and is signed by a world-famous artist. These comparatively few brave men make it possible for the contemporary artist to exist, and the fact that more unofficial work is being bought is one of the good signs of the times. It is the sign of a living interest, of an advance beyond the timid, conservative stage of preciosity.

No phase of artistic endeavour has been so hemmed in by preciosity as etching. An etching that had not made one trip across the Atlantic, even when done by an American, was thought to be lacking in some intangible distinction; and at least another decade would have been required for Whistler's prints to have gained their pre-eminent position if they had come out of Portland, Oregon, instead of London. Slowly this attitude has suffered a change, and although it is still a little uncouth of an etcher not merely to be born in Texas but to do his work there, people are not as much afraid of him as they used to be. It has become permissible to etch something besides old world streets, famous cathedrals and the lagoons of

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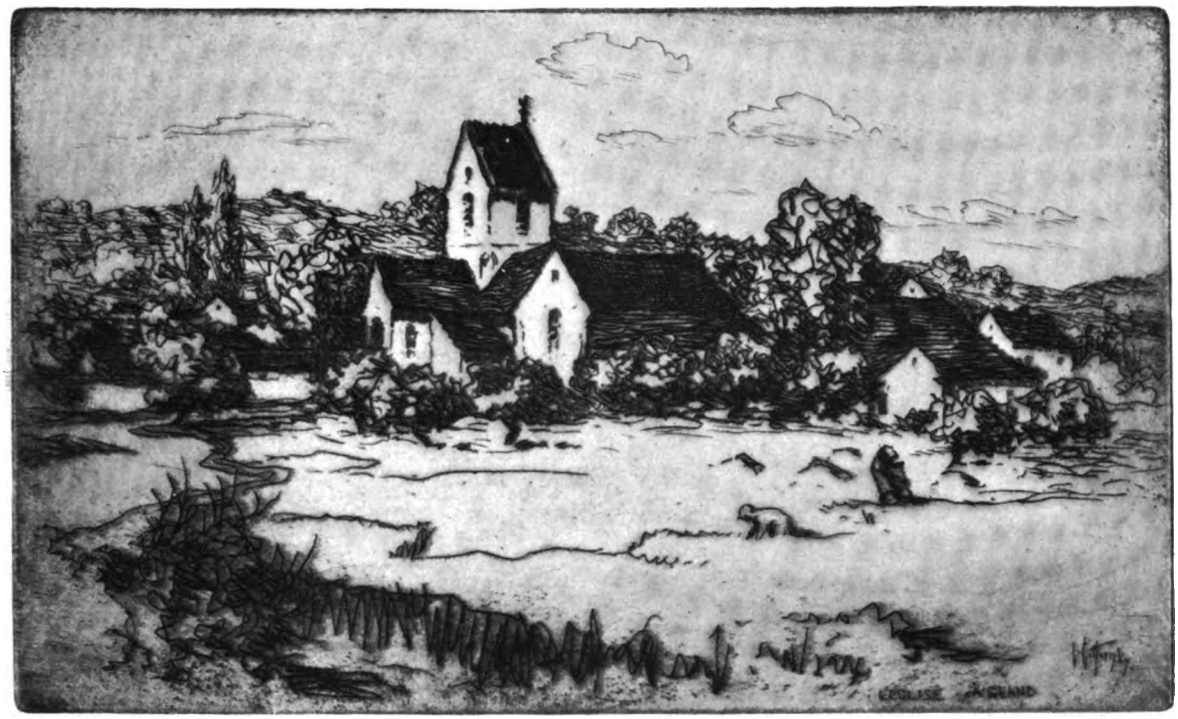
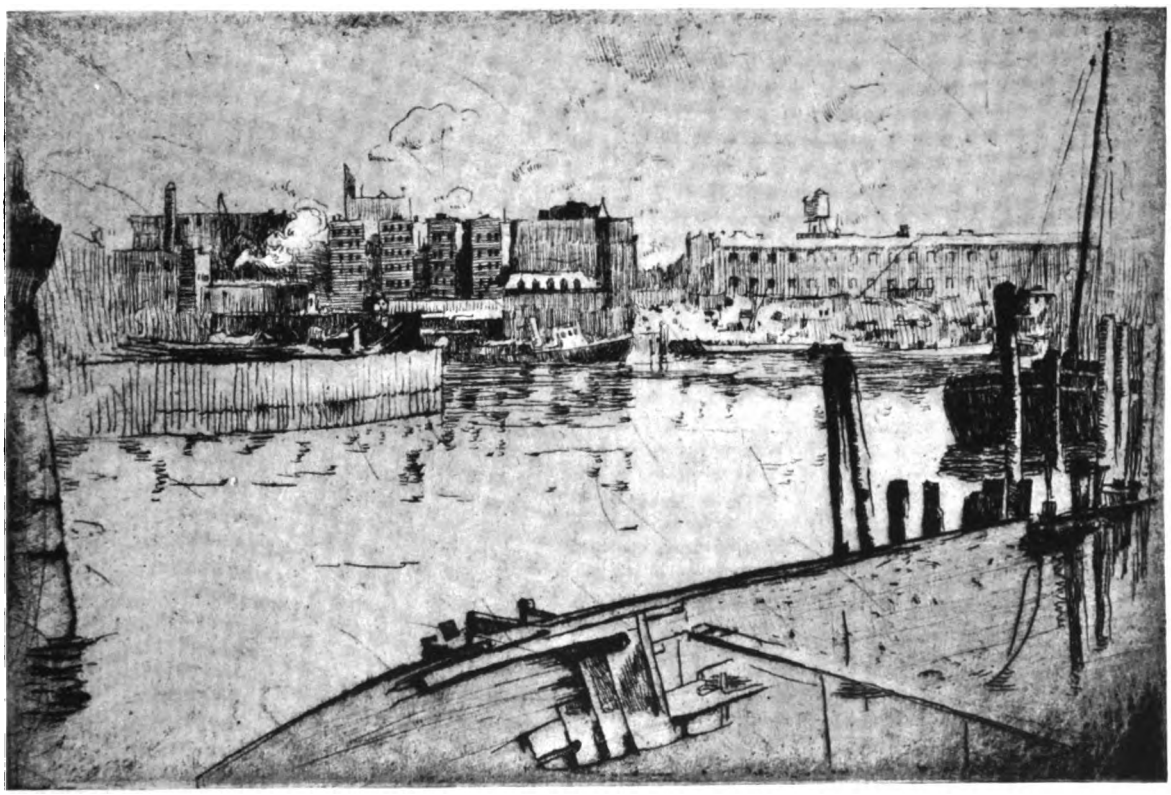


L'ÉGLISE A GRAND MARNE — BY LESTER G. HORNBY



ON THE HARLEM RIVER — BY GUSTAV F. GOETSCH

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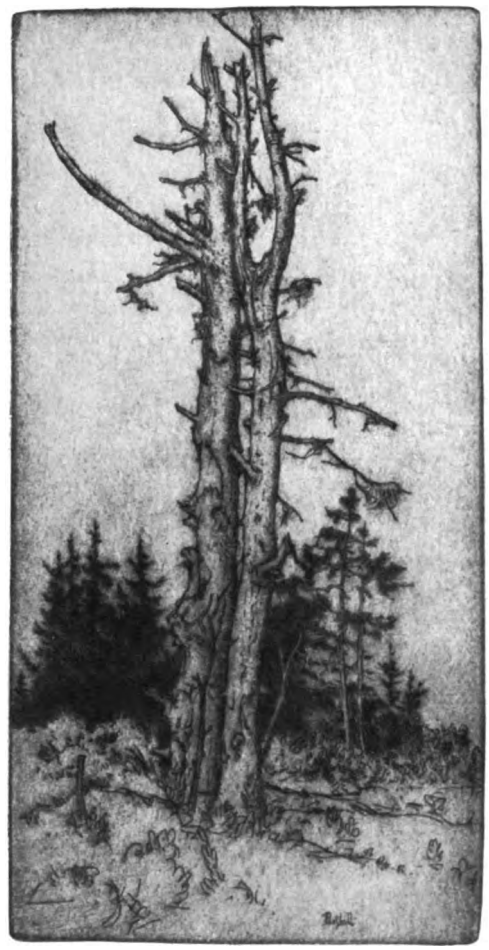
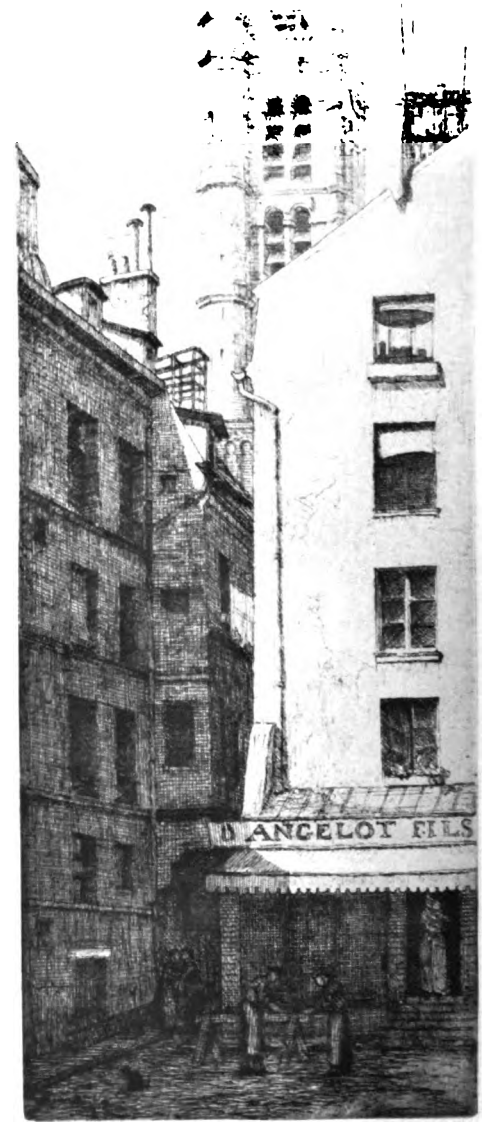


DEAD SISTERS BY ERNEST HASKELL

Venice. While it is, of course, not the subject but the artist's response to it that counts, it does not seem to be stretching the point to find in the increasing interest of the American etcher in his own country a first step toward a healthier attitude. It adds to his freedom of outlook and offers an opportunity to look at the world with a fresh eye and to respond to what he sees more naturally and intimately. In painting this first step was taken long ago in America, but etching, like architecture, has advanced along more conservative lines and held closely and fearfully to the paths indicated by tradition.

In the formation of the American Association of Etchers a step has been taken toward increased facility in the meeting of the artist and his public. The active Chicago society has done much in bringing out native talent, and this year the New York society was formed, but these and other recently organized groups of American etchers are by no means the first to enter the field. It is more than a generation since etchers' clubs were founded in several cities. The organization of such institutions or associations is to be encouraged for several reasons. The practical reasons may be taken for granted; it is the artistic reasons that are most important. But the two cannot be entirely separated.

American etching has made a good start, and has before it a future that must fascinate the imaginative; but the future, thus so optimistically looked forward to, depends on several conditions, and these are worth going into a little, if only to make clearer the relation of the etcher and his



THE CARPENTER'S SHOP BY HY. WINSLOW

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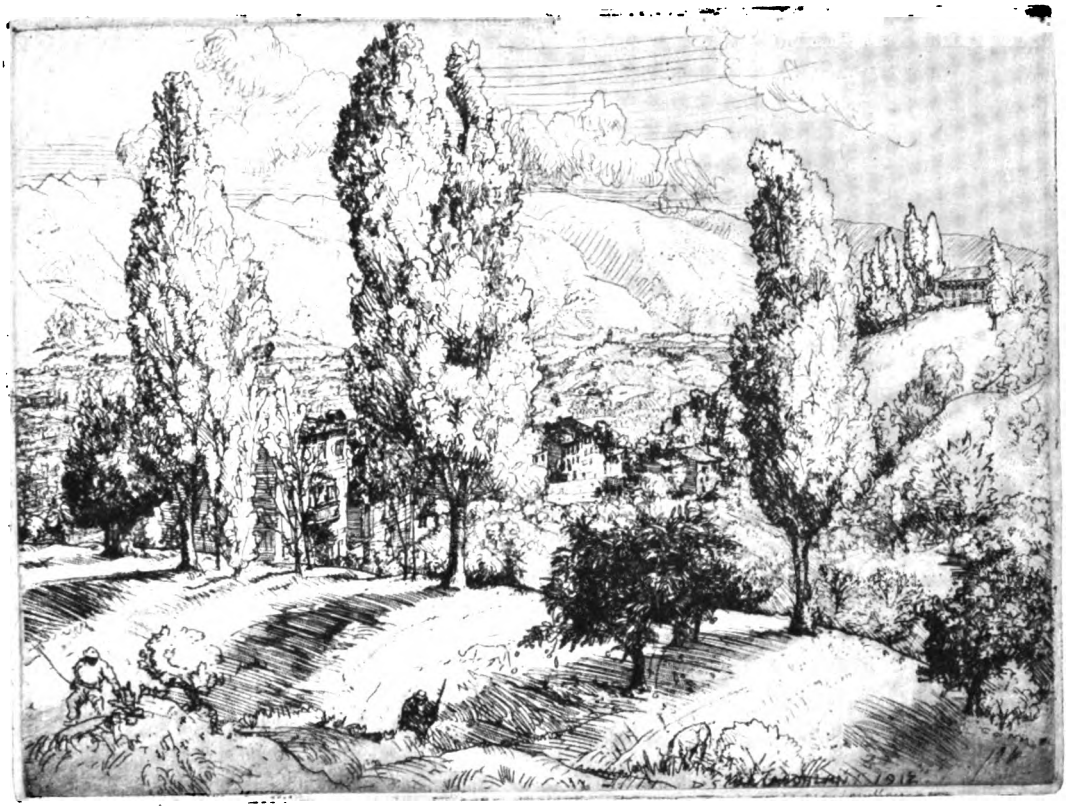
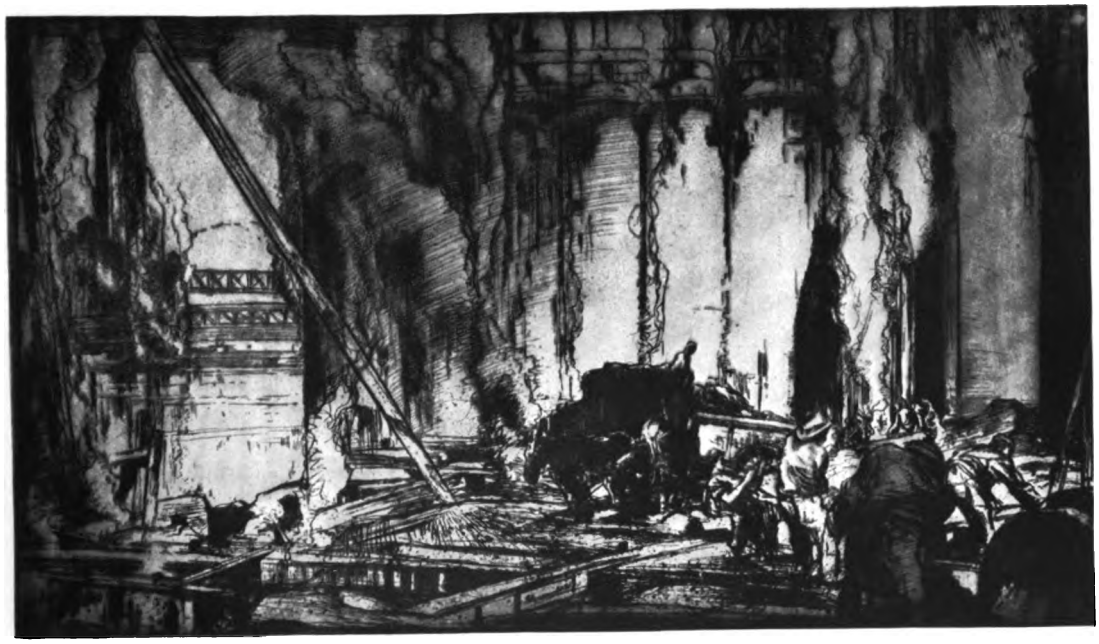


LEAVES OF ASOLA

BY D. S. MACLAUGHLIN



SMELTERS, PITTSBURGH

BY EARL HORTER

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public, a relation the importance of which cannot well be overstated. Remembering the fate of Méryon, that unfortunate genius whose influence on such etchers as Cameron and Muirhead Bone has been invaluable, one might be led to suppose that the public had little to do with the fate of etching. But it is only exceptional geniuses who survive in spite of the neglect of the public. If all etchers were treated as Méryon was, the revival of etching, now happily advancing, would soon become a thing of the past.

The public cannot make an artist, but it can save him. And if associations like the present can so manage their affairs that they can show their work to a large public, if in return the public encourages them with discrimination and justice, then the men of talent will survive and grow stronger, and the others succumb, as they should, to the fate that denied them talent

The nearest approach to such an ideal state of affairs can only take place if public and etcher meet freely and easily, if the artist is true to himself and never "works down," and if the public frees itself from preciosity and snobbishness by buying prints for their artistic merit and not for their creator's prestige or the meretricious speculative value of a rare "state."

The first annual exhibition of The Association of American Etchers was shown in many American cities, and it is now planned to show it in Europe also. In a word, the group of artists whose work is herein reproduced is to face a wide public, some of them not for the first time, since they have won recognition both here and abroad.

THE RENT BILL BY EUGENE HIGGINS

As a community responds to its artists, to that extent does it draw them into its life and make them, not detached mortals struggling alone, but living interpreters of the life of their fellow-men in which they themselves have a sympathetic part. In one sense, of course, whether an artist works in Chicago or Pekin makes no difference. Everything depends on his ability, the quality of his vision and the power of his reaction. But a retrospective glance at the great figures of the past is not without its lesson. The landscapes of Rembrandt are Holland, not merely the flatness of Holland and the relation of level land and the great arching sky above, but the soul and being of Holland. They are to Holland what

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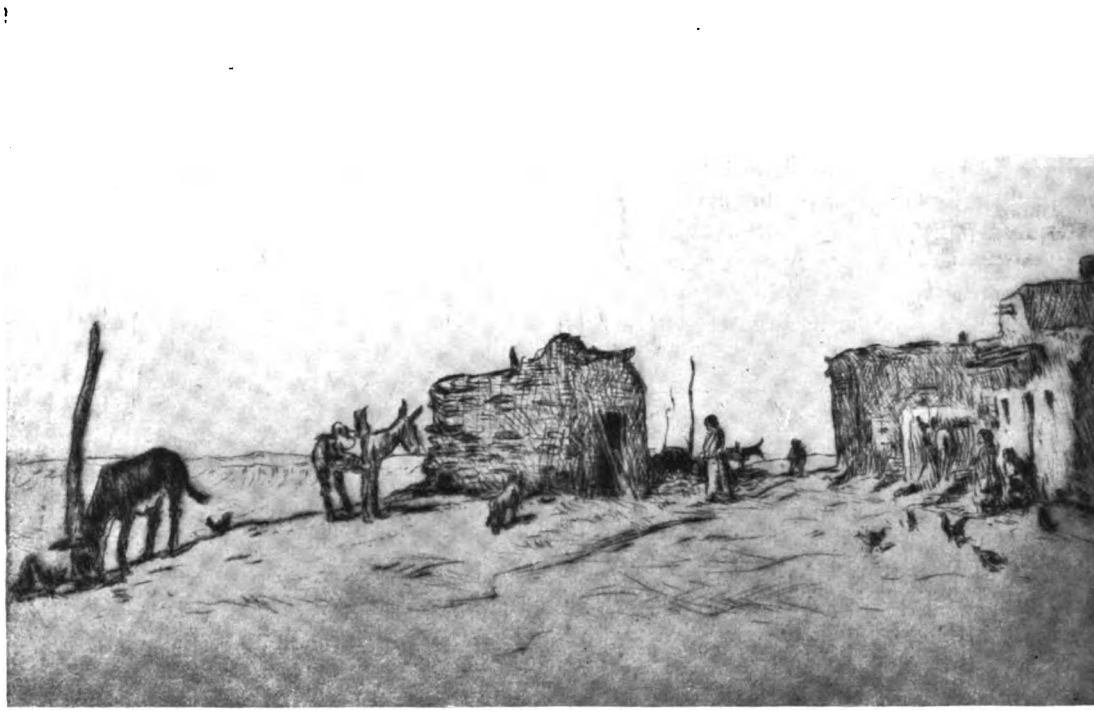

TEWA BY MAHONRI YOUNG

Goya's etchings are to Spain—they go to the core of the matter.

Méryon was inspired by a passionate love of old Paris, and that love of the place touched with life, with divine integrity, the form and solidity of architecture and the relation of a building to the ground it stood on and the sky above it. This is not a feeling that can be forced—it must exist. The man who goes from an unsympathetic milieu in his own country to Paris, and finds sympathetic friends and loves the place and the life he is leading there, will get more from Paris than from his unsympathetic milieu at home. It is futile to say, "I am from California, therefore I will etch Californian subjects."

A BELGIUM FARM BY JOHN W. COTTON

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It is a question of the artist's personal feeling. What the artist loves he will make interesting for others, and the romantic affection which many of our American artists have for Europe is both logical and natural. There they have studied and lived, for the first time, perhaps, in an artistically congenial atmosphere; there they have seen the masterpieces of the past, and there they have seen the subjects of many a work that has inspired them. There they have spent the days with other men of other nations who were interested in the activities that meant life to them. Is it surprising that a romantic affection for Spain, Italy, France, Holland has been born within them, and been their inspiration? In the accompanying illustrations more than one plate tells of this romance, which is a genuine basis for artistic inspiration.

More than one print tells it, too, with the happy union of skill and enthusiasm. But I find a particular pleasure in discovering, also prints which are lending artistic tradition to the sights we see every day. It is a healthy sign that fresh fields are being tilled, fresh aspects noted, and the life from which the artist sprung is being interpreted.

Such remarks may easily be misconstrued as a kind of false patriotism. The American subject is not healthy because it is American, but because it has been less "seen," and because, by the American, it can be realized with a depth of intimacy not possible, except in rare cases, to a stranger in a strange land.

One does not become more intimate with a subject the more frequently it is seen; otherwise, as Whistler suggested, the custodians of a museum would be the greatest connoisseurs of art. But native quality has a flavour of peculiar pungency. Dürer, Rembrandt, Goya, Méryon, Whistler—the woodcuts of Dürer and the etchings of the others—the work of the first four has a flavour that Whistler has not, a tang that he misses. And yet Whistler was American, too; in the delicacy that finds its counterpart in our response to him, and in the work of many other American artists.

A national enthusiasm is common to our widely separated communities, a spirit of pride in a great country, of consciousness of natural wealth developed by energy and cooperation, of a dawning era of greater cultivation. We are reaching out after the finer things. The etcher who catches this spirit as Méryon caught the spirit of France, or Rembrandt that of Holland, must be strongly native. And as community and artists come together closely his day approaches.

The formation of such an association as the present is a step in the right direction, a step toward bringing artist and amateur into a more natural sympathy. The medium of etching is one that lends itself to spontaneous and personal expression; its fascination is made up of delicacy, fineness and individuality. The slightest etching may be the strongest, for it may express a power of selection that is of the essence of artistic strength.

Choice, personality, distinction and truth—these are the qualities that give to an etching the character that lends life and charm to the room in which it is sympathetically placed. I look for stronger native flavour to grow out of the activities of this new association.

OLD WOMAN READING BY ALLEN LEWIS

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SOME NEW DECORATIVE PANELS AND FANS BY GEORGE SHERINGHAM.

IT would be a rather interesting subject for speculation whether the comparative dearth of really able decorators in this country is due to a lack of the right kind of instinct among our artists or simply to a want of opportunities. It is obvious that if there are no opportunities for the development of the decorative sense, the men who possess it will never be able to use their capacities in the correct way and will be prevented from doing themselves justice. The powers they are naturally endowed with will inevitably become enfeebled by disuse, and will ultimately decay because they are not exercised in the sort of production for which they are best fitted. Without encouragement and without the chance to practise the type of art to which he is temperamentally inclined, the artist only too often degenerates and drops out of his proper place in his profession, only too often descends to devices for making a living which can be excused only on the ground of sheer necessity.

So it is quite possible that the rarity of decorators of the first rank is a consequence of the popular attitude towards decorative art. Not many people understand what decoration means, fewer people appreciate its æsthetic value or realise the importance of the function it has to fulfil; and therefore it is treated as something which is of small account among the many forms of artistic expression. This disheartening indifference to its claims has persisted far too long in this country, so long, indeed, that we are in much danger of being left behind in the race for artistic supremacy by other peoples whose judgment is more sound and whose taste is better balanced. If we are to hold our own in the competition between nations, if we are not to drop out finally and to become of no account in the artistic world, we must pay more attention than we do at present to the development of the art of decoration and we must accord to it the fullest measure of the respect to which it is entitled. There is no art with greater traditions; there is none which affects more intimately the lives of all civilised beings; there is none which is connected so closely with the progress and prosperity of

"THE COSTUME BALL" (WATER-COLOUR) BY GEORGE SHERINGHAM

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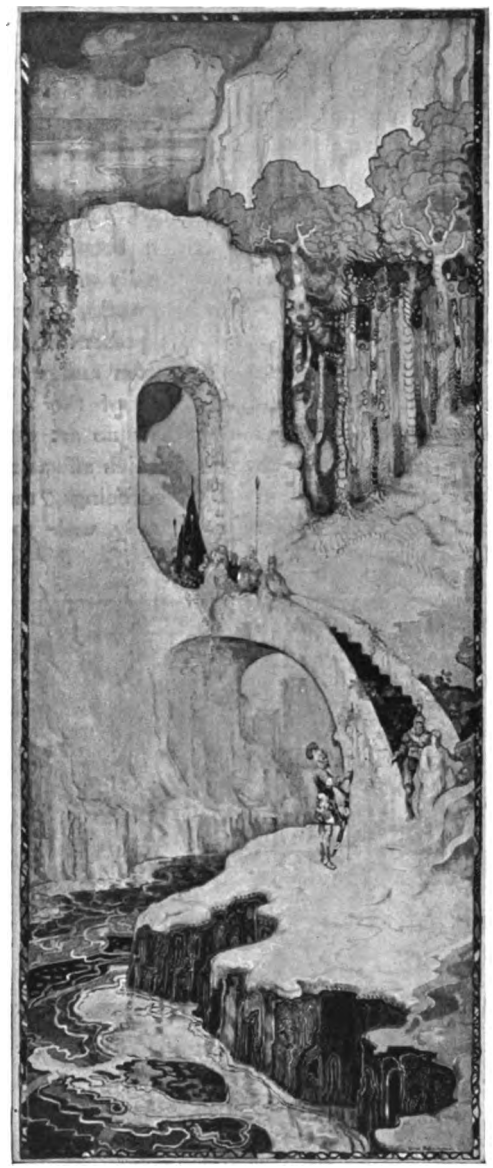
every country that makes pretensions to enlightenment.

Therefore, it can fairly be said that there is no branch of art practice in which the lack of accomplished and highly qualified exponents is more seriously felt, or in which anything which tends to lower the standard of achievement can produce more disastrous results. If by neglect we drive our decorators out of their proper sphere of activity or condemn them to languish in helpless and hopeless obscurity, we lower dangerously our own credit in the world and we stamp ourselves as people without discretion or sense of æsthetic responsibility. We throw away one of our greatest assets and waste something that, judiciously used, could be to us of infinite value. The artists whom we disregard suffer, of course, because encouragement is denied to them, but the nation suffers even more because it closes one of the chief avenues to its prosperity and dries up one of the main sources of its commercial success.

If then the position of the decorative artist is of so much importance to the well-being of the community, it is a matter of much moment that the fullest credit should be given to those amongst us who have had the courage and the energy to go their own way despite the general indifference to their efforts. Not less credit, too, must be given to the few people of taste who have had the good judgment to recognise in a practical manner the capacities of these artists and to help them to make their demonstration of their convictions adequately effective. These artists and their supporters are really saving the country from a serious reproach, because they are carrying on the better traditions of the art of decoration and are enabling it to hold its own in some measure against the competition from abroad. They are keeping it not only alive but in a condition which makes possible a vigorous revival when the moment comes for the awakening of the nation to a serious sense of its æsthetic responsibilities and its artistic obligations.



"GERAINTS JOURNEY" (FROM THE STORY OF GERAINT, SON OF ERBIN). WATER-COLOUR DRAWING ON SILK BY GEORGE SHERINGHAM
(By permission of His Honour Judge Evans)

And when that moment does come the debt which we owe to the artists who are fighting now against the burden of popular misunderstanding will be frankly acknowledged. What they are doing for us to-day will be viewed then in its proper light and the extent of their services will, we may fairly hope, be sufficiently recognised. But it would be much more to the point to have this acknowledgment at once, to let this recognition be effective while they are still with us to profit by it and to respond to it: present encouragement would be more gratifying to them, and more helpful, than the promise of appreciation when in the lapse of time they are counted among the great deceased masters. The hope of posthumous honours and the consciousness that they are being well earned are hardly sufficient to sustain an artist during a life of scantily rewarded activity; even the certainty that he will be worshipped by the next generation but one does not seem to him quite a fair compensation for being

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"THE WAVE." PAINTED SILK FAN BY GEORGE SHERINGHAM.

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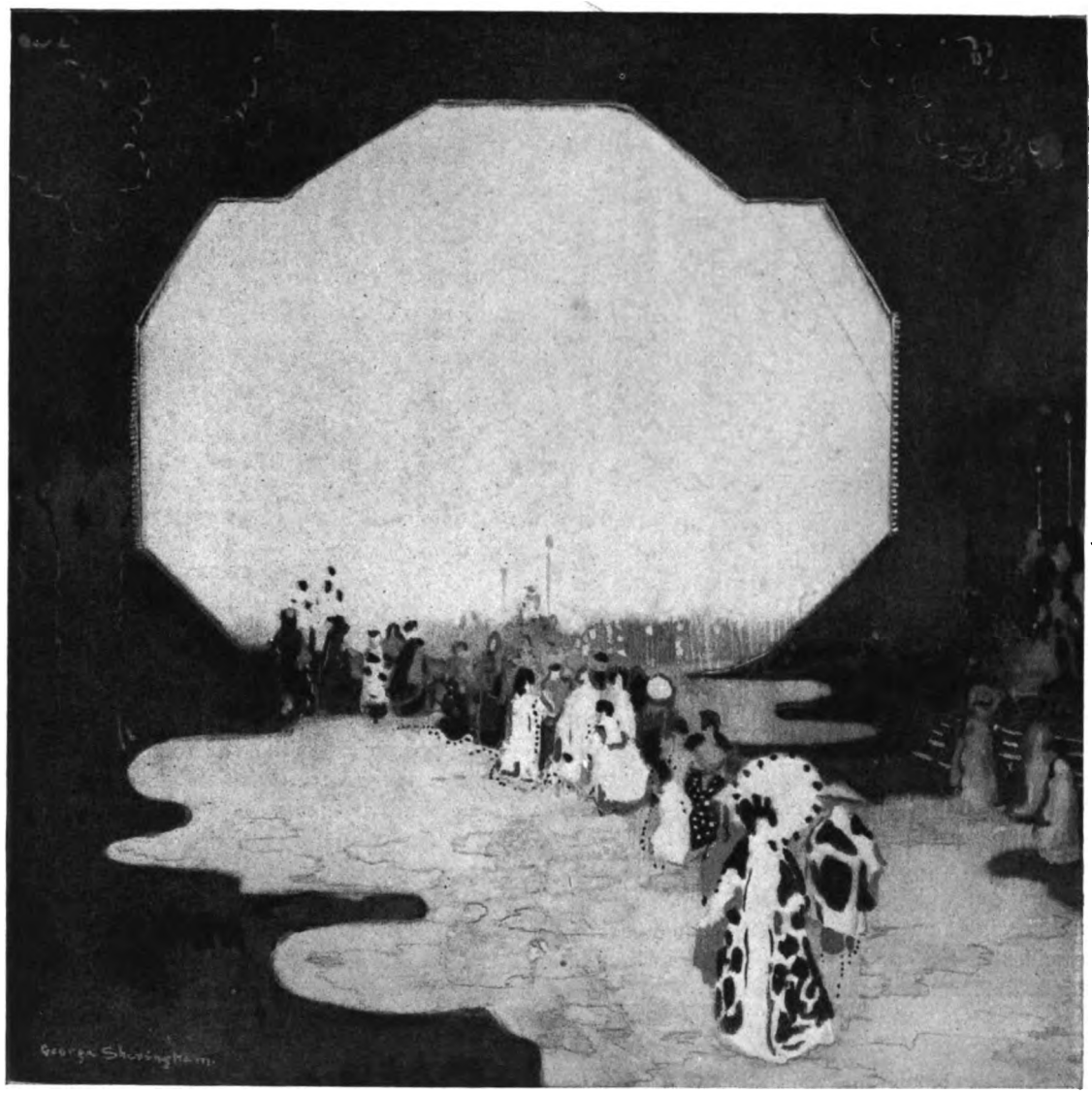

(The property of C. Geoffrey Holme, Esq.)

"A JAPANESE FANTASY." WATER-COLOUR PAINTING ON SILK BY GEORGE SHERINGHAM

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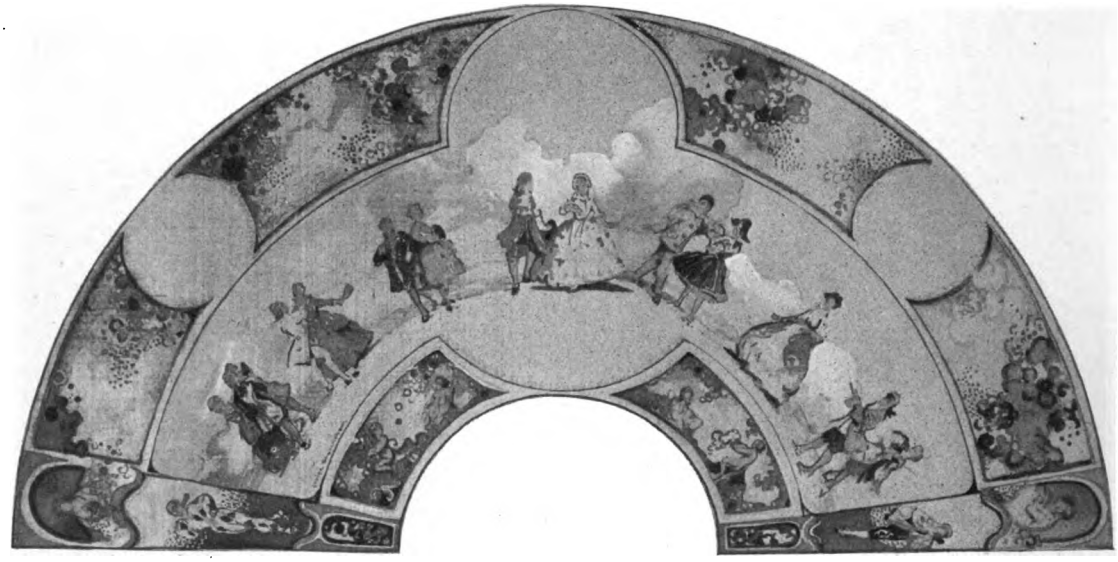
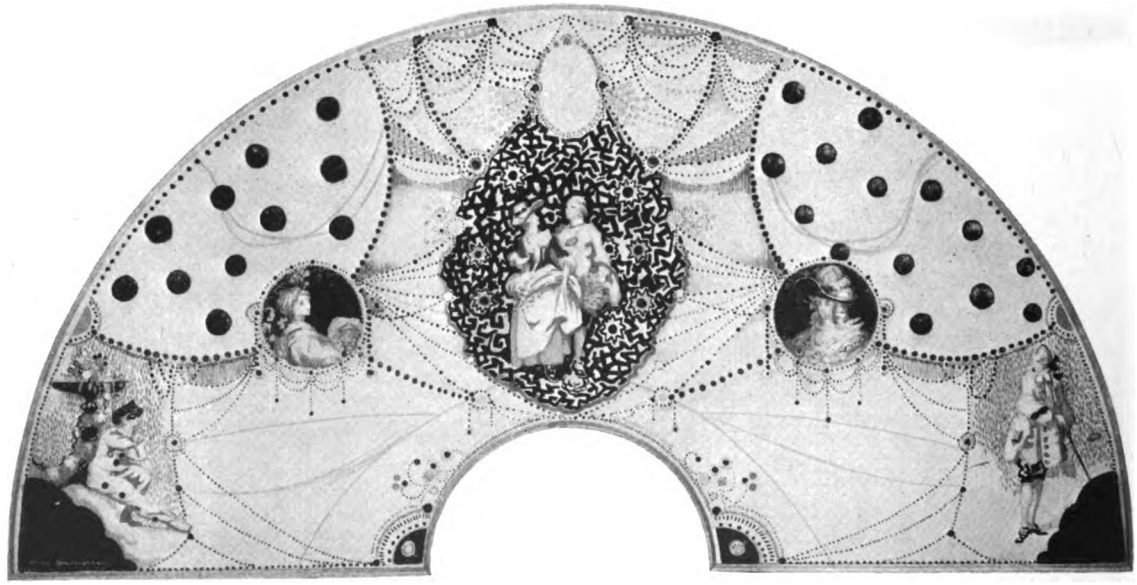


"THE HARLEQUIN FAN" BY GEORGE SHERINGHAM

disregarded by the great majority of his contemporaries.

That is, indeed, how the matter stands to-day. We have not amongst us many decorators who can claim a position in the front rank, but some there are, beyond question, who will be reckoned in time to come as pre-eminent masters of their art. Certainly, one of the greatest of them is Mr. George Sheringham, a designer to whom the highest honours can with justice be accorded because he combines in a remarkable degree those qualities and capacities which ensure to any worker, whatever may be the form of art he practises, a permanent place in history. A delightful draughtsman, a singularly sensitive colourist, possessed of a seemingly inexhaustible fancy and a brilliant inventive faculty, he has established himself during the last few years as an artist who can meet with perfect confidence the most exacting demand that can be made upon the decorator.

The dominant characteristic of his work is, perhaps, its pervading quality of style. In everything he does his personality, his own innate and cultivated conviction, can be very definitely perceived, but this conviction has been obviously moulded by intimate and thoughtful study of the



"THE COBWEB FAN" *(By permission of Miss Moss)* PAINTED ON SILK BY GEORGE SHERINGHAM

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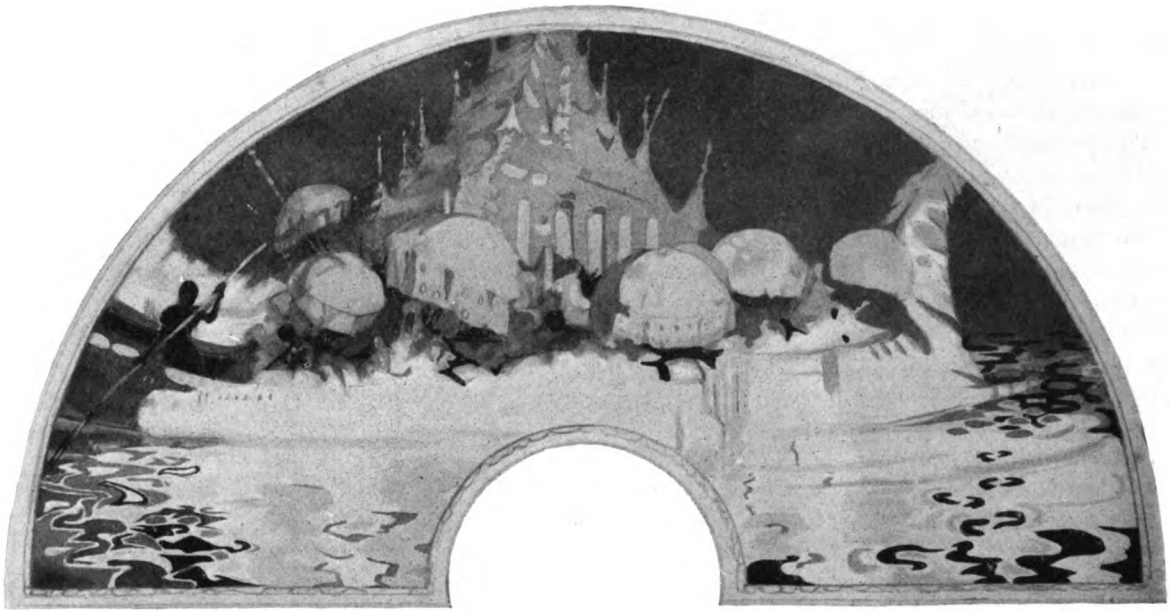
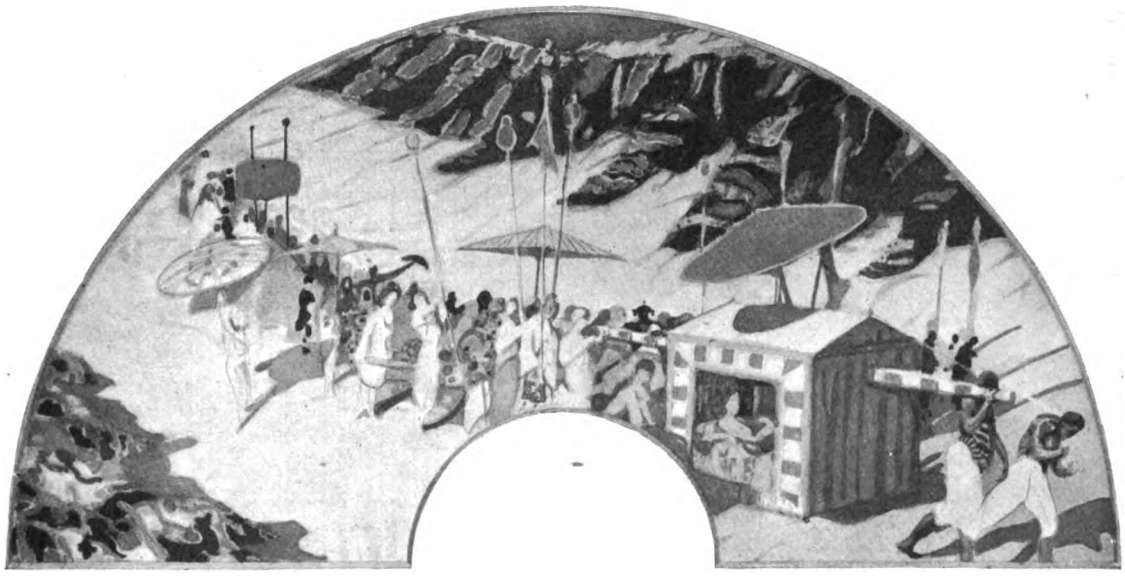


"THE HENTHA BOAT"

PAINTED SILK FAN BY GEORGE SHERINGHAM

best examples of decorative art and has been guided by careful examination of the greatest achievements of past masters. He has thought out the principles of decoration so thoroughly that he has passed well beyond that imitative stage, when dependence upon the authority of a leader is more or less a necessity, into absolute self-reliance—into that freedom of taste and judgment which marks the man who has learned in the right way how to think for himself. Therefore his style is not a reflection of the mannerisms of this or that school and is not hedged round by stock conventions; it is something he has evolved for himself, something that represents the temperamental result of his investigation of the principles of design as laid down by the best exponents of the art in all times and all countries.

If he can be said to have any particular tendency in decoration it is probably in the direction of Oriental feeling. He has considerable sympathy with the freedom and richness of Eastern design, with its sumptuousness of colour, its suggestiveness



"THE PROCESSION"

PAINTED SILK FAN BY GEORGE SHERINGHAM

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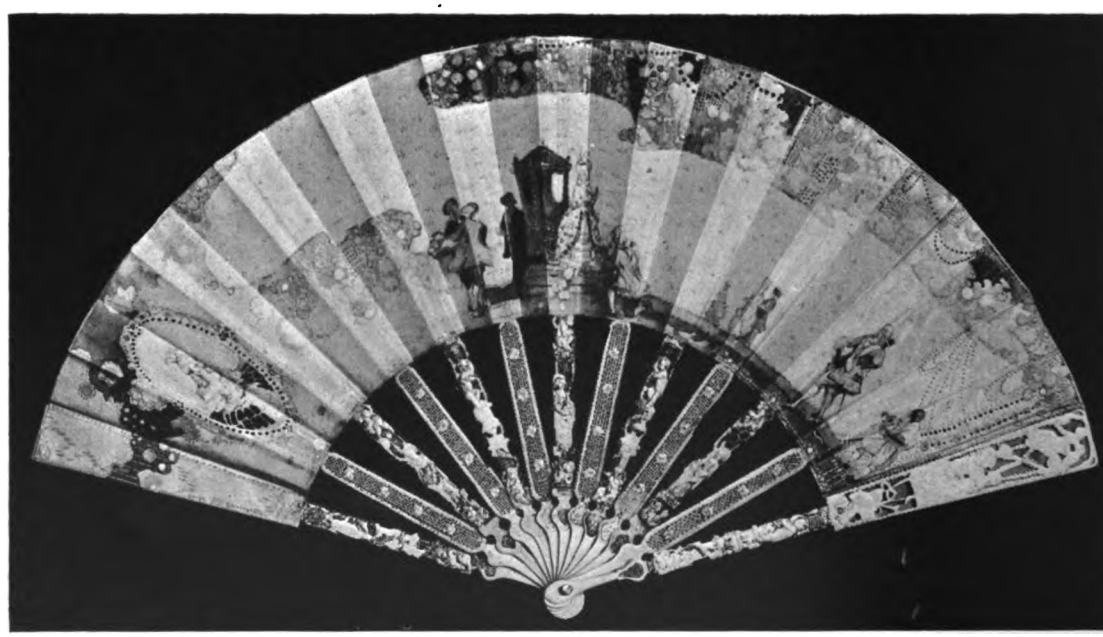
of form arrangement, and its breadth of detail. But his sympathy does not lead him into any mistaken attempt to reproduce the little tricks of style which mark the performances of the artists who follow the established traditions of the Oriental schools. He does not laboriously strive to pose as a Japanese draughtsman, or as a Persian illuminator, or to pretend that he learned the beginning and end of his art from a teacher in India. But the principles of these and other schools he thoroughly understands, and he can apply them with exquisite ingenuity to the working out of decorative schemes which are essentially of his own devising. He has the Oriental spirit but not the Oriental convention; he understands what it is that makes the decorative art of the East so satisfying, but he sees, too, that this is a good deal more than a matter of mere pattern making.

There is an admirable illustration of his method of getting at the fundamental spirit of Oriental decoration in his panel, *Wu-Sin-Yin the Great*, a painting in which the Eastern flavour is all-pervading, and yet the evidence of his own mental attitude towards his art is entirely convincing. Hardly less persuasive are the lunette, *The Dream of Maxen Wledig, Emperor of Rome*, and the fan, *The Wave*, in which there is the same ingenious assimilation of principles and the same clear demonstration of the way in which his temperament guides him in every phase of his expression. Indeed this happy combination can be traced in everything he does; plainly in such things as the fans, *The Procession*, *The Hentha Boat*, *The Salambo Fan*, *The Astral Fan*, and the panels, *Geraint's Journey* and *A Japanese Fantasy*, which assert definitely their Oriental inspiration, and clearly enough, though in a more subtle way, in the *Costume Ball* panel and the *Runaway Faun*, *Fountain*, and *Cobweb* fans, which owe much of their charm to the application of Eastern decorative principles to Western motives.

Even when Mr. Sheringham deliberately adopts the manner of the West, as in *The Harlequin Fan*, *La Polonaise*, *The Rose Fan*, and *The White Fan*, there remains in his way of dealing with details, in his arrangement and management of colour, and in his sense of broad and effective design, something that suggests the influence by which his artistic mind has been shaped. There is never anything trivial in his work, never anything small either in conception or in handling; in the particular branch of design in which he has done so much that will have a place among the classics of art—in fan painting, that is to say—he never descends to those little tricks of space-filling and pattern-painting which destroy the dignity of the work as a whole and take away its power to impress. In the hands of so many designers the fan has succeeded in being nothing more than a pretty toy; in his it becomes a serious and reasoned work of art without in any way departing from its particular purpose or missing the main object of its existence.



"THE WHITE FAN" *(In the possession of Miss Moss)* PAINTED SILK FAN BY GEORGE SHERINGHAM

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"THE RUNAWAY FAUN" AND "THE FOUNTAIN."
PAINTED SILK FANS BY GEORGE SHERINGHAM.

(By permission of Dr. H. Banks and of Lady Roberts respectively.)

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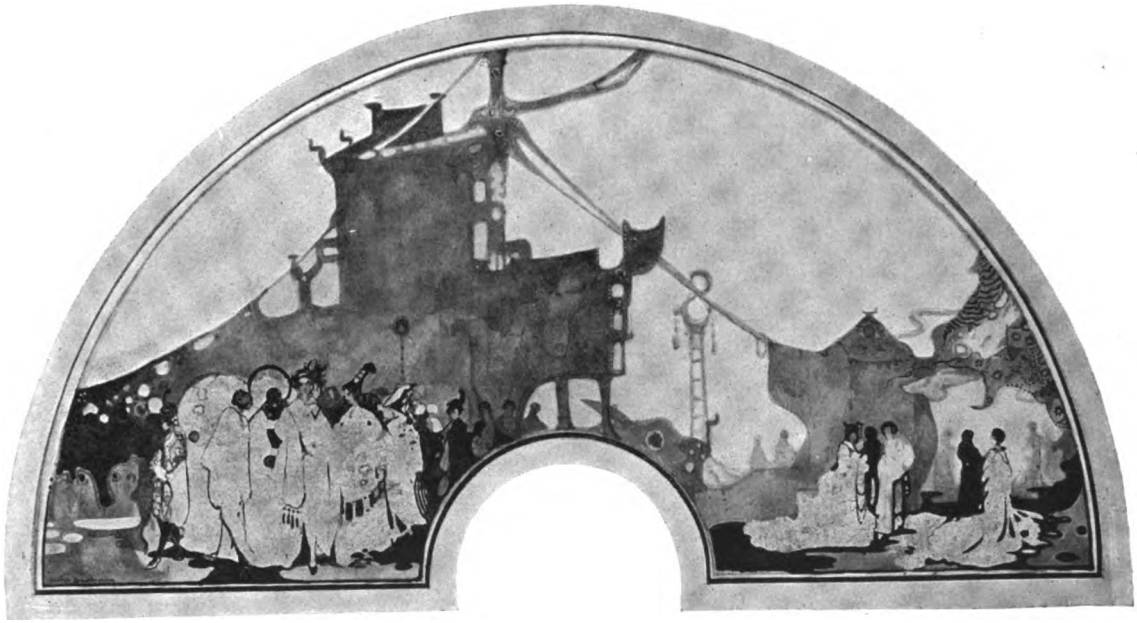
Decorative Panels and Fans by George Sheringham

"LA POLONAISE" PAINTED SILK FAN BY GEORGE SHERINGHAM

(By permission of Miss Samuda)

But what may be the kind of work to which for the time being he happens to be devoting himself is a matter of comparatively small moment. What really counts is that his art, whether it is displayed in a fan, a wall panel, or a decorative picture not intended to occupy any specified position, has the essential qualities which are demanded in the highest type of decoration. When the opportunity comes to him to attempt more ambitious undertakings there can be no doubt that he will be able to take the fullest advantage of it. He has the mind which makes possible a complete grasp of great ideas; and he has indisputably the capacity to carry them out.

If in this country the art of design were generously treated, if it were allowed to take the place to which



"THE ASTRAL INN" PAINTED SILK FAN BY GEORGE SHERINGHAM

(By permission of Lord Howard de Walden)

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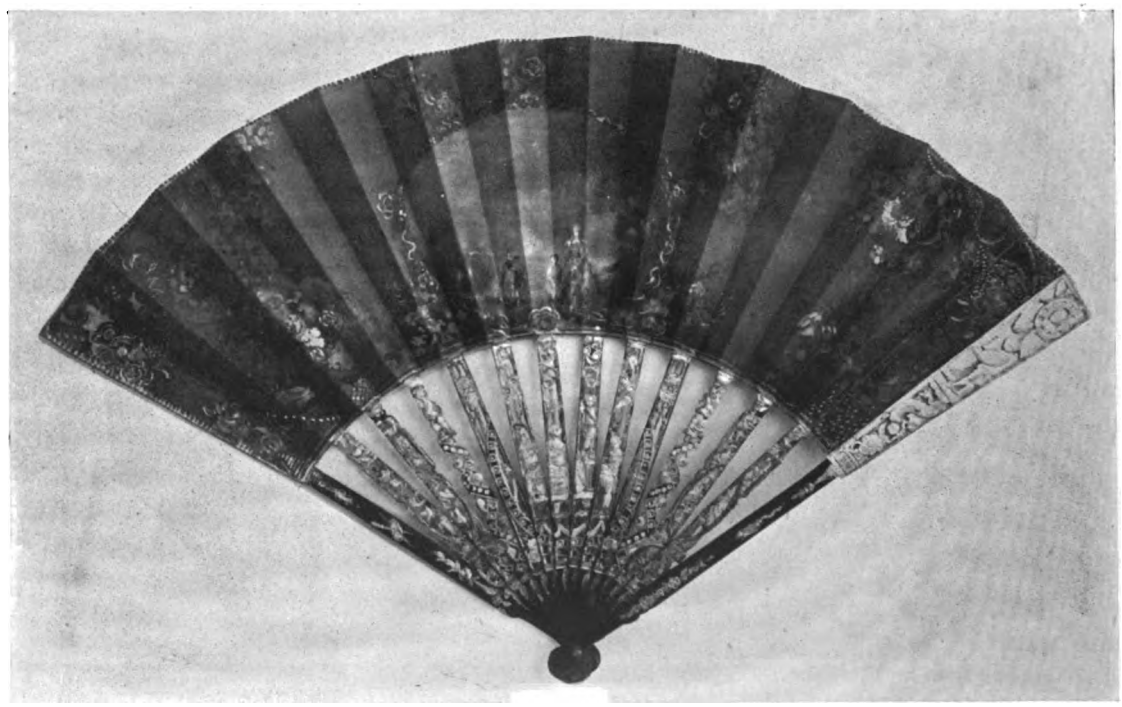
"THE SALAMBO FAN" PAINTED ON SILK BY GEORGE SHERINGHAM

it has a right among the many forms of æsthetic expression, Mr. Sheringham would be doing big things with the same force and distinction that make his small works now so remarkable. His judgment of the meaning of decoration is so acute, his knowledge of its principles is so profound, and his powers of invention are so well directed, that there is hardly any problem within the range of the art that he could not be trusted to solve confidently in a way altogether his own. It would be of the greatest possible interest to see how he, well equipped at all points as he is, would grapple with those technical and other difficulties which have caused to stumble so many men who, with the best intentions, have attempted more than they were qualified to perform. A. L. BALDRY



"THE ROSE FAN" *(By permission of Miss Moss)* PAINTED ON SILK BY GEORGE SHERINGHAM

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"WU-SIN-YIN THE GREAT."
PAINTED IN WATER-COLOUR ON SILK
BY GEORGE SHERINGHAM.

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A Mansion in Brussels

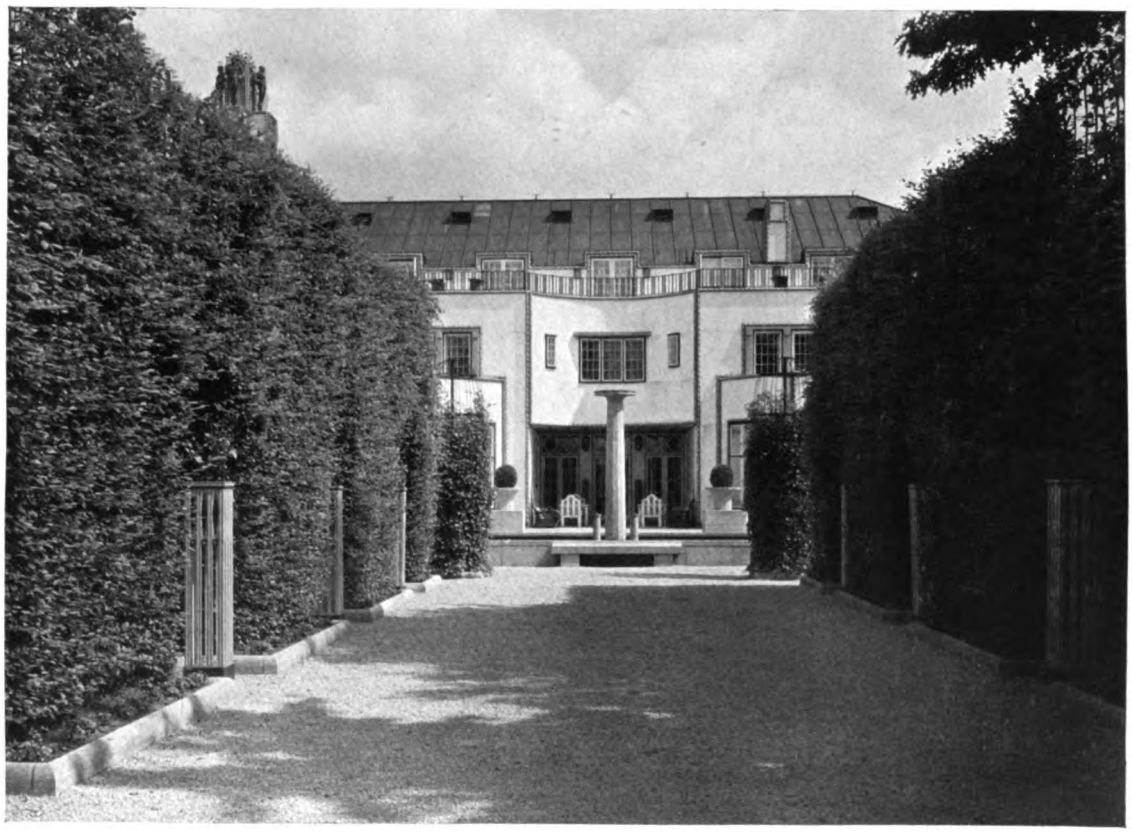
A BRUSSELS MANSION DESIGNED BY PROF. JOSEF HOFFMANN OF VIENNA.

ONE of the most notable achievements in the sphere of modern domestic architecture and decoration is the mansion or "palace" recently erected in Brussels from the designs of Prof. Josef Hoffmann of Vienna for Mons. Stoclet, a wealthy magnate of the Belgian capital and owner of a choice collection of ancient works of art. Prof. Hoffmann was given a free hand in the designing of the house itself, the decoration and furnishing of the interior including the miscellaneous articles of service, and also of the gardens. The mansion is situated in the Avenue de Tervueren, one of the main tram routes of the city, and on that account the design of the exterior has been kept comparatively simple, though among the surrounding houses it strikes a quite distinctive note. The interior of the house is of singular beauty, and, in spite of the seeming coldness of the marble walls and floors, a feeling of warmth is imparted to all the rooms by the use of appropriate colour.

In the decoration and furnishing of the mansion Prof. Hoffmann had the assistance of the chief artists of the modern school in Vienna, such as Gustav Klimt, who designed a remarkable mosaic frieze for the dining-room, Kolo Moser, Czeschka, Franz Metzner, Luksch, Berthold Löffler, Michael Powolny, Leopold Forstner, and two women artists, Frau Luksch and Frau Schleiss-Simandl. The gardens, which are situated at the back of the house away from the road, present numerous interesting features in the shape of pergolas, a pool with a fountain, a rose garden, a children's playground and garden, and so forth, and here again the architect has enlisted the aid of prominent artists in the sculptural decoration of the grounds.

For the carrying out of this important undertaking, trained men accustomed to executing the designs of Prof. Hoffmann and his collaborators were sent from Vienna, while the furniture, as well as the table services and other appliances, were made in the workshops of the Wiener Werkstaette in Vienna, the craftsmanship throughout being of the highest quality.

A. S. LEVETUS.



THE STOCLET MANSION IN BRUSSELS: VIEW FROM THE GARDEN. DESIGNED BY PROF. JOSEF HOFFMANN; EXECUTED BY THE WIENER WERKSTAETTE, VIENNA. THE HOUSE IS BUILT OF NORWEGIAN TURILLI MARBLE; THE ROOF IS OF BURNISHED COPPER WHICH HAS ALREADY ASSUMED A BEAUTIFUL PATINA

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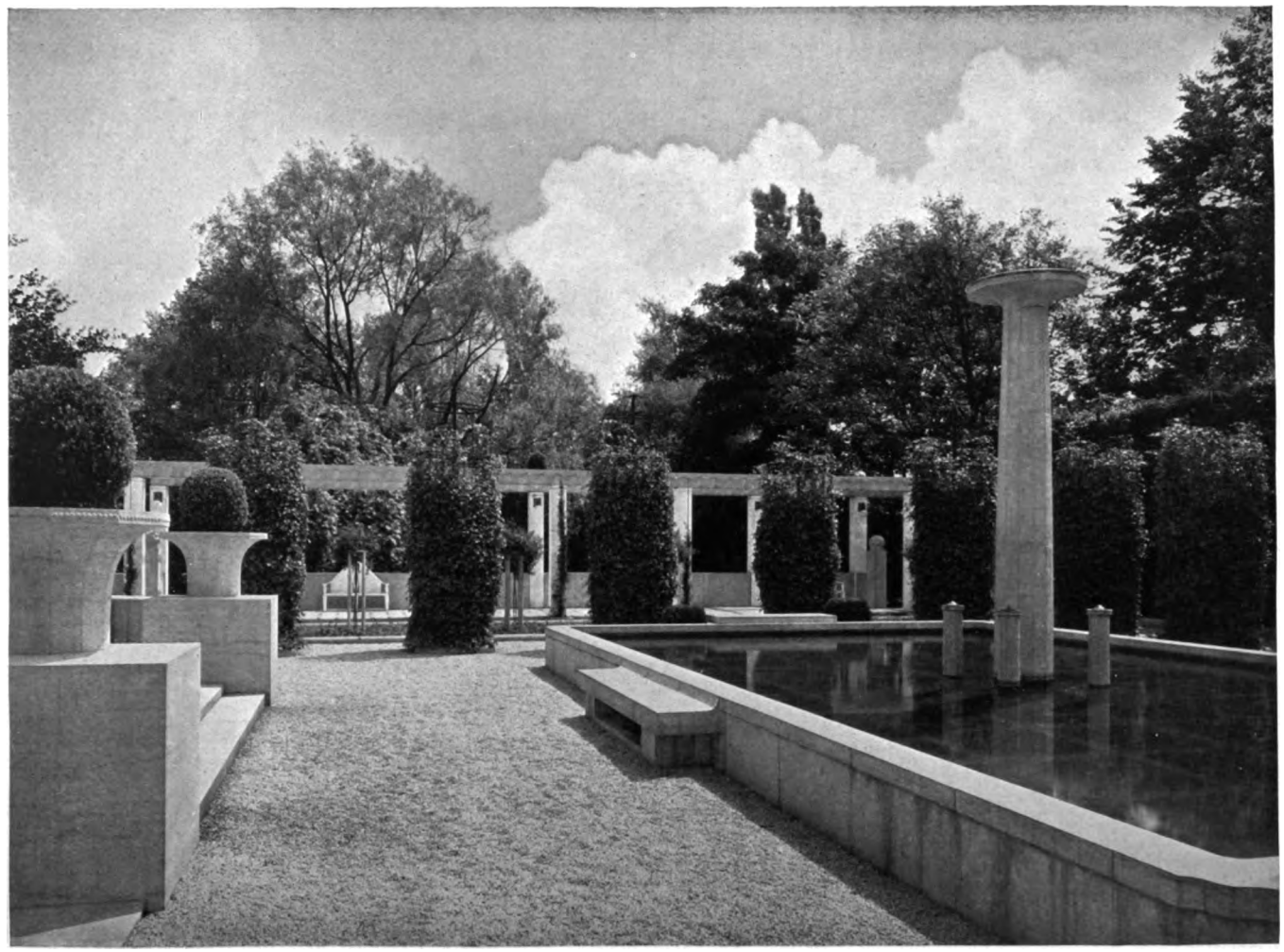

STOCLET MANSION, BRUSSELS: A PART OF THE GARDEN, SHOWING POOL WITH FOUNTAIN AND PERGOLA, THE LATTER PAVED WITH PURE WHITE NORWEGIAN MARBLE. GENERAL DESIGN BY PROF. JOSEF HOFFMANN; FOUNTAIN FIGURE BY PROF. LUKSCH. THE WHOLE EXECUTED BY THE WIENER WERKSTAETTE, VIENNA

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STOCLET MANSION, BRUSSELS: THE HALL. DESIGNED BY PROF. JOSEF HOFFMANN; EXECUTED BY THE WIENER WERKSTAETTE, VIENNA. WALLS AND PILLARS OF GOLDEN BROWN ITALIAN MARBLE; PEDESTALS OF DARK GREY BELGIAN MARBLE HIGHLY POLISHED; THE FLOOR ALSO OF MARBLE, WOODWORK OF BROWN PALISANDER; FURNITURE UPHOLSTERED IN DEERSKIN

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STOCLET MANSION, BRUSSELS: HALL AND STAIRCASE. DESIGNED BY PROF. JOSEF HOFFMANN; EXECUTED BY THE WIENER WERKSTAETTE, VIENNA. WALLS AND PILLARS OF DEEP GOLDEN BROWN ITALIAN MARBLE. THE OPEN SPACES ON THE RIGHT OF THE STAIRCASE OVERLOOK THE MUSIC-ROOM (SEE ILLUSTRATION, PAGE 194)

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THE STOCLET MANSION, BRUSSELS: ENTRANCE VESTIBULE. DESIGNED BY PROF. JOSEF HOFFMANN; EXECUTED BY THE WIENER WERKSTAETTE, VIENNA. THE WALLS ARE ANTIQUE GREEN RELIEVED BY COPPER GILT VASES DESIGNED BY PROF. HOFFMANN; THE FLOOR IS OF BLACK AND WHITE MARBLE, AND THE CEILING WHITE AND GOLD

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STOCLET MANSION, BRUSSELS: THE MUSIC-ROOM. DESIGNED BY PROF. JOSEF HOFFMANN; EXECUTED BY THE WIENER WERKSTAETTE, VIENNA. WALLS OF PORTO VENERE MARBLE; FLOOR OF AUSTRALIAN TEAK WITH INLAYS OF CORAL WOOD; CURTAINS AND UPHOLSTERY OF DEEP PURPLE-RED SILK. THE BOXES AT THE SIDE OPEN ON TO THE STAIRCASE (SEE ILLUSTRATION ON PAGE 192), AND ARE PROVIDED WITH SEATS

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STOCLET MANSION, BRUSSELS: LARGE DINING-ROOM. DESIGNED BY PROF. JOSEF HOFFMANN; EXECUTED BY THE WIENER WERKSTAETTE, VIENNA. WALLS OF PORTO VENERE AND PAONAZZO MARBLE. WALL MOSAICS DESIGNED BY GUSTAV KLIMT AND EXECUTED BY LEOPOLD FORSTNER IN THE WIENER MOSAIK-WERKSTAETTE. TABLE OF POLISHED MACASSAR WITH MARQUETERIE BORDER. CHAIRS OF THE SAME WOOD UPHOLSTERED IN BLACK MOROCCO WITH INITIALS IN TOOLED GOLD

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STOCLET MANSION, BRUSSELS : THE BATH-ROOM. DESIGNED BY PROF. JOSEF HOFFMANN; EXECUTED BY THE WIENER WERKSTAETTE, VIENNA. WALLS OF CALACATA MARBLE, RELIEVED WITH STRIPS OF BLACK AND PANELS OF GREEN MALACHITE BY LEOPOLD FORSTNER. SOFA UPHOLSTERED IN SAME SHADE OF GREEN. BATH OF WHITE MARBLE WITH NICKEL FITTINGS, FLOOR OF BLACK BELGIAN MARBLE WITH WHITE VEINING

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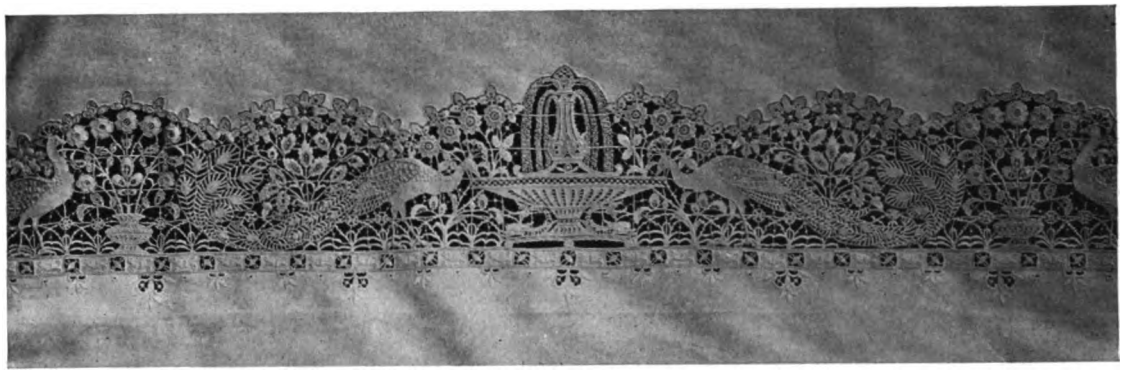


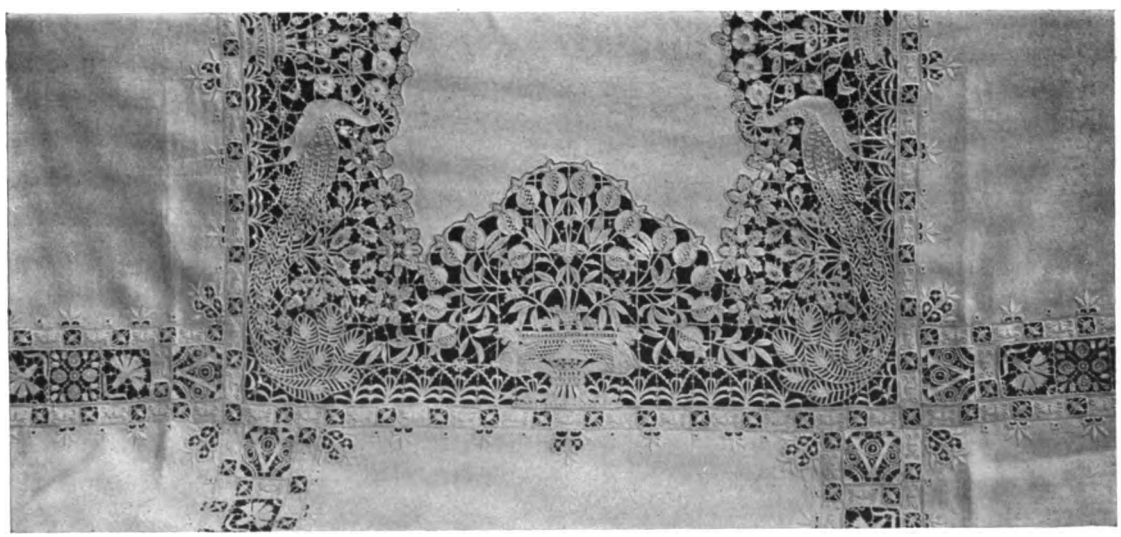
NEEDLEPOINT: PORTION OF TABLE-CLOTH MADE FOR MRS. FREDERICK VANDERBILT OF NEW YORK
ÆMILIA ARS SOCIETY, BOLOGNA

THE REVIVAL OF NEEDLEWORK IN ITALY. BY ELISA RICCI. *(Translated by Miss C. Macfarlane.)*

FORTY years ago, feminine industries in Italy (and perhaps not only in Italy) were in that lingering, half-alive condition which is worse than death. Men regarded needlework (which even the workers considered a mere pastime) with contemptuous pity. Lace-making was practically at a standstill: children and very aged folk amused themselves with crocheting. In a few provinces, it is true, a little pillow lace was still made, but very badly. Young ladies passed their youth in embroidering sheets and coverlets for the bridal bed, with no thought of design, proportion, or harmony. Oh! those immense, atrocious bedspreads in "mesh" stitch, crochet, and other trivial work!

At that time those antique pieces of lace for which we now search so anxiously, buying them for more than their weight in gold, were still to be found in some of the old houses; they were regardlessly cut up and given to children to play with. The owner of a paper mill once told me that his mother had occasionally found the most precious pieces of old lace in sacks of old rags sold by the pound!

Public taste had fallen to this level when two people, out of pity and hoping to improve matters, started a movement which was to help Italian women to raise their modest handiwork to the dignity of Art. During the winter of 1872, the cold in Venice was so intense that the lagoons were frozen over and the inhabitants of the various islands whose livelihood depended almost exclusively upon the profits derived from fishing, were faced with



NEEDLEPOINT: PORTION OF TABLE-CLOTH MADE FOR MRS. VANDERBILT OF NEW YORK. ÆMILIA ARS SOCIETY, BOLOGNA

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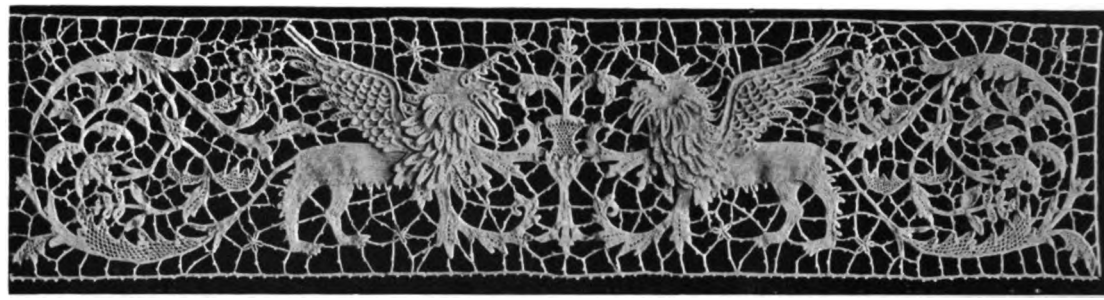


CROCHET WORK EXECUTED IN THE BECCADELLI WORKSHOPS, BOLOGNA

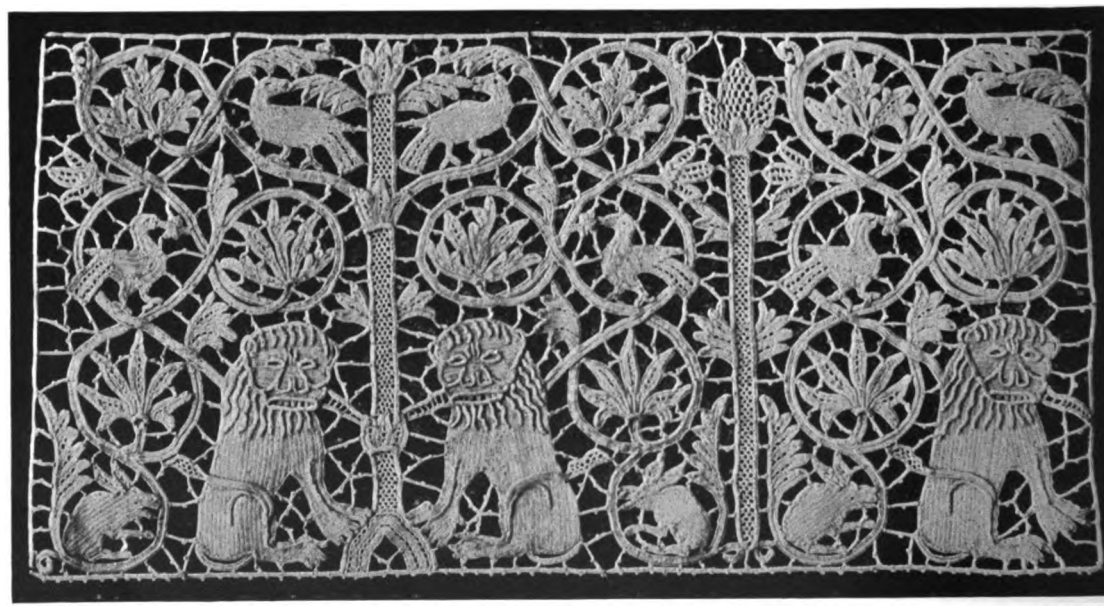
starvation, especially in the island of Burano, which in the ancient archives of Venice is always pityingly qualified as "our poor Burano."

A Venetian, distinguished alike for his generosity and resourcefulness, and a Venetian lady, possessed of singular virtue and qualities—energy, order, culture, spirit, amiability and graciousness—evolved a plan to relieve permanently such want and poverty. Paulo Fambri and the Countess Andriana Marcello, after many other attempts had proved futile, decided to revive the ancient industry of Burano Point lace. It was a very dead Lazarus they sought to resurrect. Among the Venetian ladies, none could be found who knew how to work the stitch. All the lace-makers had died out, save one, a half blind old woman of seventy. Her name was Cencia Scarpariola, and in her youth she had made lace.

Cencia was called forward: "Do you remember how the stitch is made?" Yes, she remembered. "Will you show us how it is done?" Yes, she would show them. In short, the active old lady showed the stitch to the village schoolmistress, who in turn taught it to the women-folk of Burano.

Countess Marcello instituted an active search for old samples of the Point to study and copy. Paulo Fambri provided the capital necessary to place the industry upon a firm footing. He cheerfully lost almost the whole of his fortune in the enterprise. Queen Margherita, who at that time was a very young Crown Princess, became president of the committee and took fervent interest in the work, helping it forward with many gifts and important orders. With that whole-hearted sympathy which was so characteristic of her, she frequently pored over her old pieces of lace, in the hope of discovering the secret of some more than usually complicated and difficult stitch. Thus lace-making in Burano was revived, and like good seed planted in good earth, flourished and spread rapidly.

After Venice, Bologna. In this studious and



CROCHET WORK EXECUTED IN THE BECCADELLI WORKSHOPS, BOLOGNA

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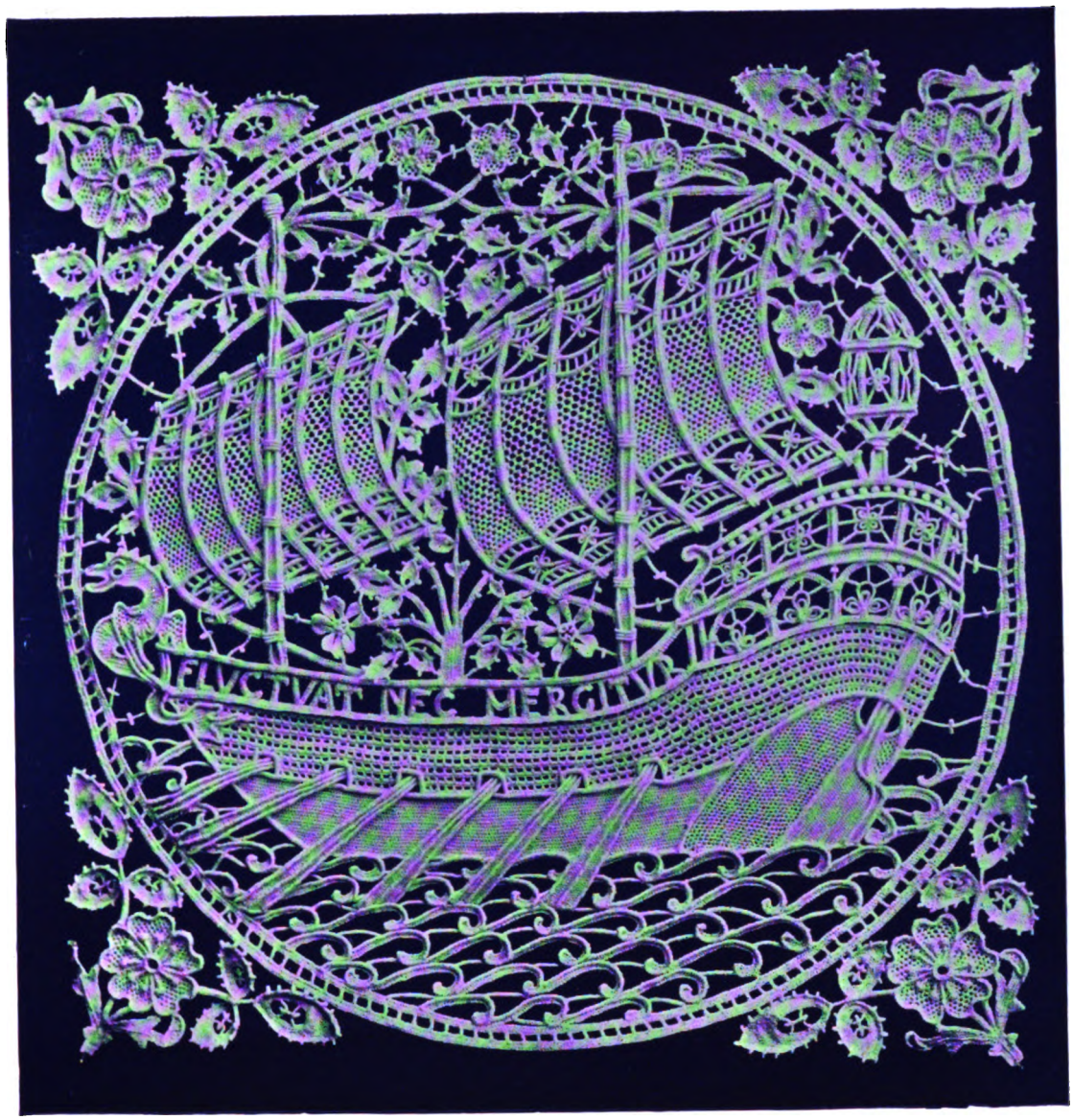

NEEDLEPOINT LACE.
AEMILIA ARS, BOLOGNA.

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CUSHION COVER MADE IN THE MARAINI WORKSHOPS, RIETI, UMBRIA

In this instance the prime spirit of the enterprise was Countess Lina Cavazza, who started by personally teaching the "*punto a reticello*"—which is the mother stitch of the wonderful family of needle-made laces of Italy—to a few young girls who in their turn, when pupils became overnumerous, taught the newcomers. *Reticello* has the advantage over Burano Point, of being less fine and consequently quicker to make; it is stronger and more practical, it costs less and is peculiarly Italian.

This industry quickly spread from Bologna all over the Peninsula and found favour with the ladies of Sicily. In Puglie

wide-awake city, disciples of that "New Gospel of Art" which came to us out of England, formed a society called "Æmilia Ars," about which something has already been said in this magazine. Their aim was to revive those arts termed "minor" or "lesser" arts, and to impart a little more beauty to life by giving a touch of beauty to everything we come into contact with in the daily course of life. The arts of lace-making and embroidery, like younger sisters, timidly followed in the wake of the arts of iron and woodwork, gold and precious stones, and to-day the name of "Æmilia Ars" lives and is chiefly famous for the achievements of those smaller sister arts.

CUSHION COVER MADE IN THE MARAINI WORKSHOPS, RIETI, UMBRIA

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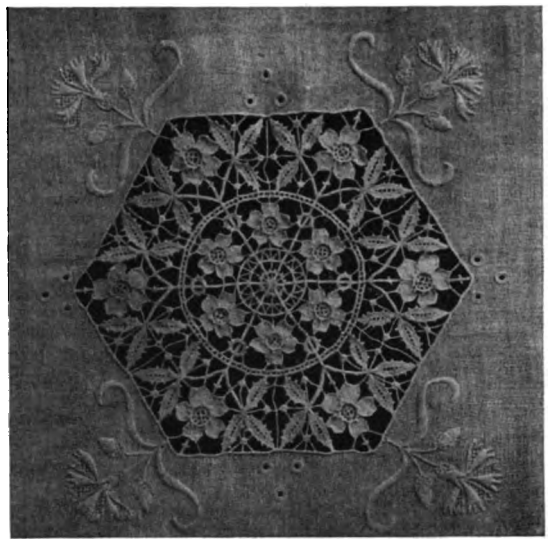


DETAIL OF COVERLET SHOWN BELOW

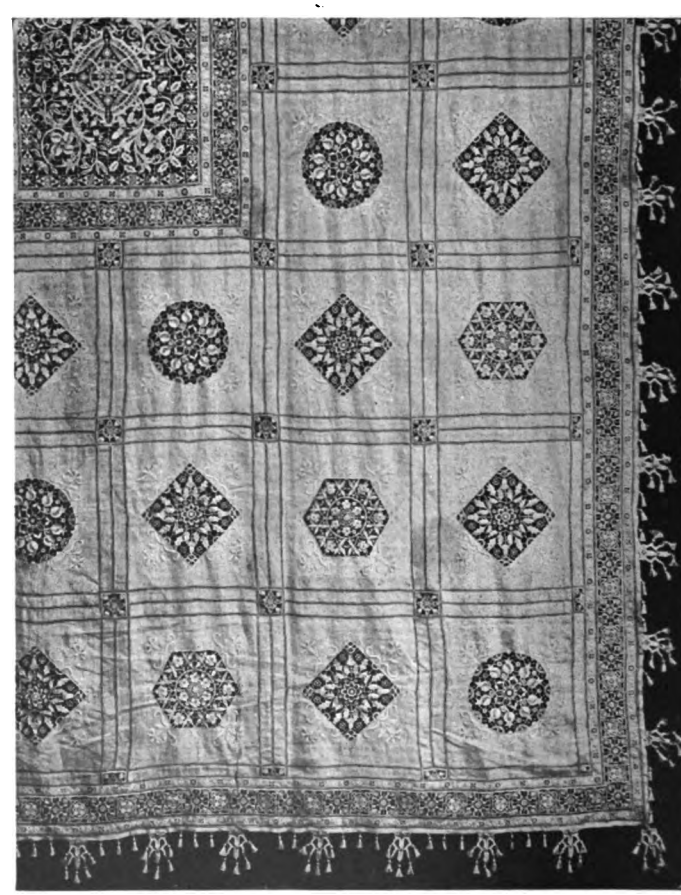
Umbria, Tuscany and Lombardy, and in fact everywhere, the "Æmilia Ars" may claim to have given new birth to the antique *reticello* laces of Italy.

The story of the revival of lace-making in Bologna, so similar to that of Burano, could be told with but little variation of the revival of textures woven by hand on the old looms and in the olden style, in Perugia, Calabria, Abruzzi and Sardinia. But the flower of feminine industries is that of lace-making and it is still, artistically and commercially, the most important; it is towards the revival of Italian lace that Italian women of every class of life are working, with their whole hearts and fortunes.

Throughout the long Peninsula this same new and splendid solidarity unites the woman of intellect and the worker, who has suddenly developed the most unhoped for aptitude. The lady seated at the loom looks searchingly into an antique piece and strives to discover the secret of its texture, while frequently the peasant seated beside her will take the very harness her grandmother used before her and, simultaneously, instinct will leap to life and she will show the happiest facility for her work.

It is related that Queen Margherita seeing a girl manipulating the bobbins on her lace pillow with lightning rapidity, asked her: "How do you manage, little one, to pick up the very spools you need without even looking?" "They fall into my hands," the child answered naïvely. It is to this great facility for learning their task and the real joy these humble folk find in producing work that is not mean and also the very feminine nature of everything appertaining to the industry that the rapid success of this little renascence is due.

But, having lit these little altar-fires to Art throughout the Peninsula, it became urgently necessary to assure a supply of fuel so that they should not die out. These old arts were revived, it is true, upon the old ground and amidst the same people, but at a period and in an atmosphere totally different. Ladies no longer expended their energies for the Church in decorating altar-cloths. No longer were they impelled by deep feelings of piety to fill those old chests in the sacristies with "white treasury" as the piles of priestly vestments, delicately



PORTION OF A COVERLET WORKED IN NEEDLEPOINT FOR MME. P. OPPENHEIM OF FRANKFORT. ÆMILIA ARS, BOLOGNA

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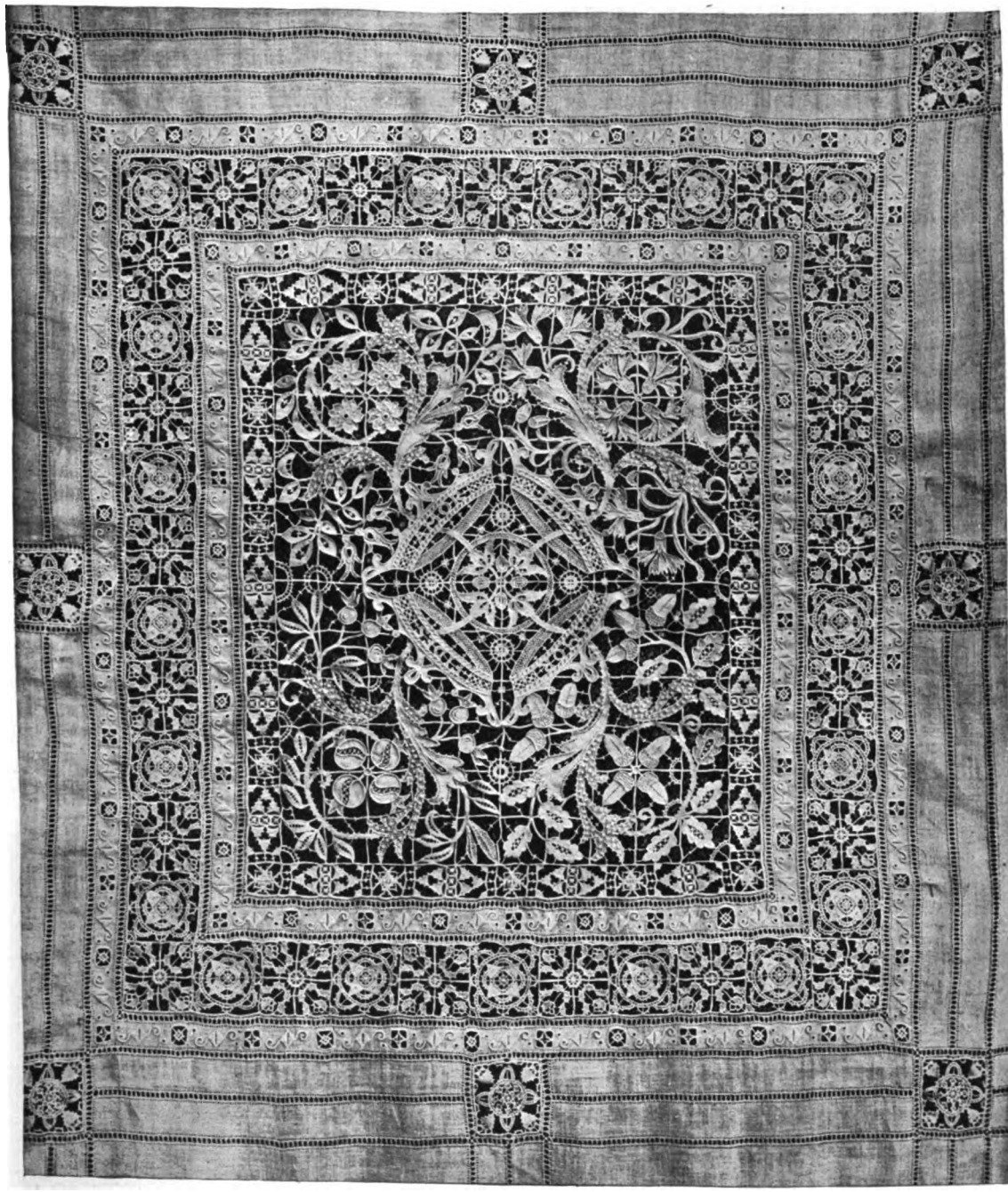

CENTRE OF THE COVERLET SHOWN OPPOSITE. ÆMILIA ARS, BOLOGNA

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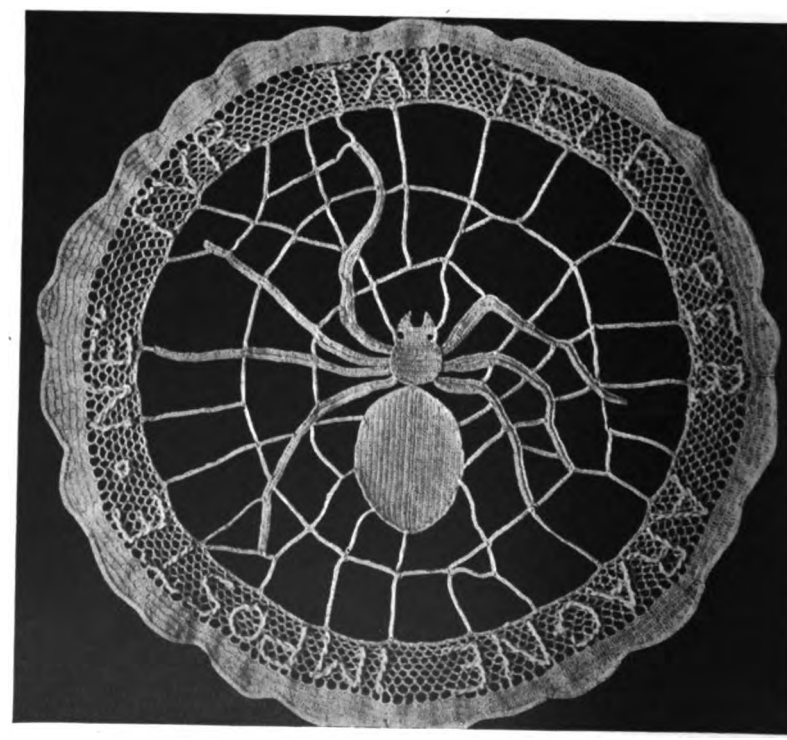
CUSHION MADE IN THE MARAINI WORKSHOPS, RIETI, UMBRIA

perfumed with lavender, were called. Times have changed and only a very few peasants, who until now have not felt the stimulus of increasing want or newer aspirations, still work, as in old times, for themselves, the home, and the Church.

The worker of to-day usually wishes to enjoy the fruit of his own labour and to this end the finished work is converted into money at the earliest opportunity. The new economic institutions helped to foster the revival of these ancient arts by collecting the output of the small and scattered districts and the larger and more fortunate ones, gathering them together and sorting out the various objects—so different in origin, aspect and value—and selling them. But this was not all; in some cases it was necessary to encourage production, in others to restrain it, and above all it was essential that the work should retain a certain local character and possess sufficient artistic merit to render it acceptable to people of good taste and to distinguish it from other purely commercial articles.

It was due to the efforts of a very intelligent and wonderfully energetic American lady, the Countess Cora di Brazza, that an institution was formed which would give unity and stability to this new feminine enterprise; her infectious enthusiasm and strong personality succeeded in sweeping away every obstacle and a co-operative society was formed in Rome under the title of "*Industrie Femminili Italiane.*" A lawyer drew up the necessary articles of association, the capital was raised, and a large shop was opened in the heart of Rome. Besides the administrative committee, a committee of twenty-four patronesses was formed, whose duties were to watch over the artistic progress of the scheme. A board of experts was nominated to decide upon the work to be accepted and to fix prices. The society was able to



CROCHET WORK EXECUTED IN THE BECCADELLI WORKSHOPS, BOLOGNA

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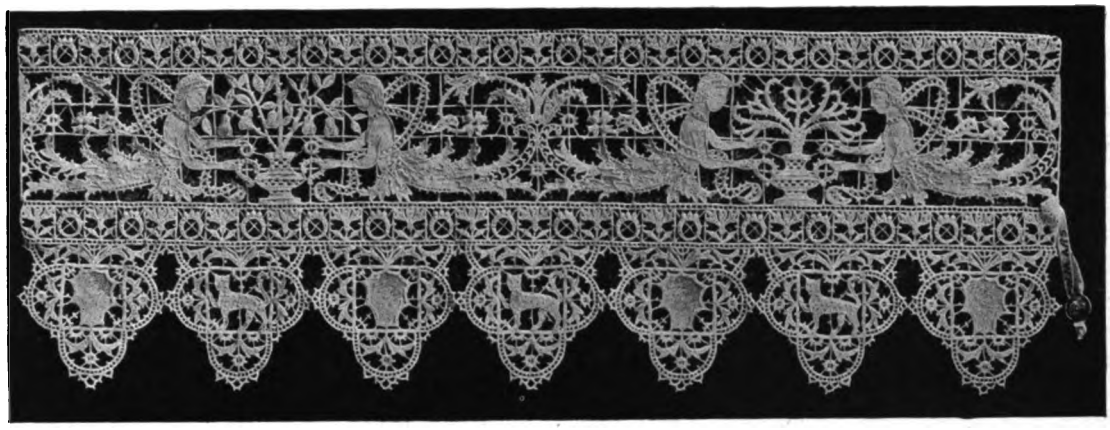

NEEDLEPOINT LACE CONTAINING THE DEVICE OF THE BENTIVOGLIOS. ÆMILIA ARS SOCIETY, BOLOGNA

open up large markets abroad for the ever-increasing output of labour at home and give to the enterprise, not only good management, stability and discipline, but a certain stamp of national unity and sound solidarity which has won sympathy for their work in every foreign country. The patronesses do not limit themselves to the guidance and instruction of the workers: they throw themselves heart and soul into the sale of the articles. They cheerfully turn themselves into commercial travellers and exhibit the latest merchandise in their palaces, villas, and in the large hotels.

The Milan Exhibition of 1906 gave the Institution a splendid opportunity to present to the world in general an idea of the work it had accomplished since its formation in 1903. A collection of the most beautiful work produced by the women of Italy during these few years was exhibited, to the wonder and admiration of the public, in a large and well-lit room hung entirely with white. This exhibit, which represented so much work and so many moral and material efforts, was burnt to the ground and reduced to ashes shortly after the opening. The shock was great, but the society quickly recovered and in less than a month was able to surprise the public with an entirely new exhibition.

ABAT-JOUR OR SHORT CURTAIN IN NEEDLEPOINT. ÆMILIA ARS, BOLOGNA

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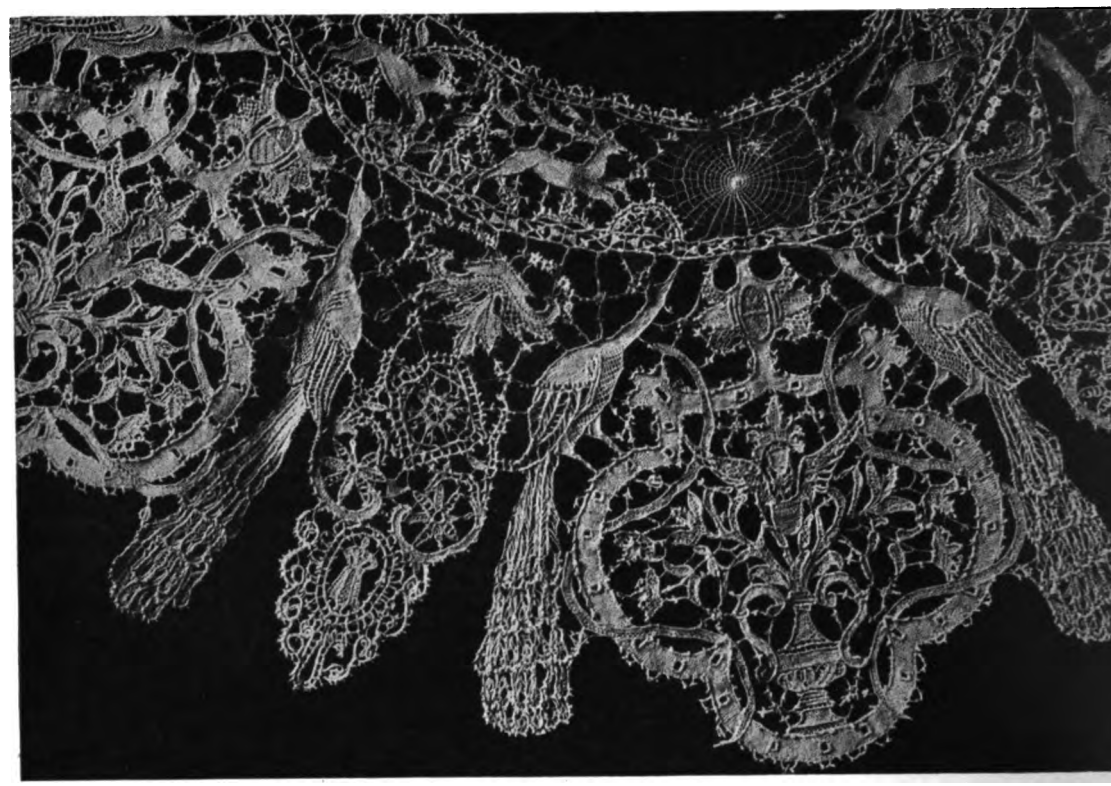

PORTION OF A COLLAR WORKED IN VENETIAN POINT *(Photo Perasso)*

Although from an artistic point of view these works are copied from old models which are nearly always characteristic and peculiar to certain districts, they are modified and adapted in form and application to the tastes and needs of daily life. Thus, Sicilian drawn-thread work formerly used on "Giraletti" (bed-drapery), which hygiene has banished, is now used chiefly for blinds and for blouses. But the method of working is the same and the actual designs are identical with the old patterns. This little revival has sprung from a desire to return to those splendid old forms which it has started to copy. The style, as well as the technical part which our workers have re-mastered, is really the natural taste of our people.

When little by little, and almost unconsciously, the older traditions were abandoned in search of newer ideas, these ideas, although new, could not be anything but Italian, and thus it is that even the original creations of our most sincere artists bear a faint and badly dissimulated trace of classicism from which they cannot free themselves. Why should they try? Vice versa, the foreign needlewoman who imagines that she is faithfully and exactly reproducing, stitch for stitch, an old pattern, manages to introduce a modern touch which is not visible in the old pattern.

These two facts are clearly demonstrated by two examples—one is the collar with peacocks, of which a portion is reproduced on this page. In this every detail was faithfully copied from the "Corona delle Nobili Dame" by Cesare Vecellio: peacocks, ornamentation, figures, not a single detail was invented. And yet, even to one who is not very familiar with old lace, this beautiful collar at once appears modern: modern precisely for its very design and composition, which has involuntarily, in fact against every intention, succeeded in being of typically *modern style.*

The opposite happens when Italy is looked to for *modern style.* At Bologna the "Æmilia Ars," a Society founded with really modern artistic intentions, had the great fortune to meet with the support and directorship of two cultured and exquisite artists: Alfonso Rubbiani and Achille Casanova. They began by reproducing with positive genius some old models, found in a rare and precious old volume belonging to Marchesi Nerio Malvezzi, but when they began to create new styles, such as the magnificent Vanderbilt tablecloth (p. 197), underlying the fresh, gay and delicate personal note of the design, one nevertheless felt something of the nobility of an older and traditional art.

E. R.

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Grave Monuments by Hans Dammann

GRAVE MONUMENTS BY HANS DAMMANN.

THE monuments illustrated on this and following pages represent one side of the work of Hans Dammann of Berlin, who, in the dual capacity of architect aud sculptor, has earned a place among the leading artists of Germany alike by his versatility, by his originality, and his thorough mastery of the technical methods and processes incidental to the practice of his profession. During the past years—in fact ever since he was a youth of twenty—his works have been a regular feature of the principal art exhibitions in Berlin, Munich, Düsseldorf and elsewhere; and some of them have become known far beyond the boundaries of the Fatherland. A striking example of his work as a sculptor was reproduced in these pages a few months ago—a figure of *Salome* in a kneeling posture; and another work of note by him is the figure of a young Roman warrior bearing on the base the legend "Ave Cæsar, morituri te salutant"—a work showing a mature knowledge of the anatomy of the human body in motion.

As a designer of monuments, Dammann has given evidence of his capacity in several important undertakings, notably a war memorial on the battlefield of Mars-la-Tour, a monument at Bingen to the late Grand Duke of Hesse for which the reigning Grand Duke awarded him the silver medal for art and science last year, and a fountain of very original design at Linden in Hanover. It is, however, by memorials such as those here illustrated that his monumental capacity has perhaps been most widely exemplified; in this direction his achievements have been very numerous and the cemeteries of many cities in Germany and other countries contain works which bear witness to his exceptional gifts. The monument in the Campo Santo of Milan, shown among the accompanying illustrations, is the only work by a German artist in that necropolis, and by many this one is considered to be the best that Dammann has executed in his function as a monumental architect-sculptor.

GRAVE MONUMENT BY HANS DAMMANN

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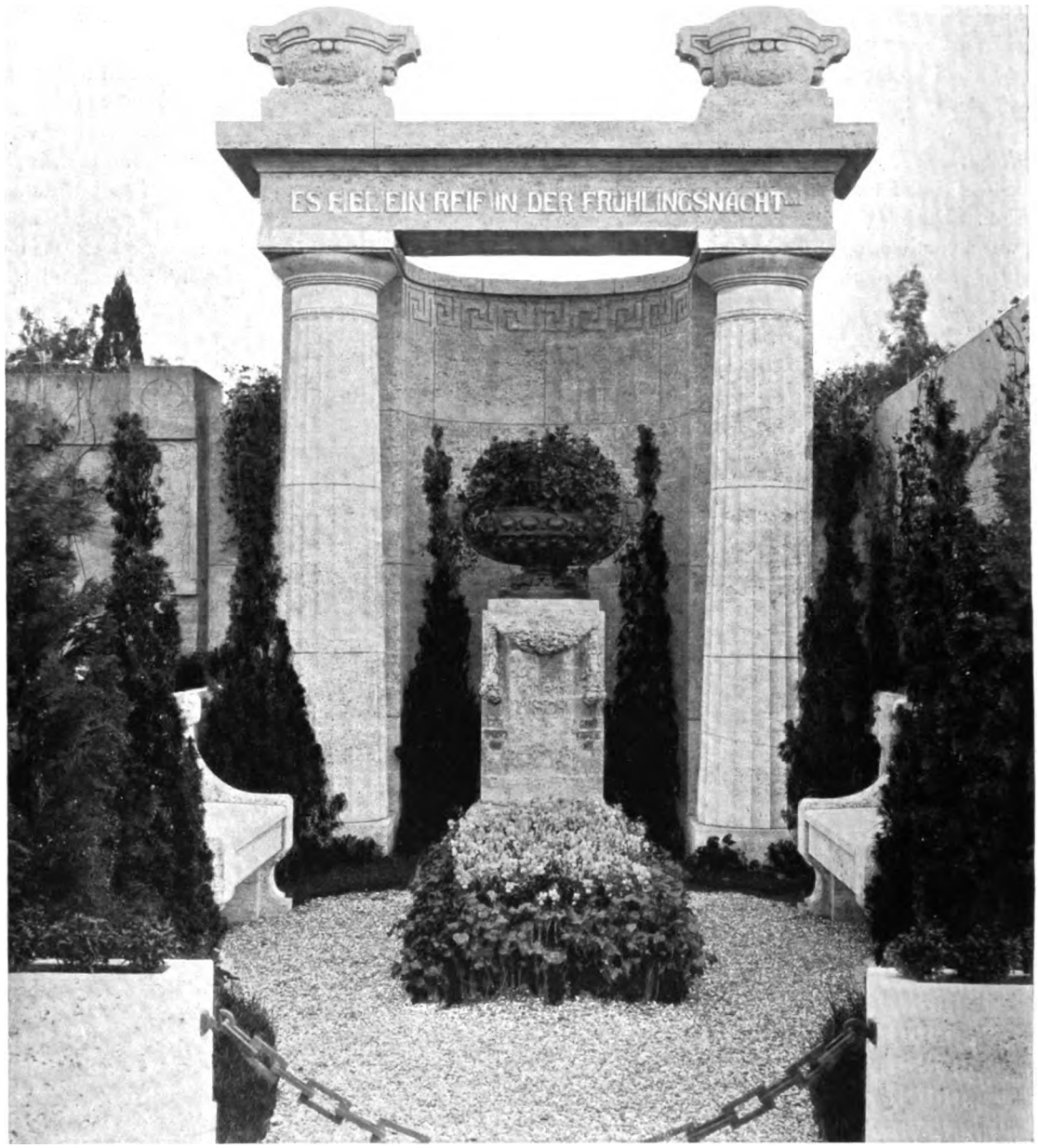

GRAVE MONUMENT
BY HANS DAMMANN

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GRAVE MONUMENT IN THE CAMPO SANTO AT MILAN BY HANS DAMMANN

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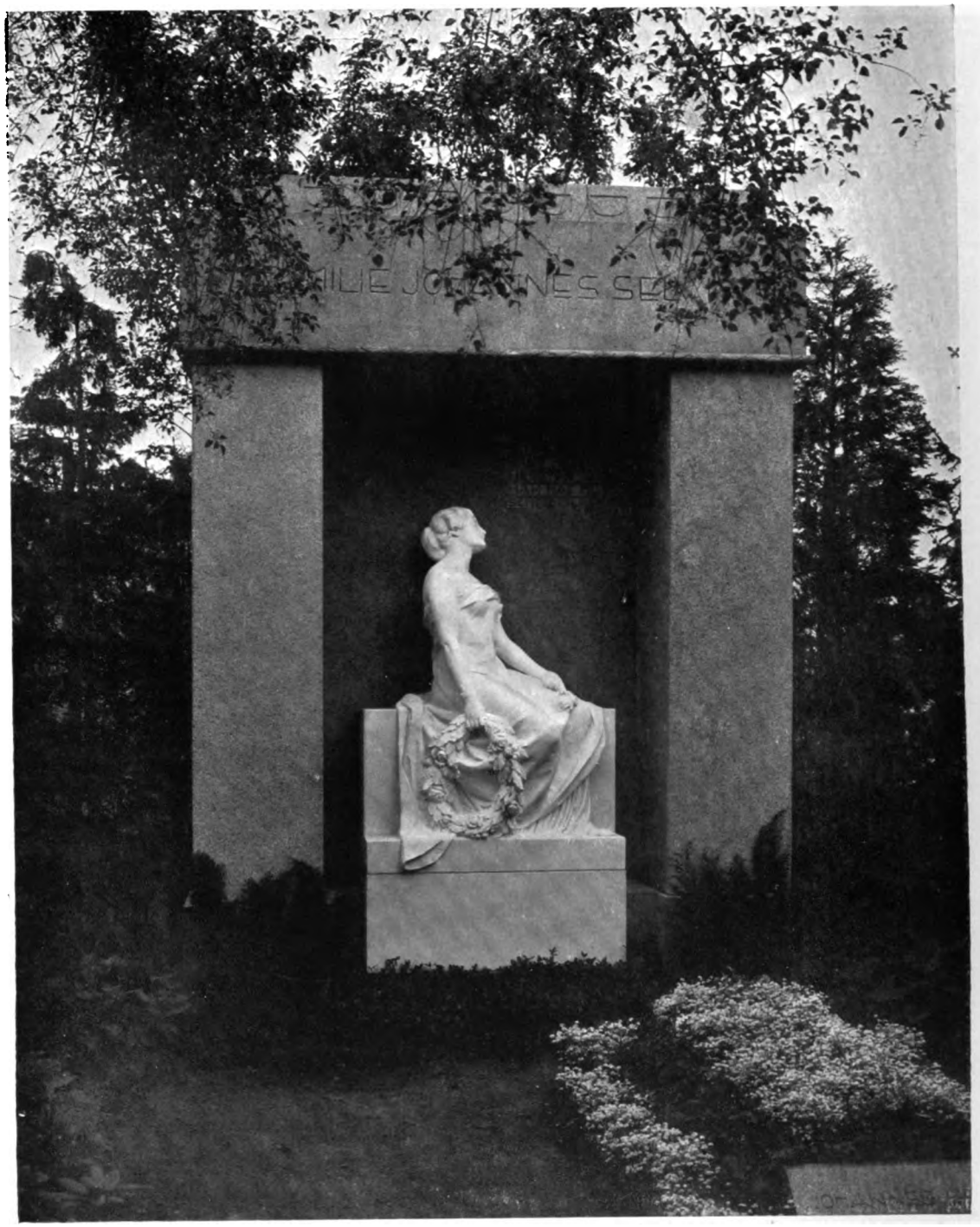

GRAVE MONUMENT
BY HANS DAMMANN

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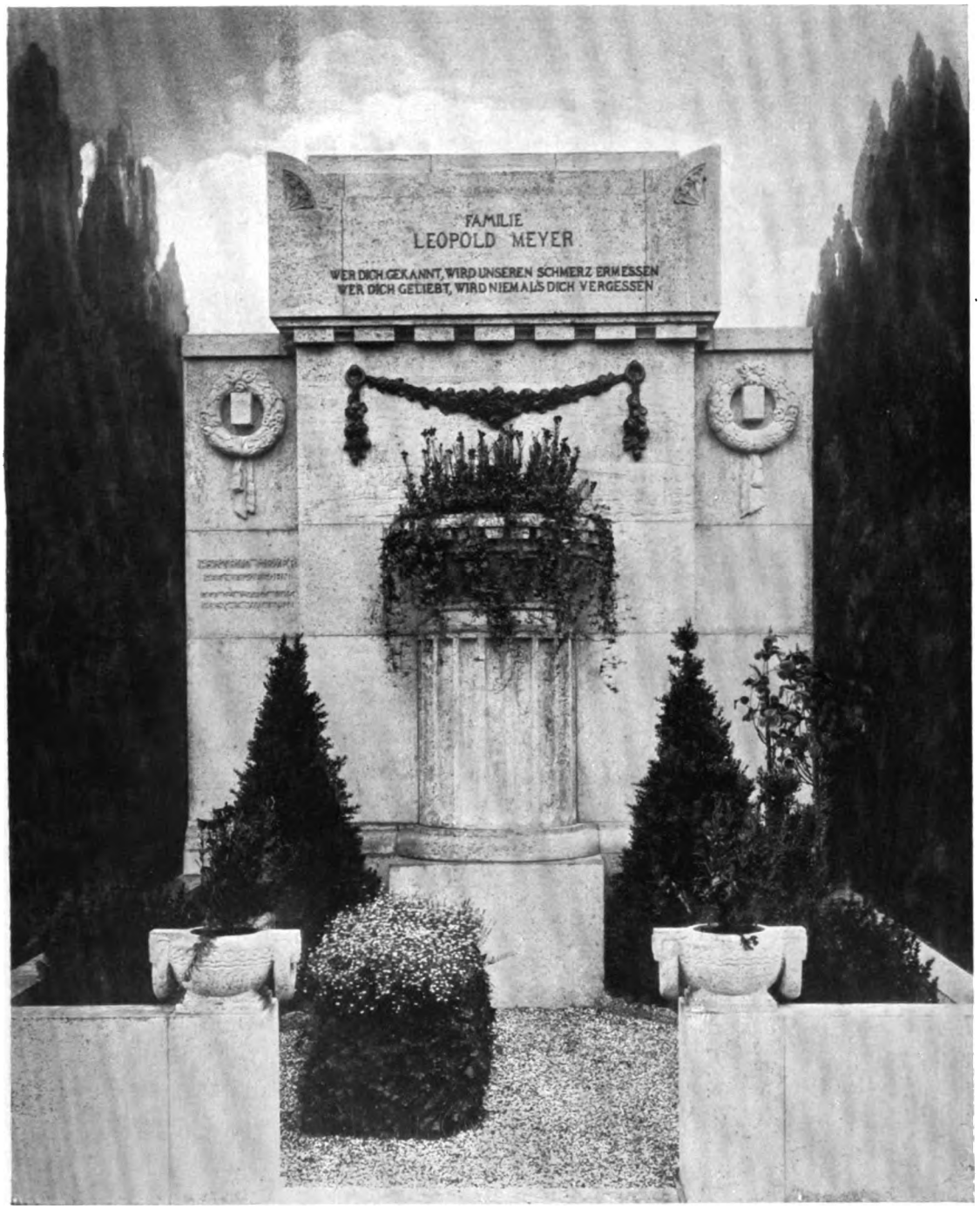

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BY HANS DAMMANN

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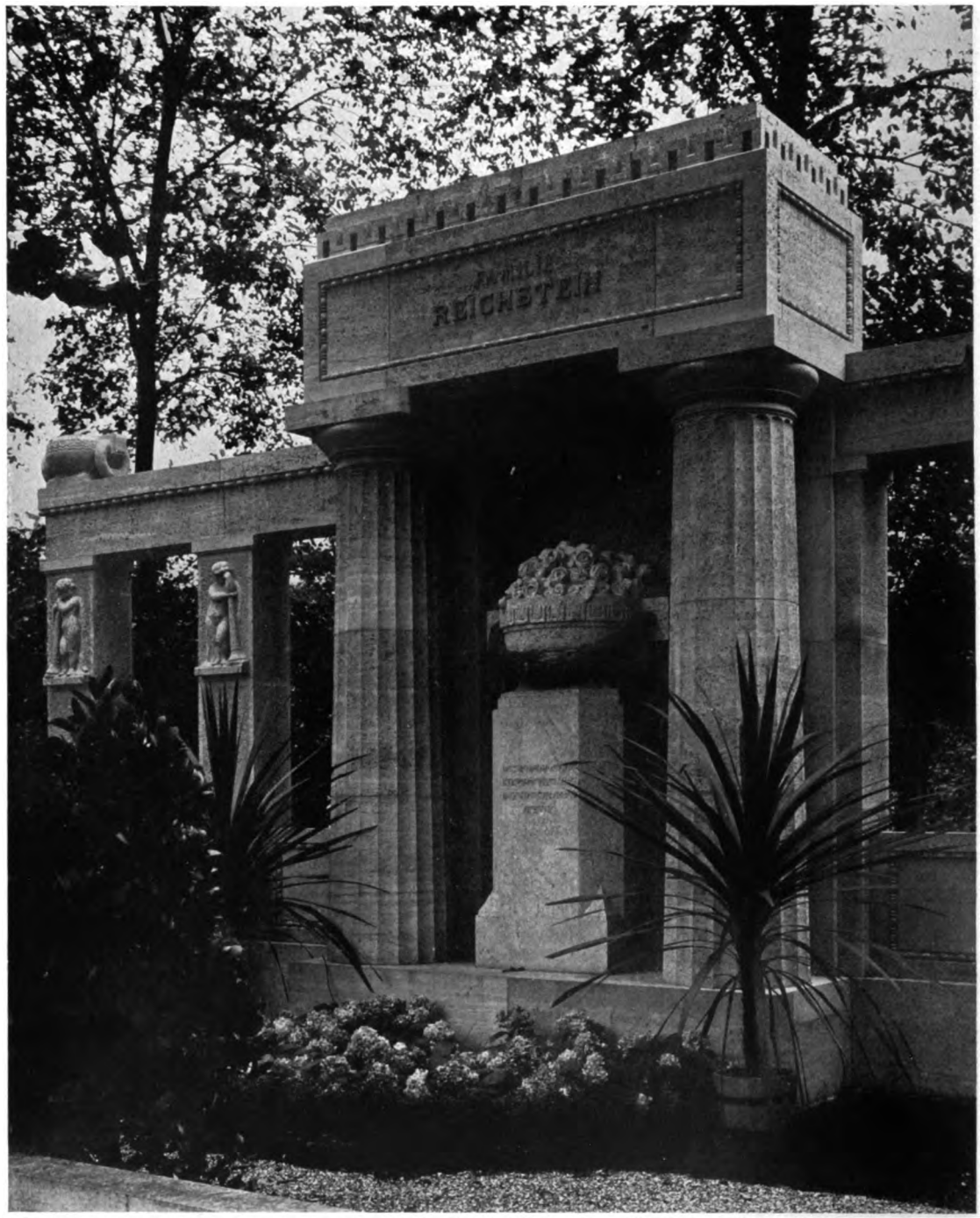

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BY HANS DAMMANN

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GRAVE MONUMENT
BY HANS DAMMANN

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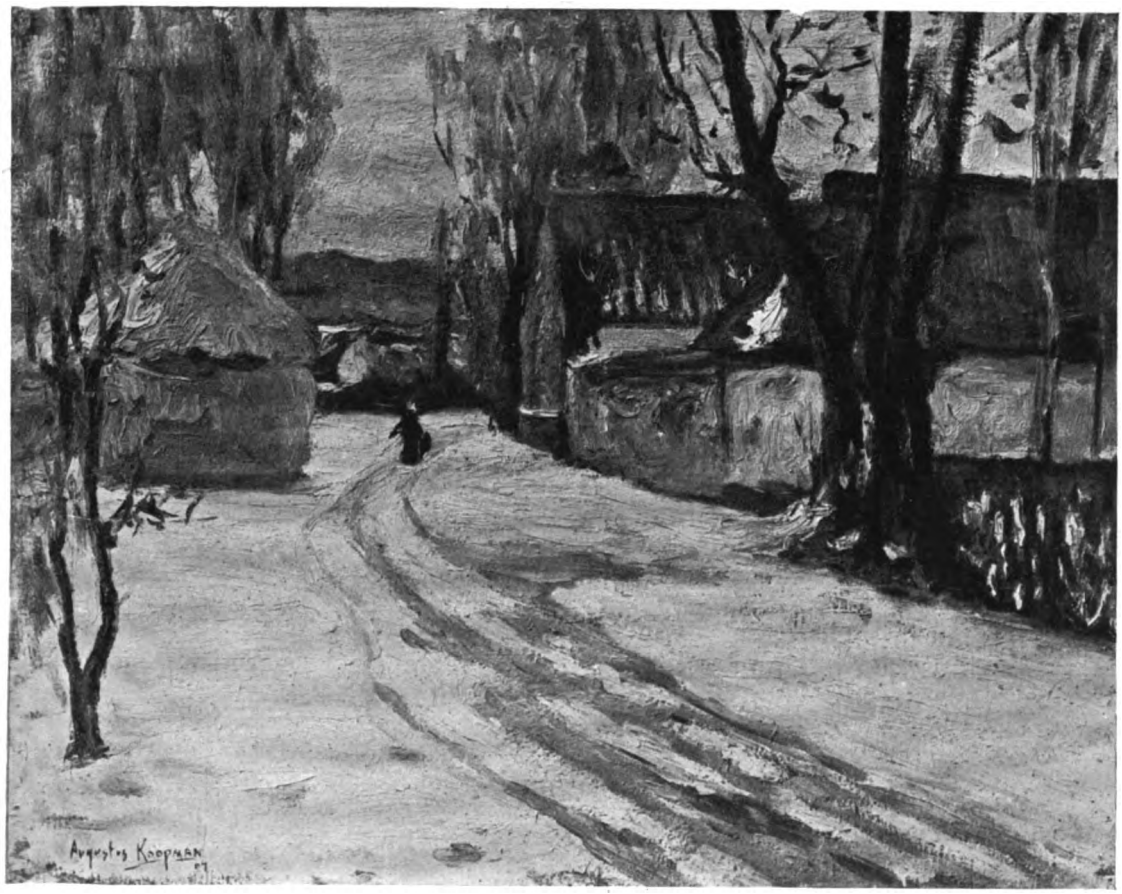
THE PAINTINGS OF AUGUSTUS KOOPMAN. BY E. A. TAYLOR.

In places where the sea speaks silently to the land over golden beaches, or, in company with the wind, tells a turbulent story to the brine-stained rocks; in places, too, where tar and salt spray scent the air, and morning and eve see the same familiar faces and boats, whose owners are known by the familiar names they bear; in such corners of the earth the painter of an impulsive emotional nature finds a never-ending source of fascination.

Of the pictures painted by Augustus Koopman it is those dealing with such places and times that make the widest appeal and are perhaps the most characteristic things he has done. I think there are few artists who will not tell you how difficult it is to retain in a finished work the virility and freshness of a first sketch or thought, and how, in dressing it up to pass an exhibition jury and finally face the world, its life ebbs daily away; the really vital qualities being perhaps the most difficult for the dramatic and emotional painter to retain, especially in a work of large dimension which will carry him over days and demand hours of unhampered and concentrated energy.

In various articles and critiques which I have seen on the work of Mr. Koopman the writers have, in almost all instances, I think, insisted that his work conveys an inner meaning—a double purpose—an opinion which makes me think that many of the articles were written from the titles the artist gives to his pictures rather than the pictures themselves. I have no doubt that if the majority of the old masters were to wake up and read some of the things written about their meanings and intentions, there would be a hurried rustling of grave-clothes and a scramble to get back and keep up the illusion.

But all painting is symbolistic, or perhaps one ought to say, it should be, if it is not. Much, or indeed most, of it is the outcome of an undesirable as well as an impossible endeavour to imitate nature, which is still a prevalent standard of belief. How few of



"WINTER" BY AUGUSTUS KOOPMAN

(In the collection of John James Cowan, Esq., Edinburgh)

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us, in viewing the work of any artist, are free from the influence of outside opinions and irrelevant associations, and praise or blame the work accordingly. The young painter with his pet theories of technique, colour, and composition, is, after all, sometimes not far off the Philistine with his truth to nature, and the Baedeker enthusiast with his Old Master comparisons, and one begins to admire the casual "man in the street" who tells you he likes it or he doesn't. It is not uncommon, too, to hear it advocated that the artist is never a good judge of his own productions. That may be true of a man who is just a painter, but it is not, and never will be, true of an artist; nevertheless, he may be so carried away with his ideal that he will be disposed to read more in his work than he has actually achieved, and to try to achieve more than the subject demands, the usual result in such cases being a failure from all points of view except execution.

Like all strongly temperamental artists Mr. Koopman was a man of impulse; nature's sudden storm and sunshine and accidental dramatic effects, fleeting as they are, produced in him and his work a quick spontaneity, and while working at the full pitch of his abundant and long-sustained energy the work he produced had always artistic vitality and individuality, these valuable qualities being conspicuously evident in his monotypes and other methods of expression, which though sometimes accidental, demand spontaneity and quickness of treatment. But all his work is of such a nature that one feels most strongly the man in relation to dramatic sentiment—and in the history of art and of nations that only is great and lasting which has exhibited the worker's relation to the world, though perhaps this relation is chiefly notable in the non-representative arts such as architecture and design.

Amongst the accompanying illustrations from Koopman's larger oil paintings, *Launching the Boat*, *With Might and Main*, and *After the Storm* perhaps exhibit most clearly the artist's individualism. Turning to other subjects one finds the most animated are those in which the first painting of the passing effects has been retained and those

"THE PARTING WORD" BY AUGUSTUS KOOPMAN

(The property of Edwd. Greenhalgh, Esq., Bolton, Lancashire)

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"LAUNCHING THE BOAT."
BY AUGUSTUS KOOPMAN

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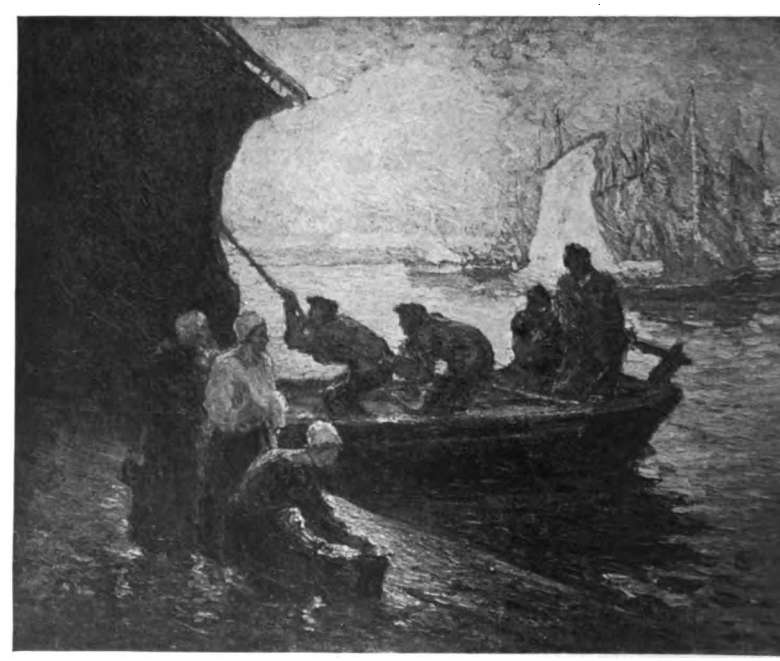
in which the mood of the moment has lasted long enough to permit of indoor working. In looking over many of his pictures, I have always felt that to him mood and spirited influences were essential and that herein lay the secret of his most successful work. Some may say that that is so with all artists, yet some of the most spirited pictures I have seen were painted when there was no mood, no influence beyond the simple impulse to do it, while the outside world called with clarion notes to lay them aside and join in its laughter. Again some artists are impelled by sorrow, some by joy, and others by danger, and perhaps many by jealousy and fear. Koopman loved life and movement, and I often wondered why with his love of the sea he rarely painted it except as seen from the shore. However, he was not essentially a marine painter; many of the pictures to which he attached most value were entirely figure subjects, but that is not surprising, seeing that his own children chiefly inspired them.

In much of Koopman's early work his colour and composition had many of the qualities characteristic of the modern Dutch artists, notably those one associates with the marine pictures of H. W. Mesdag and B. J. Blommers. Latterly he came under the influence of the impressionists and post-impressionists, without, however, in any covert way attaching himself to either movement; his colour became more virulent, though not always happily suitable to that which compositionally attracted him. Nevertheless many of the pictures of this later phase gained a unique popularity and found permanent resting-places in important collections in America. In looking over the catalogue of the Carnegie Institute at Pittsburgh, one is rather staggered at the long list of honours attached to the various portraits of artists, and wonders if there is really anything left for them to gain. In exhibitions, too, one is led to expect great things which the memory of the dazzling medals seems to hide, and I have no doubt in many cases the artist's own vision of further greatness is also obscured in the same way. So without enumerating the many distinctions that Mr. Koopman achieved, it will suffice to mention that he was elected an *Associé* of the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts in 1912, an honour much sought by artists of almost all nationalities. Born in Charlotte, North Carolina, in 1869, he early studied art in the Pennsylvania Academy, Philadelphia, and later in Paris at the École des Beaux-Arts, and also for some time under Bouguereau and Robert Fleury. Like many other Americans he practically made France his home; wintering in Paris, he spent the longer days of spring and summer in Etaples and the neighbouring little village of Equihen, where the wash of the wind and sea supplied the life and movement necessary to satisfy his impulsive inspirations. Last summer he held a successful exhibition in his own country, and while there spent some of the brighter days painting in the Grand Cañon of Arizona. He returned to Paris in the autumn, and worked hard in spite of a lingering illness which ultimately made it necessary for him to seek a renewal of energy in his favourite painting ground, Etaples. Here he died on January 30, leaving behind him many unfinished canvases, sketches and studies, and what time and the world will think of them he may not know. Somewhere on an old garden sundial I have read: "Time passes like the shadows on my face," underneath which some wise one had written, "Ah, no! 'Tis Time that stays and we that go."



"HOISTING SAILS BY AUGUSTUS KOOPMAN

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(In the collection of Isaac Thomas, Esq., Boston, U.S.A.)

"AFTER THE STORM." OIL-PAINTING BY AUGUSTUS KOOPMAN

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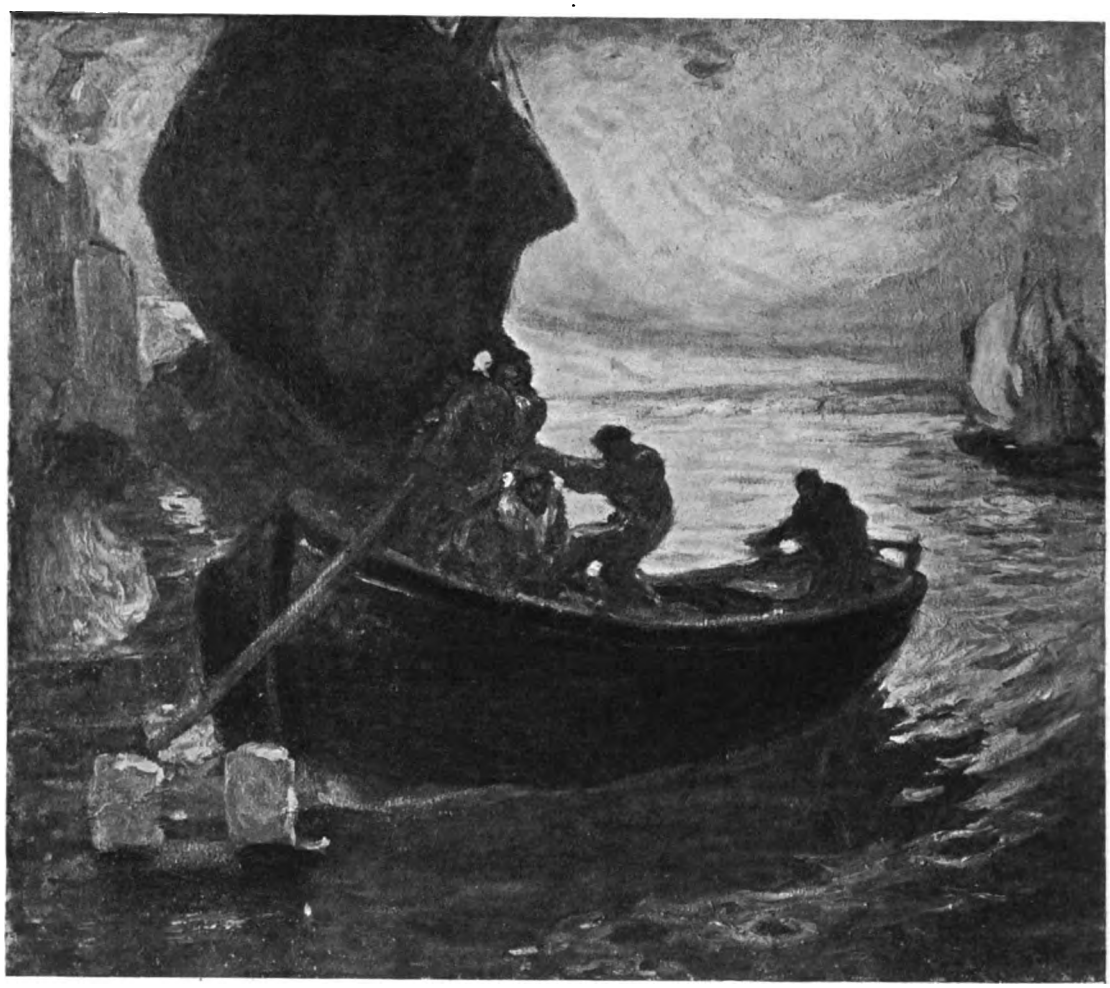

"WITH MIGHT AND MAIN."
BY AUGUSTUS KOOPMAN

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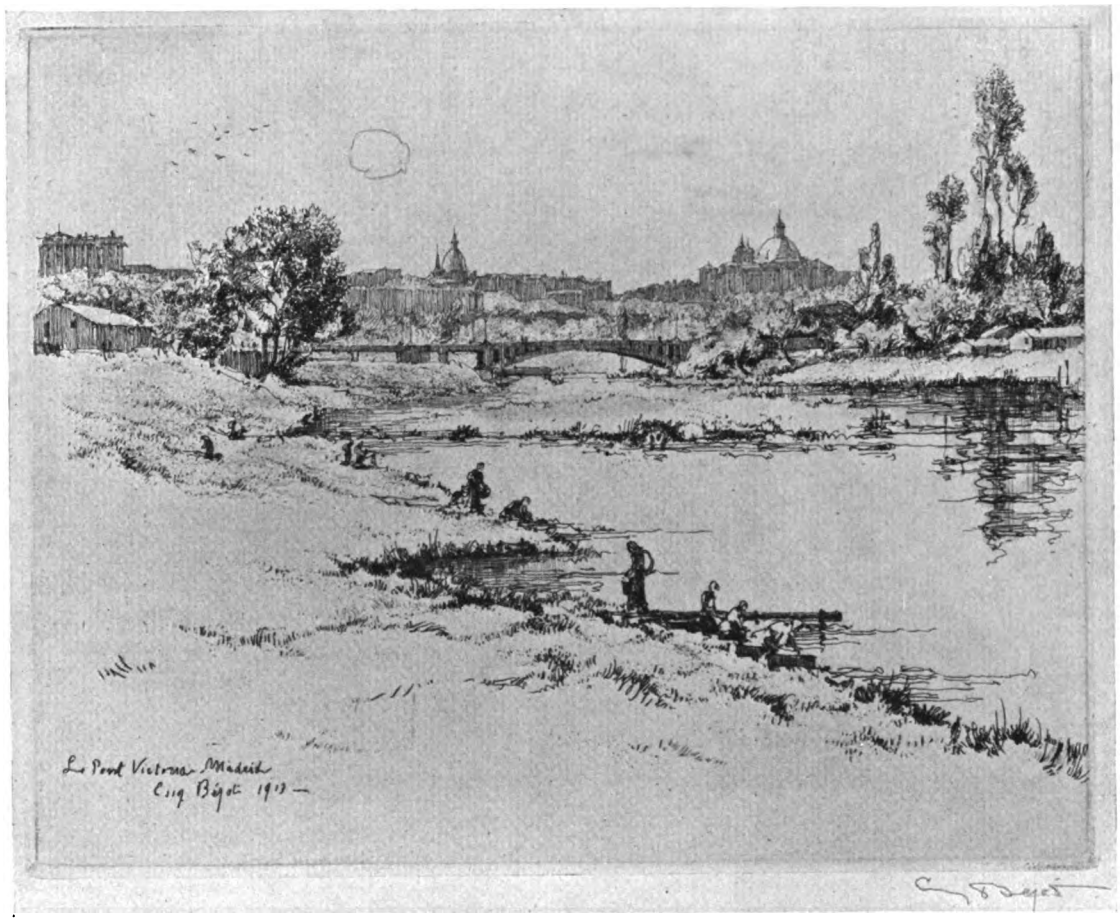
THE ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTER-ETCHERS.

THE thirty-second annual exhibition of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers and Engravers was held in the galleries of the "Old" Water-Colour Society from the middle of February till March 20, and although the number of small works appeared to be much greater than usual the impression which the exhibition as a whole gave of the present condition of the arts of etching and engraving in this country was by no means unfavourable. The bulk of the contributors showed that they had a thorough command over executive processes and that they were well able to reach a reasonably high standard of accomplishment. The fault of over-elaboration which so often mars the efforts of the novice, and the other extreme of insufficient elaboration were not unduly prominent, while in some of the prints excellent effects were achieved by leaving portions of the plate quite free so as to allow the paper itself to contribute to the design. Indeed the general level of the collection was so well maintained that it was by no means easy to pick out the special things deserving particular consideration. Perhaps the most satisfying pieces of work were Sir Frank Short's mezzotint, *Orion over Thames at Ranelagh*, Mr. C. J. Watson's *Saint Antoine, Compiègne*, Mr. Alfred Hartley's *Herring Boats, St. Ives*, and *Jardin du Grand Trianon*, Sir Charles Holroyd's *Fountain of Neptune, Penha Verde, Portugal*, Miss M. Kemp-Welch's *A Late Winter*, Mr. Bernard Eyre's *Wharfedale*, the groups of admirable prints by Mr. W. Lee Hankey, M. Eugène Béjot and Mr. David Waterson; but there was also much to commend among the contributions of the Hon. Walter James, Mr. W. Monk, Mr. C. H. Baskett, Miss A. Airy, Mr. Percival Gaskell, Mr. W. L. Wyllie, Mr. E. W. Charlton, and Mr. Wilfred Ball. Three noteworthy plates by the late Sir Alfred East were included.



"LE PONT VICTORIA, MADRID" BY EUGÈNE BÉJOT, R.E.

(By permission of Messrs. James Connell and Sons)

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"IN THE HILL COUNTRY"
BY W. LEE HANKEY, R.E.

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"HERRING BOATS, ST. IVES."
BY ALFRED HARTLEY, R.E.

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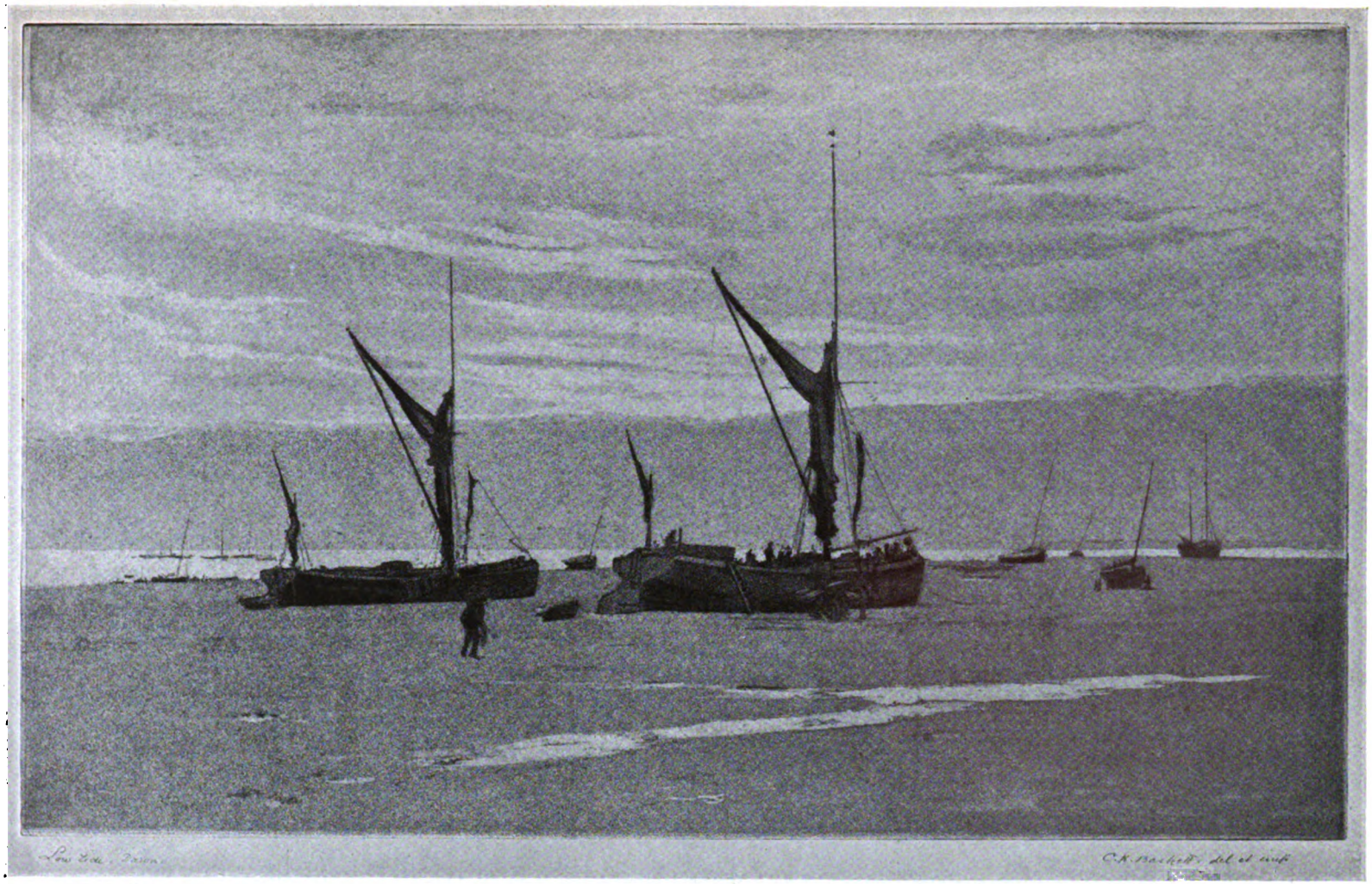

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"LOW TIDE AT DAWN". (AQUATINT)
BY C. H. BASKETT, A.R.E.

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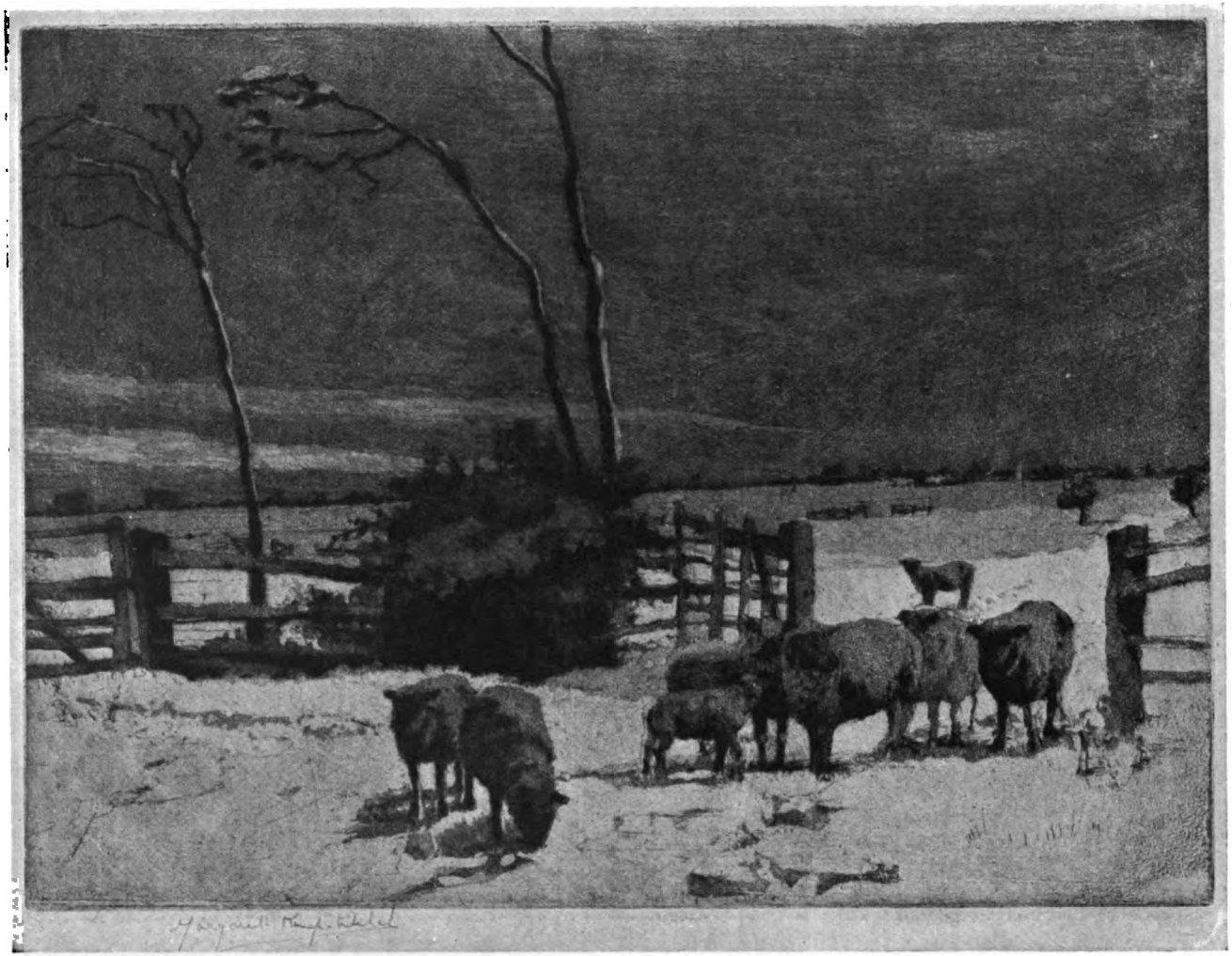

"A LATE WINTER" (AQUATINT)
BY M. KEMP-WELCH, A.R.E.

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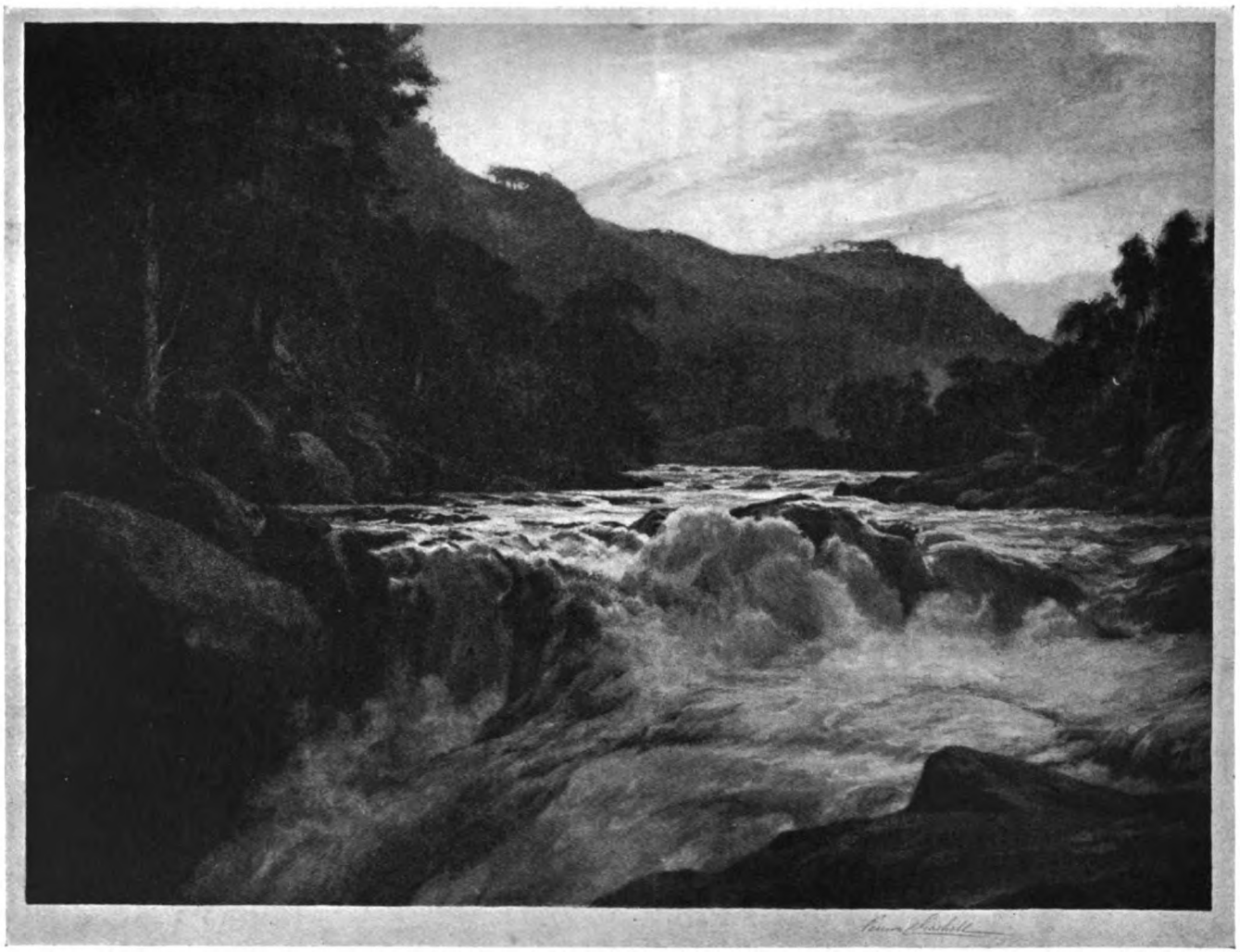

"THE FALLS OF TUMMEL, PERTHSHIRE"
(AQUATINT). BY PERCIVAL GASKELL, R.E.

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"THE KNITTING LESSON"
BY W. LEE HANKEY, R.E.

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"ONE SUMMER'S DAY" FROM A MEZZOTINT BY DAVID WATERSON, R.E.

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STUDIO-TALK.

(From Our Own Correspondents.)

LONDON.—The most prominent characteristic of the exhibition of the National Portrait Society, held at the Grosvenor Gallery last month, was its variety of intention and achievement, and also to some extent the display of vivid colour, the show in this respect reflecting the current taste. A great deal of very good work was included in it, and there were not many things which were unworthy of places in an important show, though there were certainly several which, because of their technical extravagance, one could only accept with considerable reservations. Among the conspicuous successes of the exhibition must be counted Mr. Glyn Philpot's masterly canvases *Man in Black* and *Lady in Rose and Silver*; Mr. W. Orpen's fine study of *Leonard Stokes* and his delightful interior portrait, *The Countess Crawford*, certainly one of the most charming works of the kind that we have had so far from this master of interior painting; the three accomplished paintings, *La Maja*, *Portrait*, and *The Sisters*, by Mr. Gerald Kelly, *The Late Joseph Crawhall* by Mr. W. W. Russell; *Lynn Bristowe, Esq*, by Mr. W. Nicholson; the *Lady in White*, by Mr. P. W. Steer; and the excellent study of Lord Chelmsford, by Mr. P. A. de László. Besides these, however, there was plenty to praise; the contributions, for instance, of Mrs. Swynnerton, Mr. Dacres Adams, Mr. Fiddes Watt, Mr. A. McEvoy, Mr. Philip Connard, Mr. Harold Speed, and Mr. L. Campbell Taylor: and the well-known portrait of Mr. W. Nicholson by Mr. Augustus John. Some good sculpture, by M. Rodin, Mr. Basil Gotto, Mr. Derwent Wood, and Mr. Epstein was shown, and there were a few memorable drawings and water-colours.

We give on this page an illustration of Mr. Reynolds-Stephens's memorial to Sir W. Q. Orchardson, R.A., which having been placed in position in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral, was unveiled early in February by Earl Beauchamp in presence of a distinguished company. The composition hardly calls for any explanation, especially as regards the figure of Napoleon, which is of course from the well-known picture in the Tate Gallery, the other being from *The Farmer's Daughter* in the Glasgow Corporation collection.

At the Leicester Gallery Mr. Oliver Hall has been holding an exhibition of cabinet pictures in oil. The cabinet size suits his genius—the charm of his style and his fastidious execution. Mr. Hall's art has a very personal character; it does not strike us as intimate or profound in its interpretation of nature, but it is directly inspired by nature; there is absolutely nothing of studio-

MEMORIAL TO SIR W. Q. ORCHARDSON, R.A., IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL. BY W. REYNOLDS-STEPHENS

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concoction about it, and yet it has the style and deliberation of a work of art composed expressly for framing. None of the pictures are mere transcripts from nature, but they each evoke the presence of nature. The execution is phenomenally neat and the artist's innate gift for composition always keeps him from the commonplace.

A beautiful carved oak door, the clever handiwork of the late Marquis of Northampton, has recently been placed in the inner court of Castle Ashby, Northamptonshire. His lordship, who did the whole of the carving himself, put the finishing touches to the door only a few days before he died, but did not live to see it placed in position. The carving represents sections of the arms of the Compton family and the details are executed with exquisite delicacy and accuracy. Most of the shields are copied from carvings already in existence at Compton Wynyates, the family seat in Warwickshire. Wood carving was one of the favourite hobbies of the late Marquis, and he took a keen pride and interest in this particular door. The lock on one side of it is a replica of an old Flemish lock, and on the other side is a reproduction of one on an ancient door at Bury St. Edmunds.

Among English painters who have been affected by Post-Impressionism, Mr. S. J. Peploe holds one of the first places. It would seem that the theory of Post-Impressionism is too strong for an English artist's head. Mr. Peploe affords us the rare instance of an artist whose head is stronger than the theories he has embraced, he uses them instead of artistically succumbing to them. Consequently he gets the best out of them, gaining from them what licence for freedom of line and abandonment to colour he may require, but preserving always evidence of contact with life as well with theory, retaining vitality and the power to convince where so many under the same influence have entirely lost these.

At the Baillie Gallery where Mr. Peploe's Exhibition has been held there have also been works by Mr. Roberto Domingo, entirely dealing with the subjects of the Spanish bull-ring. The artist is obviously an "illustrator," though not perhaps a black-and-white artist; each painting describes a distinct phase of the fight with a scrupulous regard for fact. The method is that of an Impressionist, sometimes hardly sufficiently suppressing the evidence of haste; the point of view in every painting is that of the "expert" more interested in the fate of the combatants than in composition, but with a fine talent for conveying movement.

Mr. Anthony R. Barker has become prominent of late as a lithographic artist as well as an etcher, and to judge by some of the prints we have seen, the lithographic chalk is a medium which suits him quite as well as the needle. In the print reproduced opposite, the spontaneous freedom to which the medium lends itself is effectively exploited.

At the Manzi-Joyant Gallery in Bedford Street the Black Frame Club held their annual exhibition last month. Many of the best works were found on reference to the catalogue to be from one hand, that of Mr. Paul Paul. Mr. E. Borough Johnson, though never so personal an artist with brush in hand as with a pencil, was also responsible for important items. Mr. D. A. Wehrschmidt's *Sketch*, Mr. Percy W. Gibbs's *The Bridge, St. Thibault*, and *The Isle of Urk, Holland*, are things to be remembered, and other contributors of interesting work were Messrs. Haughton, Lobley, and S. E. Scott.

OAK DOORWAY AT CASTLE ASHBY, NORTHANTS, CARVED BY THE LATE MARQUIS OF NORTHAMPTON

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"THE MEET." FROM AN ORIGINAL LITHOGRAPH BY ANTHONY R. BARKER

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Two exhibitions of garden pictures were held last month. Miss Mima Nixon, who showed at the Fine Art Society's, has considerable art in composing her subject, in suggesting the distances of long garden walks, and the levels of lawns; the flowers she simplifies with much skill. On the other hand Miss Parsons—whose work was on view at Messrs. Dowdeswell's—is best in detail; it is a feeling for flowers, rather than for the mystery and the perspectives of gardens that seems to guide her. Both these artists work entirely in water-colour.

Mr. G. Spencer Watson also has been exhibiting at the Fine Art Society's. The exhibition included portraits and landscapes in oil. *Across the Fields to the Sea, Studland*, was the most notable and stimulating of his landscapes, but the neighbourhood of Poole had afforded him much interesting matter in cloud effects over the harbour, and the scenery of cliffs and clay diggings. The two or three portraits were distinguished in character.

The annual Costume Ball of the Chelsea Arts Club, which has come to be one of the chief social functions of the early London season, was held at the Royal Albert Hall on March 4 and alike as regards the attendance, the almost infinite variety of costumes and the general organisation, was a brilliant success. Red, green and yellow — and especially orange— seemed to be the colours mostly favoured, and the effect of the whole as the vast concourse moved slowly round the arena to the strains of the music was most dazzling.

MANCHESTER. — The Manchester Academy of Fine Arts has given a good account of itself this year. The annual exhibition, which was held as usual at the City Art Gallery in February, contained evidence of much sincere work, and the whole tone of the exhibition was encouraging. One missed the pictures by the late W. H. Clarence Whaite, who was president of the Academy for so many years and whose work always added distinction to the exhibition. His place was filled this year by Mr. John Ely, F.R.I.B.A., who was elected president, Mr. Byron Cooper being elected vice-president.

The landscapes especially were of good quality, showing a marked advance in the work of some of

"BEECHES: WINTER" *(Manchester Academy)* BY W. NOEL JOHNSON

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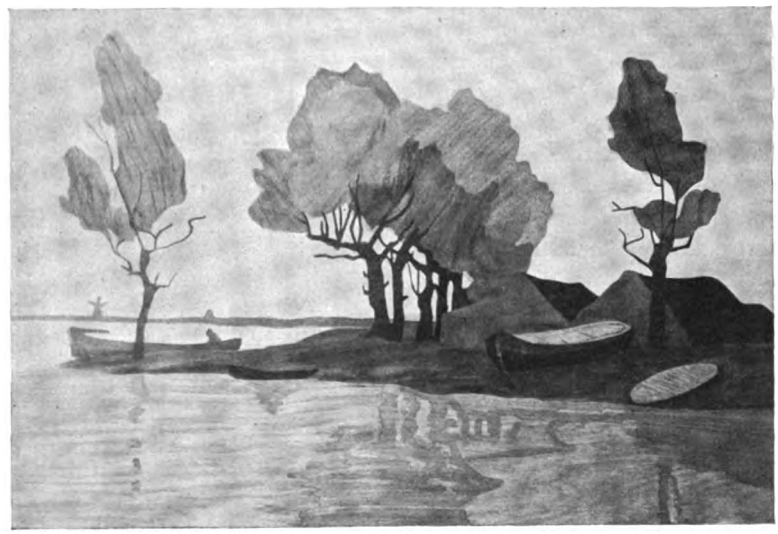
"KINGFISHERS." WOOD INTARSIA BY OSKAR HABERER
(See Berlin Studio-Talk, next page)

the exhibitors. Several also have given again a freshness and interest to their work by adventuring on to unfamiliar ground. Among works calling for attention are Mr. Anderson Hague's *Autumn Floods*, a strong and vigorous rendering of the chill, wet weather of late autumn; Mr. F. W. Jackson's *Pasturing*, notable for its fine colour and atmosphere; Mr. Charles Oppenheimer's *St. Mark's, Venice*, in which a difficult subject has been successfully treated in a large and broad manner; Mr. Byron Cooper's *Night*, a harmonious and attractive rendering of moonlight, and the contributions of Mr. R. G. Somerset, Mr. H. Moxon Cook, Mr. W. Noel Johnson and Mr. Herbert Royle.

The most attractive portrait in the exhibition was Mr. T. C. Dugdale's *Miss Elsie Carrington*, in which the figure is well posed and the general colour pleasant. *Hetty*, a study of a head, by Mr. Reginald Barber, modelled with great directness, and a portrait by Miss Prince also deserve notice. Mr. J. W. Booth showed several good pictures of horses. Among the water-colours *The Blue Arno* by Mr. Bertram Nicholls claimed attention for its delightful colour and freshness of treatment. Miss M. F. Monkhouse also showed several water-colours of interest, and good work was contributed by Mr. Elias Bancroft, Mr. Moxon Cook, Mr. Alex. J. Mavrogordato, Mr. Frank Longshaw, Mr. Percy Lancaster and Miss Jessie Dawe, who had also a good portrait in pastel. Sculpture was represented by several portrait busts by Mr. Cassidy and two well imagined statuettes by Miss Gertrude E. Wright.

S. H. S.

BIRMINGHAM.—The Birmingham Royal Society of Artists has entered upon a new period of its career, and has just held the inaugural exhibition in its new galleries, one hundred years after the holding of the first exhibition of the kind in Birmingham. It has been a matter of regret to those interested in the Fine Arts in Birmingham that the old building with its classic portico, which for so many years formed a striking object in New Street, should have disappeared; and the loss of the fine round room will long be felt. But the enormously enhanced value of land in such a central situation in the city, together with the rapidly approaching termination of the society's lease, made the destruction of the old building inevitable within a few years at most. Under the new arrangement the front of the premises now just completed, on the old site, is given to shops and offices, while the galleries of the society are built in the rear. Though not so extensive as the former galleries, the new ones are sufficiently large, and well lighted; the large room being 78 feet long by 27 feet wide.



"BOAT-HOUSE" WOOD INTARSIA BY OSKAR HABERER
(See Berlin Studio-Talk, next page)

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"LA MÉNAGÈRE." WOOD-ENGRAVING BY AMÉDÉE WETTER
(See Paris Studio-Talk)

The society enjoys the support of a number of subscribers, but it derives no part of its income from the city rates. Its management is entirely carried on by the gratuitous services of its more active resident members, among whom the very able honorary secretary, Mr. W. J. Wainwright, R.W.S., takes the lion's share of work. The society is one of the very few institutions of its kind that are entirely managed by artists. The recent exhibition was confined to the works of members and associates, but there is every intention that other exhibitions shall be held, in which other artists, and especially those of the Midlands, will have an opportunity of showing their work to the Birmingham public. There are twenty-nine members and thirty associates in the society, and though there is a very wide divergence of aim and outlook among the members, this has not been found incompatible with harmonious working to mutual advantage. Perhaps the chief line of demarcation lies between the Decorative or Pre-Raphaelite group, and the other members and associates. By hanging the works of these two sections on separate walls or screens, each has derived advantage from the classification, while the interest of the exhibition has been much enhanced. If this method can be carried still further, so as to secure separate grouping for the individual artists, there can be little doubt that a still greater advance will be made.

BERLIN. — In Casper's Salon some landscapes from Southern France with fine portrayal of atmosphere effects, witnessed to the carefully developing art of Felix Borchardt. Hans Hartig's characteristically grasped *Spring Tide* in Westerland made one realise the dangers of the North Sea. Ernst Liebermann stood out as a clever and careful painter of the female nude, and Ulrich Hübner as a sea painter. One could admire Friedrich Kallmorgen for his ability to grasp a scene of city life with all the drama of its intercourse. Among various graphic exhibits of notable quality the *Hill Path* by Walter Leistikow made an instant appeal by its convincing proof of direct contact with nature. One could hardly be persuaded at first sight, that the intarsia pictures by Oskar Haberer were not oil-paintings. Animals, figure-compositions, and landscapes showed the acute observer and reliable draughtsman who achieves beautiful colour melodies with his mosaics of wood. In these the textures of different woods are cleverly selected and manipulated to represent

"PAYSAGE" WOOD-ENGRAVING BY R. GRILLON
(See Paris Studio-Talk)

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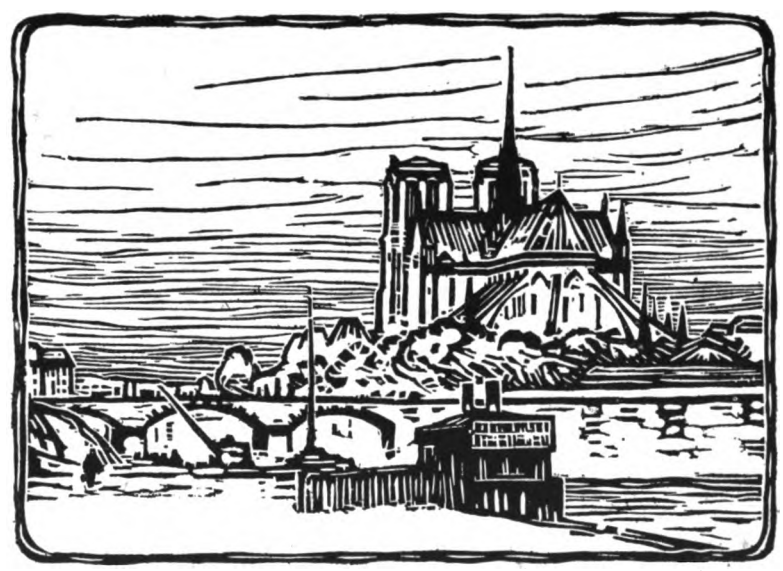
"TÊTE DE PROFIL" WOOD-ENGRAVING BY ALFRED LATOUR

clouds, trees, water, air, and human forms. Craftsmanship here seems to be exalted to the sphere of high art. Haberer, a former pupil of the Karlsruhe Arts and Crafts School, now resides and practises his calling in Berlin.

At Paul Cassirer's an opportunity was afforded of studying Waldemar Rösler in all the phases of his development, which does not seem to have yet reached any definite course. He attacks landscape and the human figure with emotional verve, and after showing a partiality for cool tonalities of the Van Gogh order, has proceeded to a passionate display of colour. A craving for a synthetic style of composition and for the exact portrayal of light aggravates his difficulties, and it seems as if his labours could be facilitated by more naturalness. A collection of Odilon Redon's works was on view in this Salon. This painter revelled in harmonious juxtapositions of pure colour spots long before pointillism made its appearance as a creed, and evolved his theory in flower-pieces of particular delicacy and decorative quality. In works such as these, even a Whistlerian æstheticism can find gratification, but in his treatment of heroic-symbolic subjects he seems to show a strange weakness.

Ample opportunities have been afforded lately for a study of the talent of the Norwegian Edvard Munch, whose paintings filled the whole of Fritz Gurlitt's Salon, while his graphic work occupied the galleries of Amsler and Ruthardt. It is a rather contradictory nature that we have to deal with in him. There is certainly much in his pictures that attracts one at first sight, but his expressionist style, and his thin glazing of the white canvas, are inimical to a sustained interest. Deficiencies of execution and brutalities of taste quickly dispel ascination; and one soon becomes painfully aware of the lack of an artistic conscience. J. J.

PARIS.—In the recent exhibition of the Second Group of Engravers on Wood in the little Galerie Grandhomme one felt an intimacy that is so often lacking in more pretentious galleries. The gallery is not large enough to leave vacant space to be filled with work that would otherwise be rejected, and the result in the case of this exhibition of wood engravings was that each artist of the group was judiciously represented, and that the collection as a



"NÔTRE DAME" WOOD-ENGRAVING BY ALFRED LATOUR
(Graveurs sur Bois, Paris)

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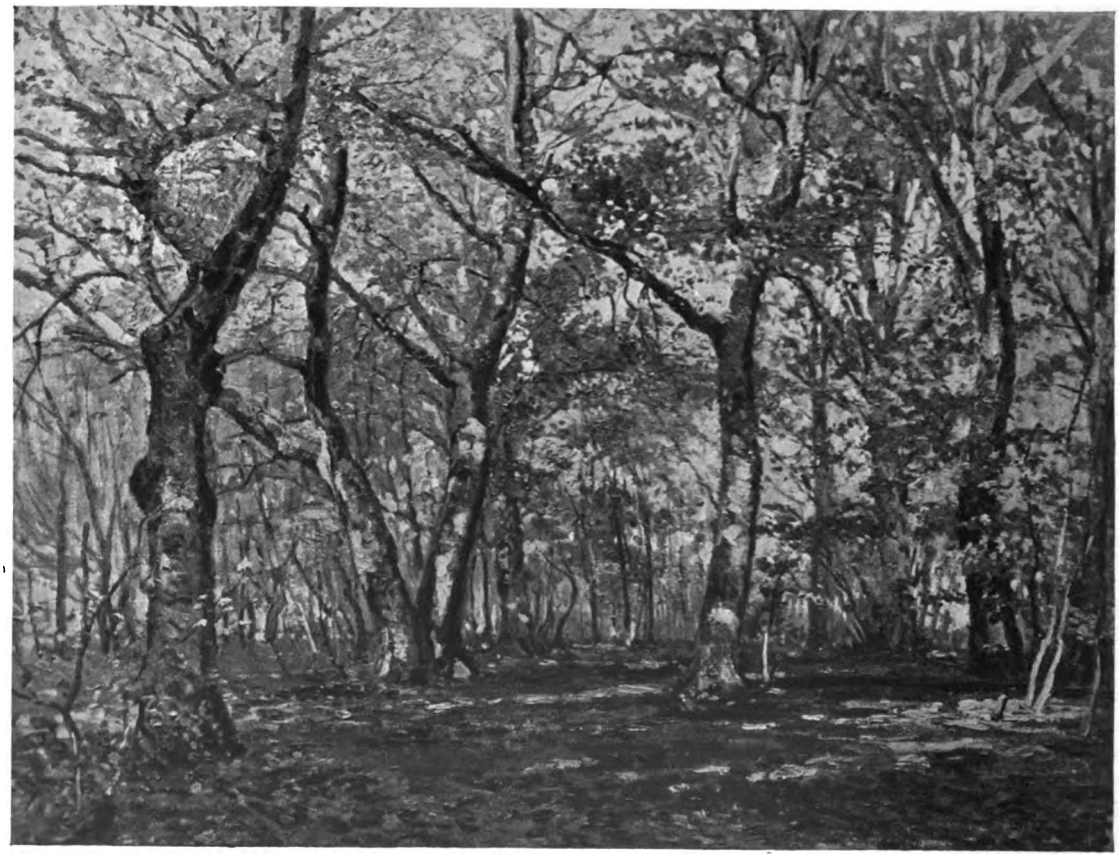
whole was unusually interesting. Each of the eighteen prints shown by Mons. A. Latour revealed a big poetical simplicity of character, accompanied by a technical appropriateness which was especially notable in his *Notre-Dame (effet du soir)* and his *Paysage (environ de Coutances)*. The sadder aspects of life were excellently portrayed by Amédée Wetter in such prints as *Le gros malade* and *Porteuse d'aiguilles de Pins*. The *Illustrations* and *Types divers* by M. Berdon with their everyday interest were also artistically fascinating, a similar outlook characterising the work of Mons. Louis Hautecœur in his *Types Russes* excellent in colour and composition. Amongst those whose sympathy lies more with landscape and incidental figures there was much which was attractive in the prints by MM. Berthet and R. Grillon, *Le faune pendu* by the former being uncommonly quaint, while M. Grillon in his *Paysage* was a typical example of the spontaneous character shown in all his work. Two other artists complete the group, and in their work the qualities one associates with the finer technique of wood engravings was skilfully manifested, I refer to MM. P. E. Colin and B. Zuricher, the former well represented in such prints as *La colline de Sion Vandémont*, *Petit Bûcheron* and *Souvenirs d'autrefois*, and the latter by some large and attractive studies in colour of birds and animals.

E. A. T.

BUDAPEST.—The winter exhibition at the Royal Academy, Budapest, proved of more than ordinary interest, both because the average quality of the work showed a marked advance, and because the exhibits were displayed to better advantage than usual. In this last respect a gratifying improvement was observable, and as a result the general tone was distinctly agreeable, certainly far more agreeable than on some recent occasions when the hanging of the exhibits left much to be desired.

The department of portraiture was, as usual, well represented. Prof. Gyula Benczúr, the veteran painter who has just completed his seventieth year, showed no falling off from the high standard by which he has won his laurels, and in fact his portrait of Count Nándor Zichy, painted within a



"AUTUMN IN THE FOREST" *(Budapest Academy)* BY LAJOS SZLÁNYI

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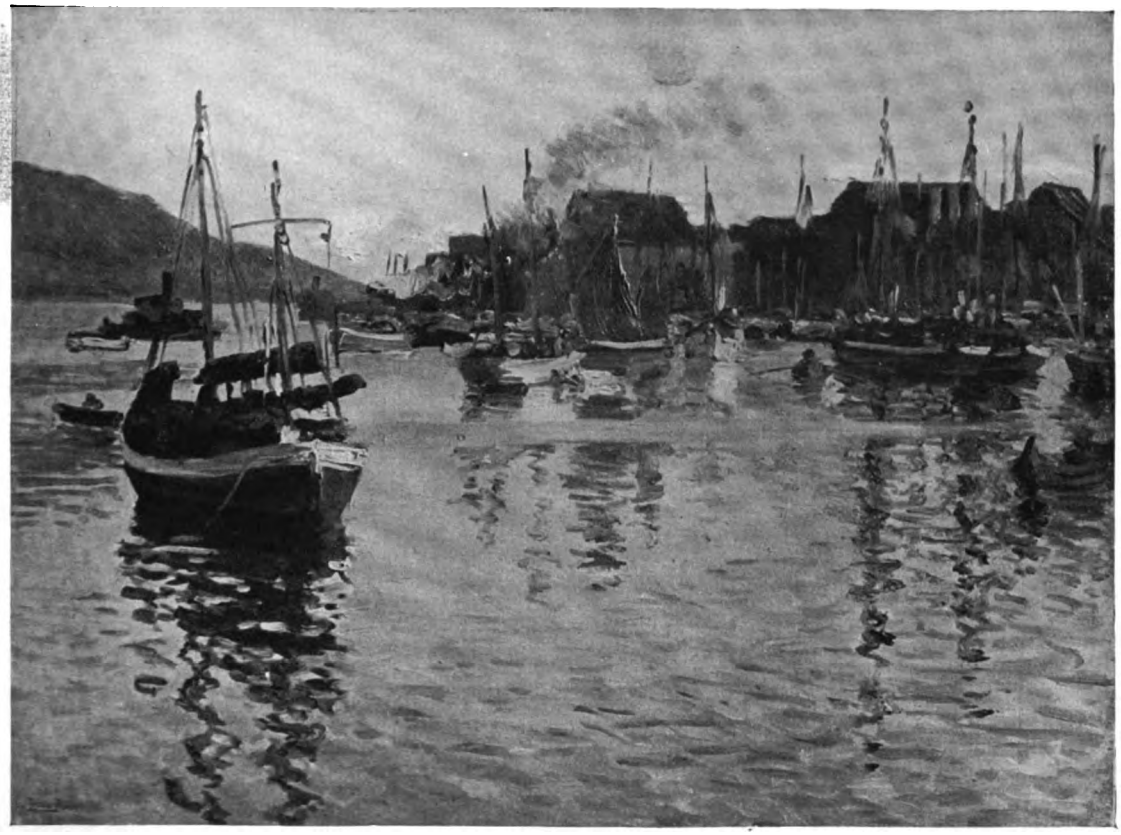

(Budapest Academy)

"THE HARBOUR OF TROMSOE"
BY ROBERT NADLER

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"STILL-LIFE" *(Budapest Academy)* BY MADAME GLATZ-WILDNER

few days of that statesman's death, must be reckoned among his finest achievements. The whole attitude of the sitter shows weariness and lassitude while the expression of the features tells of mental and bodily suffering. Other portraits by the same artist revealed fine qualities. László's *Portrait of Baron Gyula Forster* was an excellent example of his technical skill. Sándor Papp's portrait of a lady wearing a gown of old rose hue and a large black hat was another agreeable work. Ede Balló, one of Hungary's older painters, exhibited some striking portraits of Hungarian noblemen in gala uniform, which proved of interest not only on account of the persons depicted but also because of the painter's shrewd characterisation of his sitters and the able manner in which he has handled his materials. Leopold Horovitz, who is also a member of the Vienna Künstlerhaus, was represented by one portrait only, that of a young girl, admirably refined in colouring and delicately manipulated. Gyula Glatter's picture of a fair lady wearing a long blue mantle bordered with white fox was pleasing, but his portrait of an old lady was far better as a work of art. Reszö Zsombolya-Burghardt, who studied under J. S. Sargent, showed good qualities in his manner of painting; a fine colourist, he has a clever method of handling his brush and a decidedly personal manner of depiction.

A number of good landscapes were shown, and here one noted a pleasing variety of subjects culled not only from Hungary itself, which as a country offers so much to the landscape painter, but from places farther afield. Baron László Mednyánszky exhibited several pictures, all bearing the impress of his dreamy fantasy, studies of trees and of waters, delicately, intimately depicted with the brush of a master living in his own world of beautiful thoughts which he transcribes on the canvas in gentle tones of browns and greys. There are few who could fail to appreciate the landscapes of this gifted painter. There were also some fine landscapes by Arnold Zorn, one of which, showing St. Moritz in the glow of a burning sunset with dark mountains behind, was remarkable for its dexterous treatment of light effects. Gyula Kosztolanyi-Kann was particularly happy in the treatment of the water reflections in his delightful picture of the old town of Treviso,

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Lajos Szlányi showed much earnest thought in his work, which is continually growing both in breadth of manipulation and in the depth of thought everywhere revealed in his pictures. His *Autumn in the Forest* should be singled out for the beauty of its colour, its fine atmospheric effect, and indeed the whole handling of the subject. In Szlányi Hungary has a first-rate landscapist and one in whom there is every promise of future distinction. Another landscapist of note is Nandor Katona, whose views of the Tatra Mountains are singularly beautiful. This artist is an enthusiastic lover of Nature, and interprets her charms in a scholarly manner and with a fine appreciation of her subtle delights. Another artist whose efforts are worthy of acknowledgment is Odön Pajtás Szmrecsányi, whose scenes of rural landscape are fresh and sunny.

Prof. Robert Nadler, whose work is already well known to readers of this magazine, surpassed himself on this occasion, particularly in his seascapes, of which one, *The Harbour of Tromsoe*, is here reproduced—a work remarkable for the harmony of its tones, the general beauty of the composition and the strength and vigour of its treatment. András Mikola revealed both refinement and talent in his pictures of Venice; Sándor Nyilasy showed a wealth of enjoyable colour in his *Towards Evening*, just a wayside scene but thoughtfully and characteristically rendered, Pál Szinyei-Merse exhibited a garden scene in which the scent of the flowers seemed to permeate the atmosphere, painted as though the artist had lingered lovingly over his task. Janós Kleh, who contributed several landscapes, is particularly happy in the treatment of trees and especially so in broad masses. Bela Iványi-Grünwald, an artist of distinction, was represented by several works, of which his *Awakening of Spring* is an excellent example; it is a fine interpretation of the young nature just arousing from its long winter sleep, and is a remarkably refined piece of painting. Mention should also be made of the charming landscapes executed in pure water-colours by Aladár Edvi-Illés, in which he displayed a rare depth of feeling and tenderness of touch.

"JULIETTE" *(Budapest Academy)* BY JÁNOS CZENCZ

Among other notable works in the exhibition *Juliette* by János Czencz, was distinguished for the admirable treatment of the flesh, the manipulation of the drapery and the beauty of the colour-scheme to which these have been made subservient. Madame Glatz-Wildner is an artist of great charm and personality, with a fine sense of arrangement with regard to the decorative effect of her subject, and a refined manner of expression. Her *Still-Life*, here reproduced, is a good example of her method of treatment, which is essentially broad and artistic. Arthur Heyer exhibited some very good

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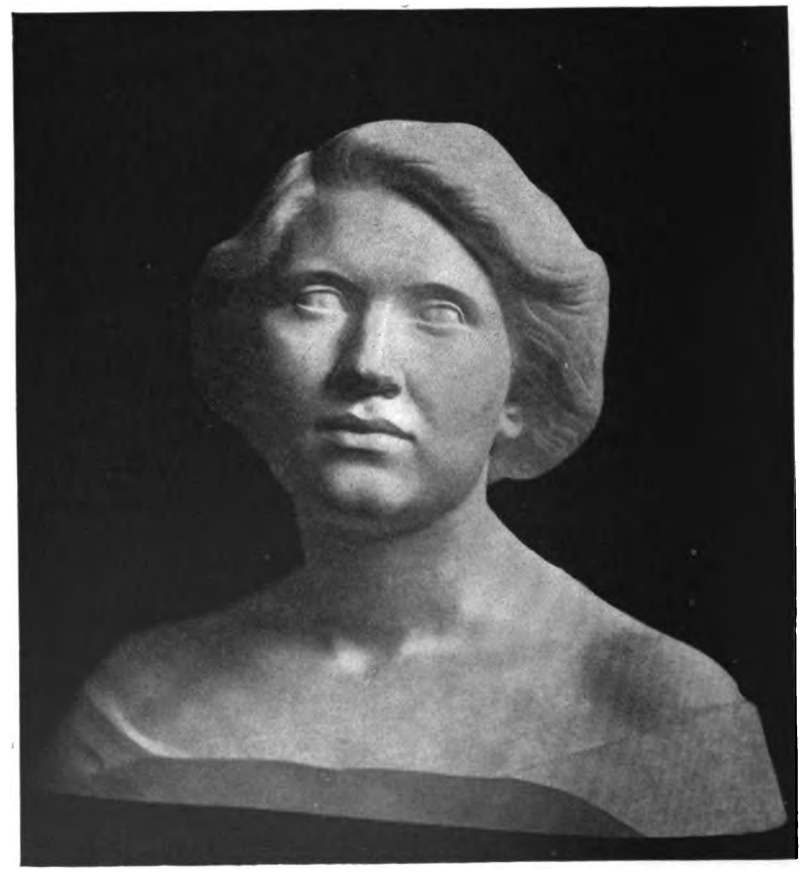
pictures of cats and cows, showing a fine understanding for animal life, and Istvan Zador some broadly depicted landscapes, but more interesting were his interior pictures of the Hunting-Box at Gödöllö belonging to the Emperor-King Francis Joseph, which revealed Zador as an accomplished, serious, and virile artist. An interior portrait of a lady pianist by the same artist possessed fine qualities. Cézár Herrer's work bore the signs of his Spanish origin, it showed decided talent and power of expression, particularly in his depictions of Spanish types. Other works of interest were shown by Geza Vastagh, a painter of wild animals with a setting of forest scenery, Béla Erdössy, György Vastag, Ferenc Olgyay, Hugó Poll, and Oszkár Mendlik.

In the section of graphic art, special attention should be given to Mariska Agoston, a young girl who has executed some remarkable etchings of animals, which show earnest study, high ideals and a right understanding of her technique. Among the works of sculpture on view, the study of a woman's head, by Elemer von Fülöp Felsöeöri, here reproduced, claims attention as a life-like rendering free from superfluous detail, and James Pasztor's nude figure, *The Banished Girl*, is an excellent example of modelling, showing a fine feeling for lines of beauty in the human form. This sculptor though still very young, has twice been awarded the prize in the competition for the Munkacsy monument. Other interesting works of plastic art were sent by Miklós Ligeti, Nándor Gaál, Elek Lux, Lajos Pick, who studied in Brussels and who shows real culture in his work, Odön Szamovolszky, whose wood sculpture is remarkable for its vigour, and Imre Csikász a young sculptor of much distinction whose life was cut short a month or two ago at the age of twenty-six, and whose achievements during his all too brief career show him to have been a sculptor of far more than ordinary talent, and one of whom great things could be confidently expected. A. S. L.

COLOGNE.—By the inauguration of the Museum für Ostasiatische Kunst in this city at the end of last October, Cologne can boast of possessing the only museum in Europe that is entirely devoted to the art of the Far East, and in view of the ever-increasing interest that is being taken by European students and connoisseurs in the artistic productions of China, Japan, and Korea, the event is one of great significance. The museum has been established primarily for the purpose of housing and maintaining the important and comprehensive collection formed in the course of many years by Prof. Adolf Fischer as the result of independent travels and expeditions in the Far East, and also during the period of his appointment as Scientific Attaché to the German Embassy in Pekin. To this collection have been added the fruits of two



STUDY *(Budapest Academy)* BY FÜLÖP ELEMER FELSÖEÖRI

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"THE BANISHED GIRL." BY JÁNOS PÁSZTOR
(Budapest Academy)

further expeditions undertaken by Prof. Fischer under the auspices of the City of Cologne, and munificently subsidised by certain of its leading citizens, such as Herr Arnold von Guilleaume, Dr. Emil Freiherr von Oppenheim, Herr Alfred Schütte and Herr Adolf Lindgens, who with Oberbürgermeister Wallraf and others had from the first taken an enthusiastic interest in the movement for establishing the museum.

The new museum adjoins the Museum of Industrial Art on the Hansa-Ring and is entered through that building. Externally no attempt has been made to impart an Oriental character to the structure, and in fact, all idea of doing so was abandoned after mature consideration in favour of an elevation more in harmony with the local type of architecture. In plan the building is approximately T-shaped, an arrangement which has permitted of an ample provision of windows to each floor. Within the building the rooms set apart for exhibition purposes are thirty-two in number, two in the basement and the remainder on the three floors above. These rooms have been designedly pitched comparatively low, as it was considered that lofty rooms would have been unnecessary and incongruous with the character of the exhibits, and for the same reason the decoration of the rooms has been kept as simple as possible. For the protection of the numerous precious paintings on silk the use of glass has been resorted to, and in this respect the methods adopted by the Boston Museum of Fine Arts in America for the care of its superb collection have furnished guidance. Glass cases have also been freely used for the protection of other objects, such as porcelain, lacquer ware, polychrome wood sculpture, &c.

The contents of these thirty-two rooms represent practically every period in the history of Far Eastern art and every form of artistic production—painting, sculpture in stone, clay, wood and bronze, ivory carving, lacquer ware, enamels, glass, pottery and porcelain, including the special pottery used for the Tea ceremony (Cha-no-yu) in Japan, arms and armour, textile fabrics, the carved masks used in the Nō dances in Japan, the colour-prints of China as well as Japan, architectural ceramics (tiles, keystones, &c.), and other varieties of products. One room is set apart for Lamaistic art, another for Korean art, and two for Buddhistic paintings and sculpture; while on the ground floor three rooms have been specially arranged by a Japanese craftsman conversant with the ancient traditions, to represent down to the smallest detail the style and decoration of the reception rooms in a wealthy Japanese monastery. Of the numerous objects distributed acoording to a systematic scheme among the other rooms it is of course impossible to speak in detail; a fairly full description is, however, given by Prof. Fischer in the illustrated guide he has compiled—a handy book of over 200 pages.

AMSTERDAM.—Louis W. van Soest, whose painting *Afternoon Sun* is reproduced overleaf, was born in Java in 1867, and was at first marked out for a business career, but from the age of twenty-four art has claimed his entire devotion. He has exhibited with success both here in Amsterdam and in

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"AFTERNOON SUN, WINTER"
BY LOUIS W. VAN SOEST

(Larensche Kunsthandel Galleries, Amsterdam)

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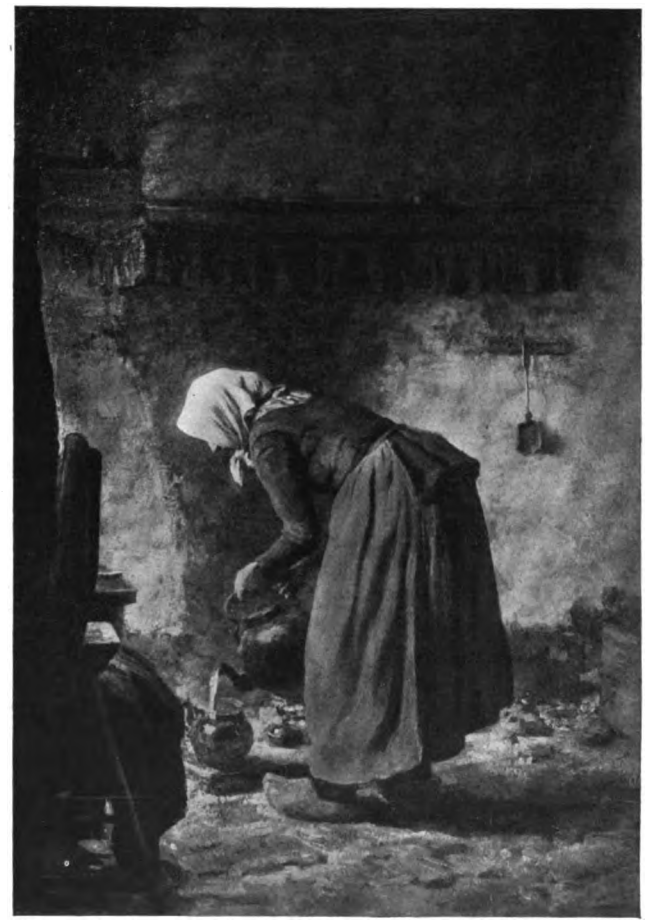
Brussels, Paris, St. Louis and Munich, and on more than one occasion has gained a gold medal, while several of his pictures have passed into public collections, the Musée du Luxembourg among others. Most of his work nowadays is shown at the Larensche Kunsthandel Galleries in the Heerengracht, Amsterdam. Van Soest is held in much esteem among contemporary landscape painters in Holland, and his snow pictures in particular are greatly admired. At the International Art Exhibition in Rome last year one of these winter landscapes of his was purchased by the King of Italy for his private collection. Of late the artist has painted a good deal in the neighbourhood of Munich, where the scenery resembles that of Holland. His palette is always fresh and his sense of colour discreet, while the confident alertness of his touch shows that his hand is well disciplined in brush manipulation.

Arthur Briët like Van Soest, was born of European parents in Java, and in the same year. He studied at the Academy of Antwerp under Verlat, and chiefly paints interiors at Laren, Nunspeet, and Heeze. He has, however, ransacked the whole country to get hold of beautiful old interiors, for Briët does not belong to that class of "interior painters," who, when having once found a good thing, continually paint it with only a change of models. He seeks till he has found an interior in which composition and inhabitants sufficiently suit his taste, and then paints it as it is, without any polishing or embellishment. The chief factors in his work are composition, line and colour, and he never paints an interior in which these three things do not fully claim his inspiration. This accounts for the few paintings he produces; some are seen from time to time in the Larensche Kunsthandel Galleries—as, for instance, the fine painting reproduced (for Briët a large one) which elicited much admiration when exhibited recently. J. S. B.

PHILADELPHIA. — The Temple Gold Medal was awarded by the painters' jury of the One Hundred and Ninth Annual Exhibition of Works in Oil and Sculpture, held recently by the Pennsylvania Academy, to Mr. W. Elmer Schofield for his picture entitled *The Hill Country*, this award being made to the best painting in the exhibition without regard to subject; the Jennie Sesnan Gold Medal for the best landscape to Robert Spencer for his picture entitled *Five o'clock: June*; the Carol H. Beck Gold Medal for the best portrait to Mr. Robert Henri's *Herself*; the Walter Lippincott Prize of three hundred dollars, the founder to have the right to purchase the picture, to M. Jean McLane (Mrs. Johannsen) for her portrait-group *Virginia and Stanton Arnold*; the Mary Smith Prize for the best painting by a woman resident in Philadelphia to Miss Nina B. Ward for her *Elizabeth*. The George D. Widener Memorial Medal for sculpture was awarded to Mr. Paul Manship for a fountain figure entitled *The Duck Girl* (see page 251).

There were three hundred and thirty paintings



"BY THE HEARTH" BY ARTHUR BRIËT
(Larensche Kunsthandel Galleries, Amsterdam)

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on view, one hundred and eighty-nine pieces of sculpture, and two hundred and eighty-four artists were represented. Compared with previous Academy Exhibitions there were fewer paintings exposed, but the exhibits of sculpture were much more numerous, due, no doubt, to competition for the Widener Medal offered this year for the second time. As a manifestation of sanity of conception free of any decadent influence now so prevalent in certain art circles, of comprehensible effort, and especially of American genius and talent of the best kind, the show was a most interesting one. The limited number of pictures accepted, one line being the rule for those considered worthy of exhibition, provoked a storm of criticism of the action of the jury that was unusually severe. Whether this was justified or not has not yet been fully ascertained, but certainly one missed from the catalogue the names of many really distinguished artists whom one would naturally have expected to be represented in this important show. One is loath to accuse the jury of partiality, yet side by side with works undoubtedly great one saw here, at intervals, unaccountable things, miserable attempts at novelty for its own sake, meretricious and really detrimental to the general excellence of the ensemble. These lapses, however, formed but few exceptions to the rule of moderation and serene endeavour, and may be dismissed without further comment. Juries are, after all, only human, and are not infallible.

As usual in American exhibitions landscape painting was the feature most noticeable and also as usual most successful. The contemporary American school of landscape painting is, in a way, unique, a school peculiar to itself, and will probably live as marking an epoch in the history of Art, indicating in its conception and facture many of the characteristic traits of the nation. One can regard, for instance, Mr. W. Elmer Schofield's *The Hill Country* as an example of purely American art, great because growing out of its environment and most assuredly deserving the Temple Medal as the best picture without regard to subject in the exhibition; and another work from the same hand entitled *The Waterfall* was noticeable as containing the same qualities of directness and nearness to Nature as the prize picture. Mr. Edward W. Redfield, another typical painter illustrating the foregoing remarks, contributed four important works of which the most remarkable was perhaps *In the Village*. Mr. Jonas Lie occupied the entire wall space of one gallery with twenty well handled paintings of the Panama Canal during construction which might well illustrate the ever interesting poem of Labour from the artist's point of view.

"MUSE FINDING THE HEAD OF ORPHEUS" BY EDWARD BERGE
(Pennsylvania Academy)

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(Pennsylvania Academy)

"POURING TEA." BY
W. W. CHURCHILL

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Mr. William Ritschel exhibited some capital canvases painted in the Far West, such as *Blue Depths*, *Carmel*, *California* and *Rocks and Breakers*, *California*. Mr. Fred. Wagner had four pictures, actualities of the wharves and shipping, of which *Snow and Ice* was the most interesting. Mr. John S. Sargent was represented by a painting of *A Waterfall* that revealed him as a landscape artist of the first rank.

The examples of portraiture were both numerous and good. Mr. Thos. Eakins's portrait study of *Dr. Agnew*, painted for the large canvas of the Agnew Clinic now at the University of Pennsylvania, may be described as one of the strongest bits of character delineation ever shown at the Academy. Mr. Wayman Adams's *Booth Tarkington, Esq.*, impressed one as boldly painted with a full brush and sure touch. Mr. Leopold G. Seyffert's portrait of *Charlton Yarnall, Esq.*, had much the same virile quality combined with rare distinction. Mr. Frank W. Benson's *Coleman Sellers, Esq.*, probably showed more attention to detail yet with no appreciable loss of essentials. Mrs. M. Jean McLane's group *Virginia and Stanton Arnold*, awarded the Lippincott Prize, was simply charming in colour and freedom of handling. Mr. Robert Henri's portraits of Irish girls were extremely clever, one of them, *Herself*, being awarded the Beck Prize. Mrs. Alice Mumford Roberts showed a well-painted portrait of *Henry I. Bryant, Esq.*, President of the Geographical Society of Philadelphia; Mr. Hugh H. Breckenridge had a carefully studied portrait of *Dr. Musser*; and Mrs. Lazar Raditz another careful work in the portrait of *E. Burgess Warren, Esq.*, Honorary Vice-President of the Academy.

Mr. Gari Melchers occupied the post of honour in Gallery F with an offering of tender sentiment in *Maternity*. Mr. William W. Churchill's *Pouring Tea* contained the elements of a highly wrought bit of genre, and his *The Painter* showed some masterful drawing of the nude. *The Lovers* by Mr. Charles W. Hawthorne embodied the qualities of interesting subject, tonal excellence and warm colouring, recalling certain works of the old masters. Miss Marie Danforth Page's *Tenement Mother* was the sort of work that would attract the seeker of pathos and the connoisseur of technique. Beautiful in colour and sparkling in effect was Mr. J. Alden Weir's *Nocturne*. Mr. Paul Connoyer's *Old New York* was a convincing bit of urban scenery. Mr. Frederick J. Waugh contributed some superb examples of marine painting, pictures of the sea that are the last word in this line. Mr. Frederick C. Friesecke's *Venetian Blind* was a beautiful colour-scheme of blues and greens.

"BOOTH TARKINGTON, ESQ." BY WAYMAN ADAMS
(Pennsylvania Academy)

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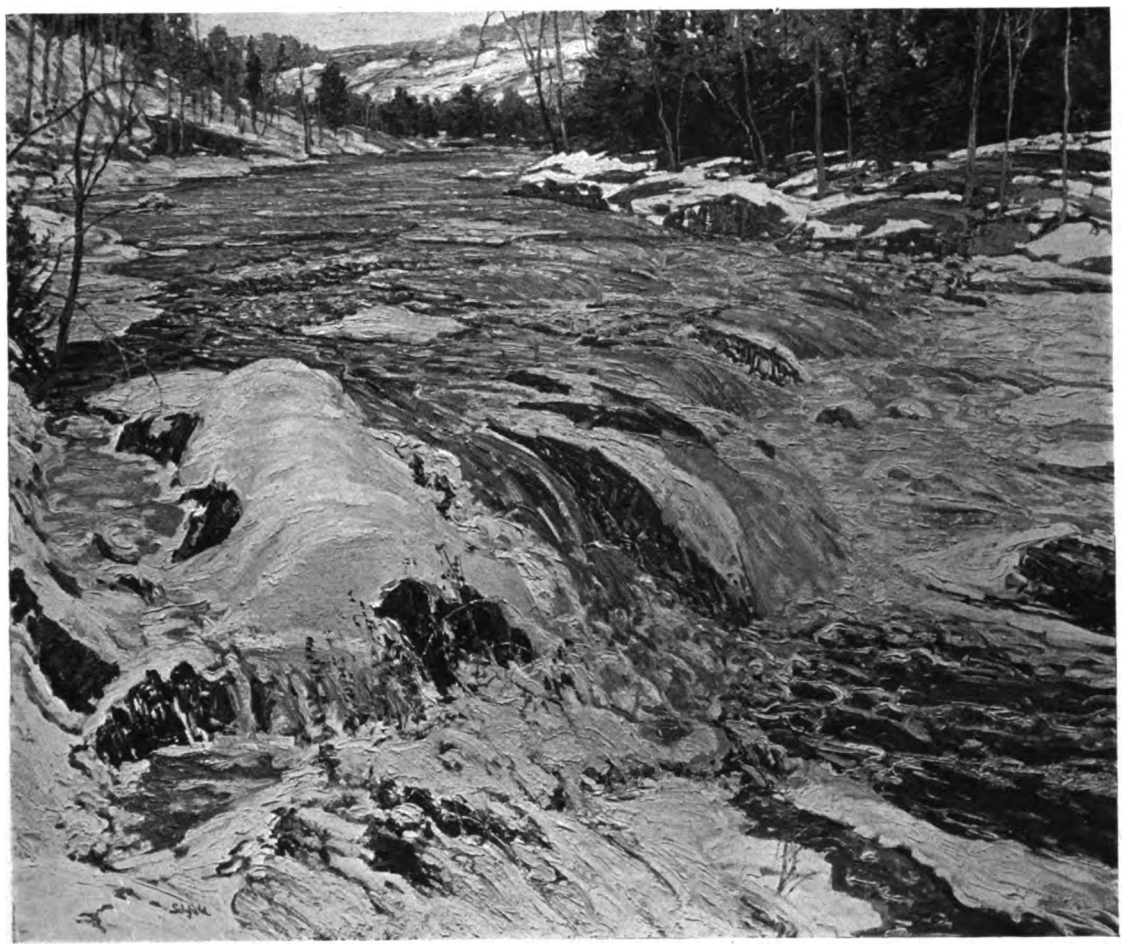

(Pennsylvania Academy)

"THE WATERFALL." BY
W. ELMER SCHOFIELD

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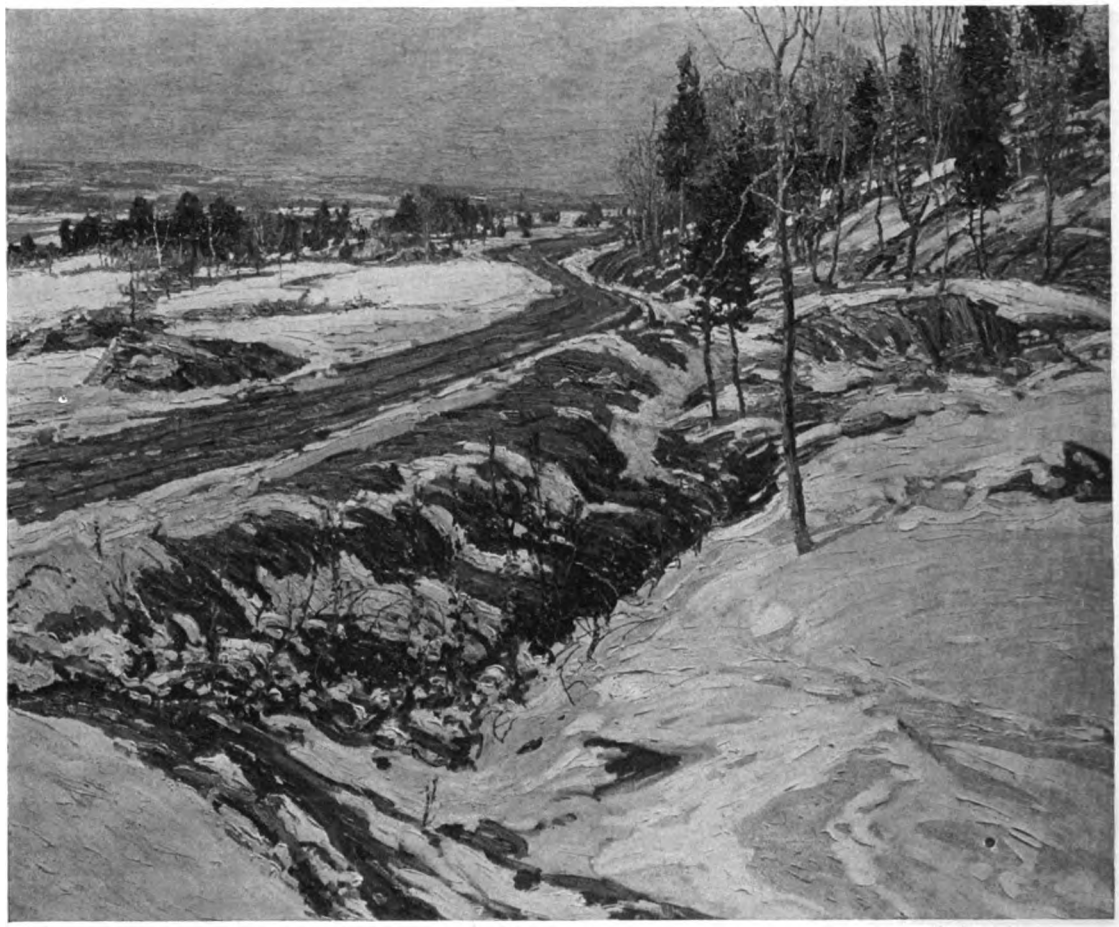

"THE HILL COUNTRY." BY
W. ELMER SCHOFIELD

(Pennsylvania Academy)

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The extraordinary collection of sculpture really deserves separate notice, but should not be passed meanwhile without special mention of the remarkable contributions of Mr. Paul Manship, one of which, *The Duck Girl*, won the Widener Medal, a very characteristic bust of *Hon. Joseph G. Cannon* by Mr. Albert Jaegers, a portrait of *Monsignor Kieran* by Mr. Samuel Murray, a well-modelled *Greyhound* by Mr. Eli Harvey, a beautiful nude by Mr. Edward Berge, *Muse Finding the Head of Orpheus*, and Mr. Giuseppe Donato's portrait bust, showing strong individuality, of *John H. Converse, Esq.* E. C.

KYOTO, JAPAN.—From the time when Kyoto became the capital of Japan under the Emperor Kwammu in 784, down to the reign of the late Emperor, that is, for a period of nearly eleven centuries, it served as an imperial residence. As such the city has been the centre of Art, all the best artists and artisans from all over the country having been drawn to it for the building and embellishment of its palaces and temples. The city is rich in memories of the great artists of the past; the very atmosphere, in fact, is scented with that mysterious something that awakens the artistic imagination and transports one, perhaps, to that time in the history of the country when men and women spoke in poems, or when famous artists painted the wonderful *fusuma* (sliding screens) of the temples, or laid out their charming gardens, or when the great potters worked at the kilns among the pine trees of the hill-side.

"THE DUCK GIRL" (FIGURE FOR FOUNTAIN BY PAUL MANSHIP
(Pennsylvania Academy)

When I walk up the steep path to the Kiyomizu Temple past the Yasaka Shrine, or saunter about Maruyama, I often think of Maruyama Okyo (1735–1795), the founder of the naturalistic school, who lived and worked there, and when resting on a rock in a grove there have often recalled the great competition that took place between Okyo and Tanikaze Kajinosuke. Tanikaze was a champion wrestler, and the story goes that he called on Okyo one day and proposed a trial of strength, each according to his own line of pursuit: he would show the greatest feat he was capable of by his physical strength and the host was to show his by his ability to paint. Okyo consented, adding, at the same time, that while the wrestler might be able to perform his feat on the spot, time would be required by the artist, who had first to use his brain before showing his skill.

All was agreed and the guest took his leave. Far into the night did Okyo lean against his desk, lost in deep meditation. Early next morning, while still in bed he was awakened by something falling that shook the house. He opened the door and found the wrestler Tanikaze wiping the perspiration from his brow, and beside him was a rock, which appeared large enough to tax a dozen ordinary men. He brought the gigantic rock all the way from Mt. Kurama, miles away, without resting. "More than once on the way," spoke the wrestler, "my breath was about to give out and I was on the verge of throwing away the rock. But my strength returned with my courage and I was able to bring it here. Open the gate for me, then I will place it at a suitable spot in your garden." He lifted it to his shoulder again and carried it into Okyo's garden and dropped it at the required place, again shaking the ground and the house.

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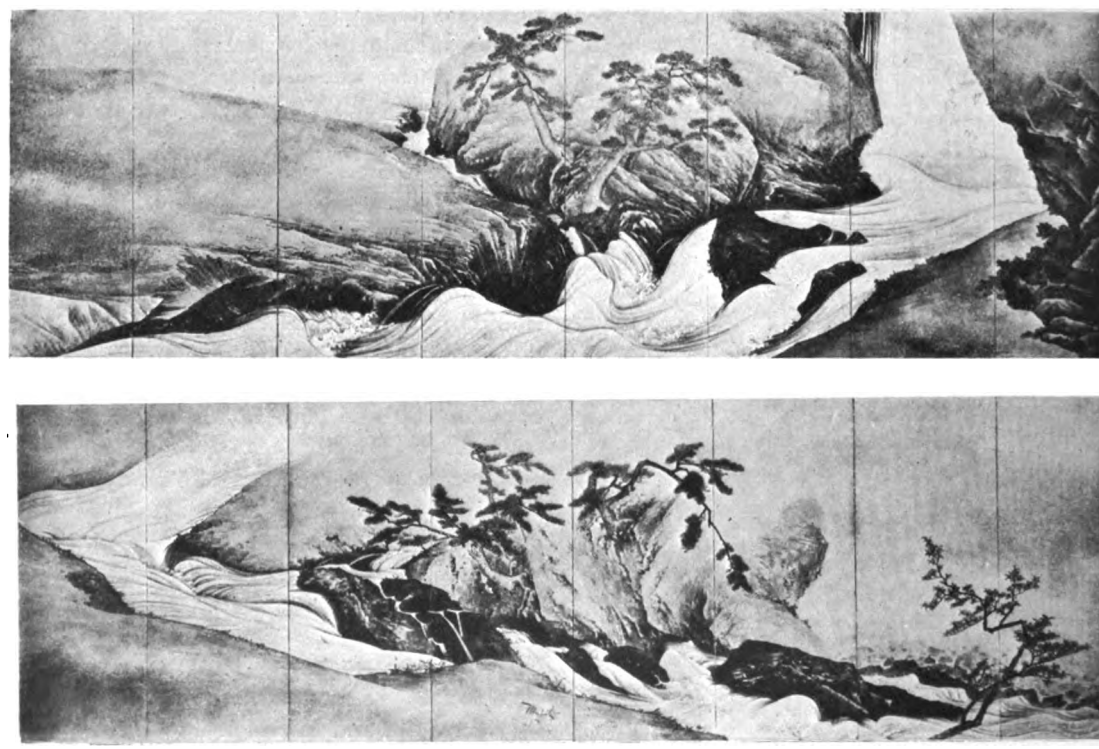
It was now Okyo's turn to perform a feat. He gave lessons to his pupils as usual, but he spent every available minute in his private atelier, where he shut himself up until late every night. All his *monjin* thought their master was engaged in producing some great work. The wrestler called on Okyo after about a fortnight, but the work was not yet finished. Tanikaze was disappointed like this three or four times. Finally, at the end of two months, the wrestler came to receive the picture as he was going away on an extended tour. But the picture was not yet ready, and Okyo begged him to wait until his return, for he would do his utmost to complete it before then. The wrestler went away and Okyo set himself to work harder than ever. Sometimes he sat up all night, and worried his *monjin*, lest his health should be impaired. Another month passed and still another before he completed his picture.

After an absence of over two months, Tanikaze returned and called on the artist at Maruyama. "I have come here to-day for the last time," said the wrestler. "It is now more than four months since I showed you the extent of my strength. If you cannot show me your work to-day, I think it is but fair to consider myself the winner of this contest. I came here to-day prepared to take the rock back to the mountain."

"You are spared from that task: I have finished the work," returned Okyo with a smile. His manner, though humble, betrayed his confidence in the work he had accomplished after so many months of hard labour. Okyo fetched a roll of silk and presented it to Tanikaze, who received it with both hands, his eyes sparkling with expectation. He slowly unrolled the silk seven feet long. As he did so, his tension relaxed, a shadow of disappointment crept over his face, then doubt overcame him. "Has this taken you four months to paint? Does this represent your greatest skill?" he asked of Okyo. The wrestler was at a loss to understand. His query was not without reason, for the artist had merely drawn a stringed bow in its actual size and nothing more.

"This," calmly explained Okyo, "is a picture of the bow you received from the Emperor when you had the honour of wrestling in the palace grounds a few months ago. The greatest achievement in it is in the drawing of this cord. To



A PAIR OF SCREENS *(Owned by S. Nishimura, Esq., Kyoto)* BY MARUYAMA OKYO

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(Owned by Mr. Inagaki)

"A CHINESE DANCER"
BY MARUYAMA OKYO

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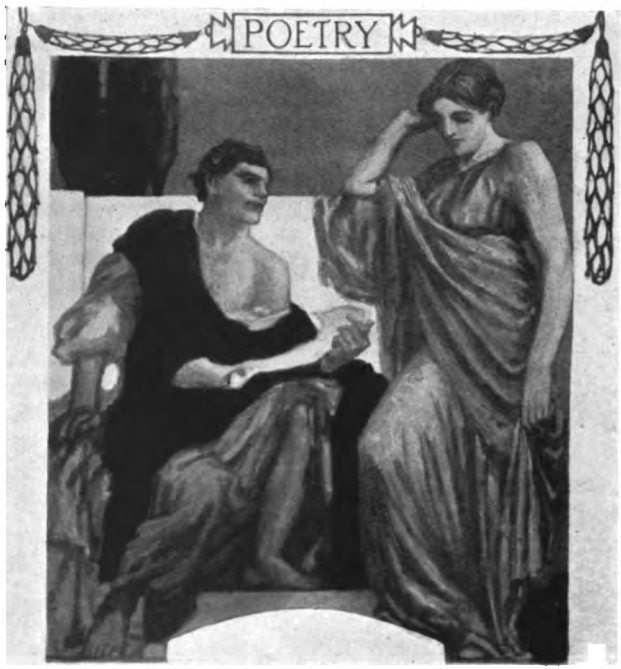

"POETRY" BY TOM GENTLEMAN

"ART." BY HELEN JOHNSTON

"ASTRONOMY" BY ALMA ASSAFREY

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draw a straight line over six feet long without anything for a guide is by no means an easy task. Just as you brought the rock from the mountain without resting, so I have drawn this line with a single stroke of the brush. Many a time in my attempts the line faltered or the ink gave out before the line was finished. I have experienced with the brush a hardship such as you encountered with the rock on your way from Kurama. Come and see the proof." So saying he led Tanikaze to his atelier and emptied a large box full of papers and rolls of silk that he had spoilt in his endeavour to draw in a single sweep of the brush a straight line over six feet in length. Tanikaze was thoroughly convinced. He raised the drawing to his brow in token of gratitude and left Okyo, promising that he would treasure it and hand it down to his posterity and praising the artist for his perseverance and steadfastness of purpose.

Thus I love to muse upon the lives of the great masters as I roam among the old temples of Kyoto, and allow my thoughts to wander back to the time of our famous artists who lived there, a large number of whom were attracted thither by the beauties of Nature which still continue to draw a multitude of their descendants. When loitering in the grove of ancient trees on the hill-side, where the struggling rays of the sun give mysterious depth to the shadowy past, or when standing on the bank of the Kamo River and gazing at the mist gently rising from the hills clothed in verdure, or watching the picturesque effect of the rain on the row of drooping willows on the river bank, or the dreamy effect of it on Higashi-yama as the shapes of the undulating hills grow fainter or lose themselves in the shadowy streaks of rain—when beholding these beautiful phases of the ancient metropolis, I understand why Kyoto still continues to be a great art centre in Japan. HARADA JIRO.

ART SCHOOL NOTES.

GLASGOW.—There is a spirit of Art activity manifesting itself in Glasgow at this time—the University and the School of Art are affiliating, there are exchanges of Professors in the respective halls, while the School Professors are delivering six lectures under the auspices of the Corporation. This academic and civic activity aims at bringing the people under the direct influence of æsthetics, and results are altogether encouraging. The students at the School of Art under Profs. Anning Bell and Maurice Greiffenhagen have opportunities of practising mural decoration, an art very much neglected in our midst. With characteristic enterprise they have expeditiously carried through a scheme of decoration in one of the city district libraries. The schemes are doubly interesting, from the fact that two of the large panels are the work of girl students. The figure representing *Art*, executed by Miss Helen Johnston, is broadly handled; Miss Alma Assafrey's *Astronomy* and Mr. Tom Gentleman's *Poetry* are big in scale and interesting in execution.

This decorative union between the municipality, the art student and the people has far-reaching possibilities; Glasgow is an ideal centre for making such an experiment a success. The school, too, with the sympathy of the Education Department, has just inaugurated a "Lending Museum Scheme," by which contributing Board Schools in the West of Scotland at small expense may provide themselves with art equipment in the way of casts, ornaments, illustrations, lantern-slides, &c., changing the stock of these as exigencies demand. In this way interest will be quickened, activity stimulated, and the art classroom will truly become an æsthetic centre in every school. The artist teacher is likewise encouraged; not only is the School of Art open to him, but from time to time exhibitions of collected work are held at the school that are bound to improve his status as artist and teacher.

The third exhibition of artist-teachers' work was held a few weeks ago, and included contributions by the Director, Mr. Fra. H. Newbury, Profs. Anning Bell, Maurice Greiffenhagen, and G. M. Baltas, Messrs. Andrew Law, D. Forrester Wilson, Allan D. Mainas, W. Sommerville Shanks, R. L. Sutherland, and Olive C. Smyth. Altogether there are over one hundred exhibits well displayed on the panelled walls of the school. J. T.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

Zeichnungen nach Wu Tao-Tze aus der Götter- und Sagenwelt Chinas. Herausgegeben von F. R. MARTIN. (Munich: F. Bruckmann and Co.) 250 marks.—"Precious things in ink by Wu Tao-Tze" is the legend inscribed in Chinese characters on the cover of this album of drawings, and though the drawings were not actually executed by the

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great T'ang painter of that name but, according to tradition, are copies made some three centuries later after frescoes by him, they are of the greatest significance and deserve the close attention of all students of Far Eastern Art. The originals of the drawings, which are fifty in number, belong to Dr. F. R. Martin, and the collection bears the seal of the Emperor Huitsung, who reigned in the twelfth century and appears to have been an ardent collector and shrewd connoisseur of works of art. The actual execution of the drawings is ascribed to Li Lung Min (or Mien), a great painter of the Sung dynasty who founded a school and is said to have copied for purposes of study all the most important works of art executed prior to his own time. If such was the case, it was only natural that the masterpieces of Wu Tao-Tze (called by the Japanese Godoshi) should have claimed his attention above others, for though at the present day there does not appear to be extant a single work that can be ascribed with certainty to this genius, who flourished some three centuries before Li Lung Mien, tradition has invested him with almost fabulous power as a painter, and by all authorities he is placed above all other Chinese artists of any age. It is said that he painted several hundred frescoes for the walls of temples, and that one of his paintings representing the Buddhist purgatory or inferno was of such dramatic power that multitudes of people on seeing it were filled with remorse and repented them of their sins. The drawings in Dr. Martin's collection, from which the excellent reproductions in this portfolio have been made, are most of them concerned with kindred themes, and the series would appear to be a sort of pictorial "Divine Comedy" strongly recalling Botticelli's illustrations to Dante's famous work. They were all executed in Chinese ink, and even from the reproductions one can appreciate the superb draughtsmanship of the Sung master to whom they are attributed. Chinese historical records speak of Wu Tao-Tze as a wonderful draughtsman, and if, as one may fairly infer, Li Lung Mien in making his copies strove to follow the originals as faithfully as his skill permitted, one is able to appreciate, to some extent at all events, the great T'ang master's own "tremendous energy of conception and draughtsmanship" (to quote Mr. Binyon) in these copies and therefore in the reproductions. These are printed on a tinted ground in simulation of the originals, and each sheet is mounted on a stiff board. The letterpress is in German and contains a description of the drawings and a transcription of the Chinese names and titles written thereon, and there is also an appreciative critique by Anders Zorn, the well-known Swedish painter.

Houses and Gardens by E. L. Lutyens. Described and criticised by LAWRENCE WEAVER. (London: "Country Life" Library of Architectural Monographs.) 25*s.* net.—In considering contemporary Domestic Architecture one is impressed by two facts—that this important branch of art is in a particularly healthy condition in this country; and that of all the able architects who have been instrumental in bringing about this happy state of affairs none have played a more prominent part than Mr. Edwin Lutyens. It is generally agreed that his work embodies the best characteristics of that school of architects which is the outcome of the revival of domestic architecture in England during the latter part of the last century, and which has steadily developed on sound national lines down to the present day. This interesting volume forms a worthy and exhaustive record of Mr. Lutyens' remarkable achievement up to the present. He is undoubtedly an individualist, and every one of the many houses and gardens illustrated in this work bears the stamp of his strong artistic personality. At the same time he is carrying on the great traditions of English domestic architecture. In each case the character of his building is considerably influenced by the peculiarities of the site and by the local materials available; in other words, his houses are always in harmony with his surroundings. Besides his instinctive sense of design he possesses to a remarkable degree the gift of "seeing ahead," with the result that he seldom fails to obtain unity of effect. This important publication contains nearly six hundred illustrations, most of which will repay careful study, while Mr. Weaver's interesting descriptions and thoughtful criticism greatly enhance the value of the work.

Le Style Louis XVI: Mobilier et Décoration. Par SEYMOUR DE RICCI. (Paris: Hachette et Cie.) Cloth 25 frcs.—With the exception of the introductory letterpress the contents of this volume consist of illustrations, of which there are no less than 456, exhibiting articles of furniture and decoration in which what for want of a more precise designation is commonly called "le style Louis Seize" is exemplified. As M. de Ricci points out in his account of the evolution of this style the term is not strictly accurate, for the classic characteristics associated with Louis-Seize design had already become well established long before the reign of Louis Quinze came to an end, and it was largely due to that monarch's famous mistress, Mme. de Pompadour, that the style which now bears

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his successor's name, but at the time was commonly referred to as "*le style à la Reine*" and also occasionally "*à la Pompadour*," came into vogue as a reaction against the rococo extravagances that had previously been the fashion and are nowadays designated as *le style Louis Quinze*. Although in looking through the long series of objects selected by M. de Ricci to illustrate this style one comes across examples in which added ornament plays a quite inconspicuous part in the general design the highly ornate character of the majority of them, appropriate enough to the artificial life of the French Court and aristocracy, is incongruous with modern ideas and requirements; and one feels therefore that any attempt to revive such a style would be no more justified than an attempt to revive the social and political conditions under which it flourished—and we doubt if there are many who would wish to do that. One must of course bear in mind that the Latin temperament has always favoured a more or less fanciful type of design, and though to the Teutonic eye this display of ornamentation may seem meaningless, it is not to be so regarded if it fulfils a natural desire.

The Message of Greek Art. By H. H. POWERS. (London: Macmillan and Co.) 8*s.* 6*d.* net.—In this volume the author endeavours to show the art of Greece in relationship with Greek civilisation. He pertinently asks why the torch of Greek civilisation lights us so dimly to-day, and pleads for the study of Greek art as well as of Greek syntax in our public schools. He is perhaps inclined to overrate the value of the mere sentiment for things Greek, while underrating the achievement of the sixth century with its fantastic but partly mystic realism. The truth is that for the appreciation of the subtle Greek sense of beauty education, except in the most natural and personal sense, will not carry us very far; as far as it will carry us we find it impossible to imagine a more inspiring and attractive guide than Mr. Powers. The reader is assisted by as many as one hundred and thirty-seven illustrations.

The China Collector: A Guide to the Porcelain of the English Factories. By H. WILLIAM LEWER. (London: Herbert Jenkins.) 5*s.* net.—The number of works on ceramics is now very large, and each season seems to bring its fresh output of handbooks for the collector, an evidence presumably of the very widespread interest in the subject. We can recommend this last recruit to the china collector's library, and for two reasons. First, the author has concerned himself solely with a discussion of the porcelain of the English factories, and has not attempted to give in a single volume a survey of the whole subject of ceramics, and secondly, the book is most conveniently and logically arranged. Some half-tone reproductions of pieces and a number of illustrations of marks accompany the text; and a valuable feature is the Chronograph of English Porcelains, 1740–1850 by Mr. Frank Stevens, showing in diagram form the relative positions and periods of activity of the different factories during the years which are comprised by the term "Old English China."

Ein kleines Buch für kleine Leute. Holzschnitte und Reime von F. ENDELL. (Munich: Published by the Author.) Limited edition, 32 marks.—Woodcut is the most perfect form of book illustration. It is the one process of engraving which combines most naturally with type, whether on the artistic or on the technical side. Unhappily for the making of good books, the wood-engraver has been gradually driven from his craft by the progress of photo-mechanical reproduction. The few who remain true to the art are for the most part artists who, convinced of the virtue of the pure cut line or formal style of woodcut, use it for their original expression. Such are Mr. Sturge Moore with his charming idylls, and most noteworthy for his beautiful decoration of books, Mr. Lucien Pissarro. And in Fritz Endell of Munich we have another exponent of the art, as the illustrations to this "Little Book for Little People" show. The rhymes are simple and attractive, and the twenty wood-engravings and seventeen tail-pieces are all good in cutting and most of them also pleasing in design, particularly the illustrations to *Liebe Wind*, *Pros't Mahlzeit*, *In den Schatten einer alten Eiche*, and *Seht den ind'schen Gaukler*. Some of the others, such as the title-page, and *Wollt im Tanze ihr euch schwingen* seem to fail a little through a certain Teutonic clumsiness of form. Nor do we completely like the use of gothic type with these modern cuts—pure roman would have combined better besides being more legible. The edition of the book is limited to 120 copies, and the cuts, printed on Japanese paper, are hand-coloured in light tints by the artist. He is his own publisher, but the sale is in the hands of Littauer's Kunst-Salon, Munich.

The Principal Pictures in the Fitz William Museum, Cambridge is the title of a neat little volume recently published by Gowans and Gray of London and Glasgow (3*s.* 6*d.* net.) in which excellent reproductions are given of 224 pictures by various masters, ancient and modern, in this important collection.

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THE LAY FIGURE: ON THE REMUNERATION OF THE ARTIST.

"I FANCY that a good many people nowadays are under the impression that artists are considerably overpaid," said the Art Critic. "Do you think there is any justification for such an idea?"

"Great Heavens! No!" cried the Young Painter. "There is no profession, I should say, in which the earnings are so inadequate, so entirely out of proportion to the work done. Most of the artists I know are barely making a living—do you call that being overpaid?"

"As I do not know who the men are that you refer to it is impossible to answer that question," laughed the Man with the Red Tie. "It might be that they are earning all that they deserve."

"I am not talking about incompetent men who do not deserve to succeed," protested the Young Painter; "the artists I have in mind have great capacities and are fine craftsmen. Surely they ought to be earning more than a bare subsistence."

"It all depends what you call a bare subsistence," broke in the Critic. "That is just the point of the matter. What sort of income is the average artist, with reasonable capacities, entitled to expect?"

"Sufficient, I think, to enable him to live without anxiety and to keep up a decent social position," returned the Young Painter; "sufficient to make possible a reasonable provision for his old age too."

"What one man might regard as sufficient another would consider absolute poverty," suggested the Man with the Red Tie.

"That is not quite the question," said the Critic. "There will always be men in all professions who have an inflated idea of their importance and who would grumble about want of appreciation no matter what their earnings might be. What I would like to know is whether the average artist expects too much and asks too much for his work—whether, in fact, he demands an exorbitant price for his productions."

"I do not think he does," replied the Young Painter, "because the general scale of prices in the modern art market does not allow him, at best, to live in more than just ordinary comfort."

"On what is this scale of prices calculated?" asked the Critic. "Has it any relation to the productive power of each particular artist or is it a sort of conventional arrangement to which all sorts of artists subscribe?"

"I do not see what productive power has to do with the matter we are discussing," protested the Young Painter. "It is not what an artist can produce but what he can sell that counts as income. If he can sell only one picture in a year the price of that picture represents his income for the year, and therefore the amount he gets for it must be sufficient to keep him for the whole twelve months."

"Oh, then he must put on every picture he paints during a year a price large enough to keep him for a year," cried the Man with the Red Tie. "Suppose he sells them all, he makes quite a lot, does he not?"

"Of course he does," agreed the Young Painter; "but that is just a matter of luck—he cannot count upon it."

"And if he sells none at all, that is just a matter of luck too, I suppose," said the Critic. "That I am rather inclined to dispute. I should say that if he sold them all he was overpaid for his year's work, and that if he sold none he was suffering, not undeservedly, because he asked more than he was entitled to expect."

"Do you think that if he asked less he would sell more?" inquired the Young Painter.

"Certainly I do," answered the Critic. "I firmly believe that a great many men spoil their own market by asking a year's income for every picture they paint during a year—by assuming that every single thing they produce must keep them for twelve months. The result of such a policy is that their work is so highly priced that very few people can afford to buy it. If art is too expensive the man who is only moderately well-to-do cannot touch it, and that limits the demand to the few rich men who may or may not be art lovers."

"If works of art were cheaper I suppose there would be a wider demand," said the Man with the Red Tie.

"That seems to me obvious," replied the Critic. "If you bring works of art within the reach of people of moderate means you increase very greatly your chances of selling what you produce. You destroy also the popular impression that any kind of art patronage is an unjustifiable extravagance; and you do not have your studios choked up with unsold things. The right policy seems to me to be an appeal to the small buyer, to the man who can and will pay reasonably for the gratification of his tastes. He would be your main source of income if you would only do something to encourage him, and there is enough of him to make that income quite a comfortable one."

THE LAY FIGURE.

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PASTORAL BY CHESTER LOOMIS

AT THE ACADEMY, NEW YORK
BY W. H. DE B. NELSON

BY TIME-HONOURED custom the National Academy of Design closes its doors shortly before the clarion call of Pittsburgh summons artists, art lovers and critics from the four quarters to America's one and only International. Gone are the landscapes and portraits, marines and still lifes, women in brocades and silks, girls in gossamer, and nudes; in fact, women of the brush have yielded perforce to the women of the brush and pail. During this interregnum, it may be well to review briefly the eighty-ninth annual exhibition, and to recall some of the paintings which for one reason or another have left pleasant recollections or the reverse. In spite of the undercurrent of adverse comment which assails this Academy and kindred organizations, the fact that it is now entering upon its ninetieth exhibition since its foundation in 1825, and that the Society of American Artists, which painted under its own standard in 1877, became reunited with the National Academy of Design in 1906, is eloquent proof how necessary such a sane and conservative body is in the republic of art. As long as its influence is benignly exercised and becomes no let or hindrance to newer and more independent forms of art and to the frequent admission into this city of foreign and extraneous exhibits which tend to interest and instruct the public more thoroughly than ordinary academical exhibitions can possibly do, all power to its councils and actions. We need an Academy to keep the younger artists and some of the older ones within sober bounds, just as a coach needs seasoned wheelers, if the leaders are fiery youngsters, apt to gib, bolt or kick over the traces. We have heard it said that this or that show was better than the Spring Academy, but a careful tour of the four galleries afforded convincing evidence that this exhibition, in spite of the absence of several artists, was truly representative of the excellent work which is being done around us in the virile-impressionistic manner of the American artist of to-day. There were pictures, it is true, which

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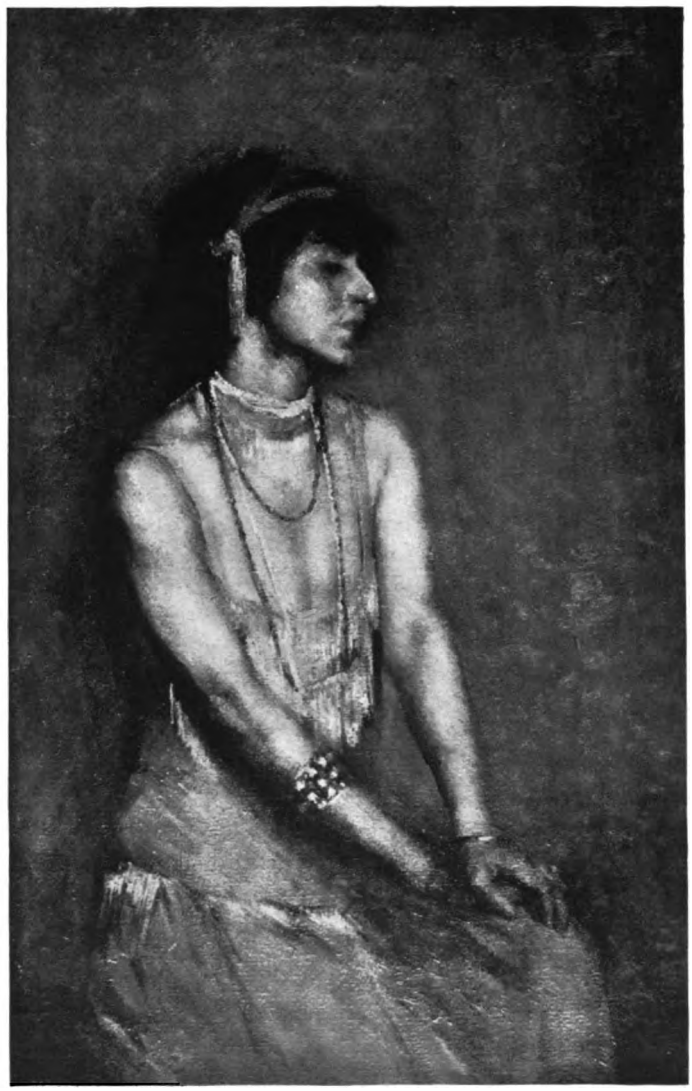
reminded us of the oft-quoted flies in amber, but as beneath some of these the legend "sold" appears, it only shows that, like the kingdom of heaven, so in the kingdom of art there are many mansions, and pictures teeming with detail, painted with the meticulous craftsmanship of the lady miniaturist still find a market, like fruit modelled in wax or antimacassars. *De gustibus* . . .

In the gallery of least favour, which from its detached position does not appeal to the exhibiting artist, were several good canvases, notably a live street scene by S. J. Woolf, entitled *Brown the Wheats*. A hungry-looking outcast is gazing into a restaurant window, where wheat cakes are being manufactured *coram populo*. There is no sentimental appeal and the canvas is big in colour and concept. Facing the door is a brightly-handled subject called *Youth*, by Josephine Paddock, who created more than a mild surprise last year with her *Miss Trelawny of the Wells* and leapt into recognition with a single bound. This picture is killed by and in turn kills a kaleidoscopic industrial picture hanging next to it, by Leon Kroll, called *Granite Quarries*, which looks very like brick puzzle pictures for wet days with drawn curtains. Glenn Newell had a good cattle subject, but being squeezed into the corner, it hardly showed to advantage. Somebody has to be hung badly at times, but we would prefer it not to be Glenn Newell. William Fair Kline had a decorative panel, man, woman, child and lamb, reminiscent of the Bouguereau tradition. A good portrait of Justice Parker was shown by Ernest Ipsen. Other satisfactory pictures in this room were *At Anchor*, by Birge Harrison, and Gruppe's *Hilltop Pasture*.



Awarded the Julia A. Shaw Memorial Prize
ODALISQUE BY BEATRICE WHITNEY

Entering the Vanderbilt Gallery, all ways seemed to lead to Bellows' wonderful portrait of Dr. William Oxley Thompson, which carried off the Isaac N. Maynard Prize. Having won such golden opinions with his portrait, it is a pity that he should have sent in *A Day in June*, which has nothing unless sheer effrontery to recommend it. Muddy colour, bad whites, lack of atmosphere and design are some of the faults. *The End of the Street* shows Gifford Beal at his best. Sordid tenements and sordid east-enders between the "L" and the river has been observed with great powers. Colour scheme and technique are alike excellent. Splendid russet and silver mark an evening effect by Gardner Symons. Ernest Lawson had a nice picture in the *Old Tulip Tree*, but a too crowded composition, horse and cart, for instance, would be better left out of the picture. A very fascinating group over the stairs was composed of a fine St. Ives harbour scene by Hayley Lever below the picture of *Tired Out*, by Leopold Seyffert which received an Honourable Mention in last year's Pittsburgh—or was it Philadelphia?—in any case, an ex-

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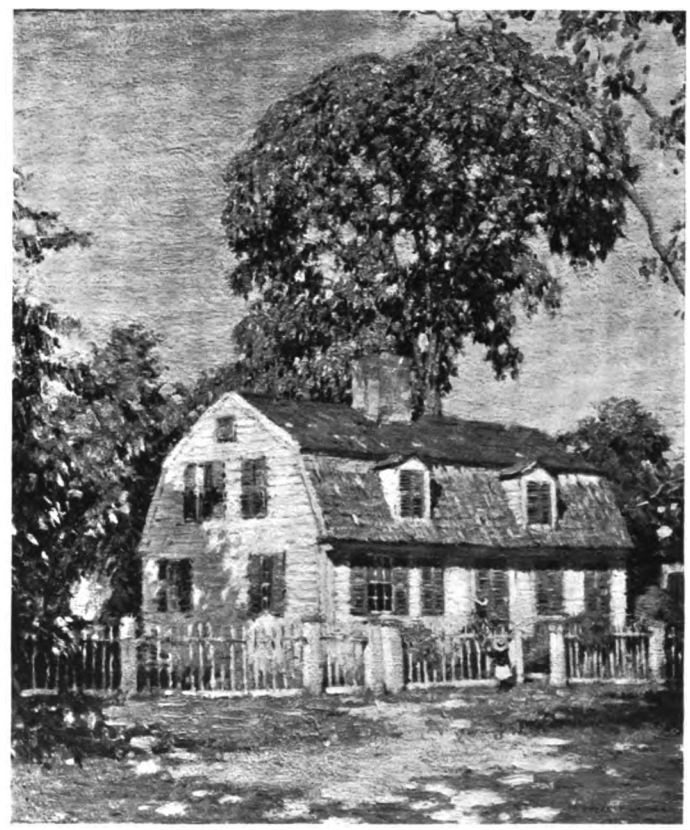
THE VISITOR BY LOUIS KRONBERG

cellent study of peaceful old age. *Girl Reading* and *Arrangement*, two experiments in the nude by E. Varian Cockroft, were fresh in colour, good in pattern and sufficiently unacademic to make one approve the Academy's occasional broadness of selection. These flanked the above-mentioned pictures by Lever and Seyffert, forming an interesting quartette. Redfield's *City at Night* and Jonas Lie's *Afterglow* attracted considerable attention for their vitality and robustness.

A grand canvas joyously painted by Elmer Schofield is entitled *Building the Coffer-Dam.*

Watrous's *The Drop Sinister* is an unpleasant subject unpleasantly handled.

In the centre gallery Charles Rosen had a large canvas entitled *Winter Morning, Maine Coast*, certainly the finest and freeest Rosen we have yet observed. A picture by Vytlacil, entitled *Rising Clouds*—just a bit of bleak landscape with a couple of punts in the foreground, with a stormy sky—is excellently managed; colour scheme bold and original, in great square dabs, full of nervous force and honest conviction. This is another picture accepted in a broad-minded spirit, for it breathes little of academic *afflatus*. *Two Natures*, by C. B. Hartman, is interesting for its design. A huge Abyssinian towers up like sculpture in the stern of a boat, with a white woman huddled amidships. The great pink sail reflects its length in the river, the sand cliffs and sky likewise, while a vermilion pattern of flamingoes completes the scheme—surely an arresting subject. Louis Kronberg was represented by one of his coryphée types. The scene represents a bare room at the theatre, where an old lady is watching a ballet girl pointing her toe over the waist-high bar. Guy Wiggins has made Gloucester his special terrain. His picture is a little thin of subject for its size, but excellently painted and full of atmosphere. *Autumnal Romance*, by Gustave Cimiotti, is the work of a young artist who sees everything from a romantic angle but never allows his vision to lead him from reality. His pictures are delightful in colour and pattern. De Haven has a somewhat romantic rendering of New York with the Woolworth Building shedding its light on the park shrouded in moonlight. Many other paintings merit special notice.



THE GUARDIAN ELM BY EVERETT L. WARNER

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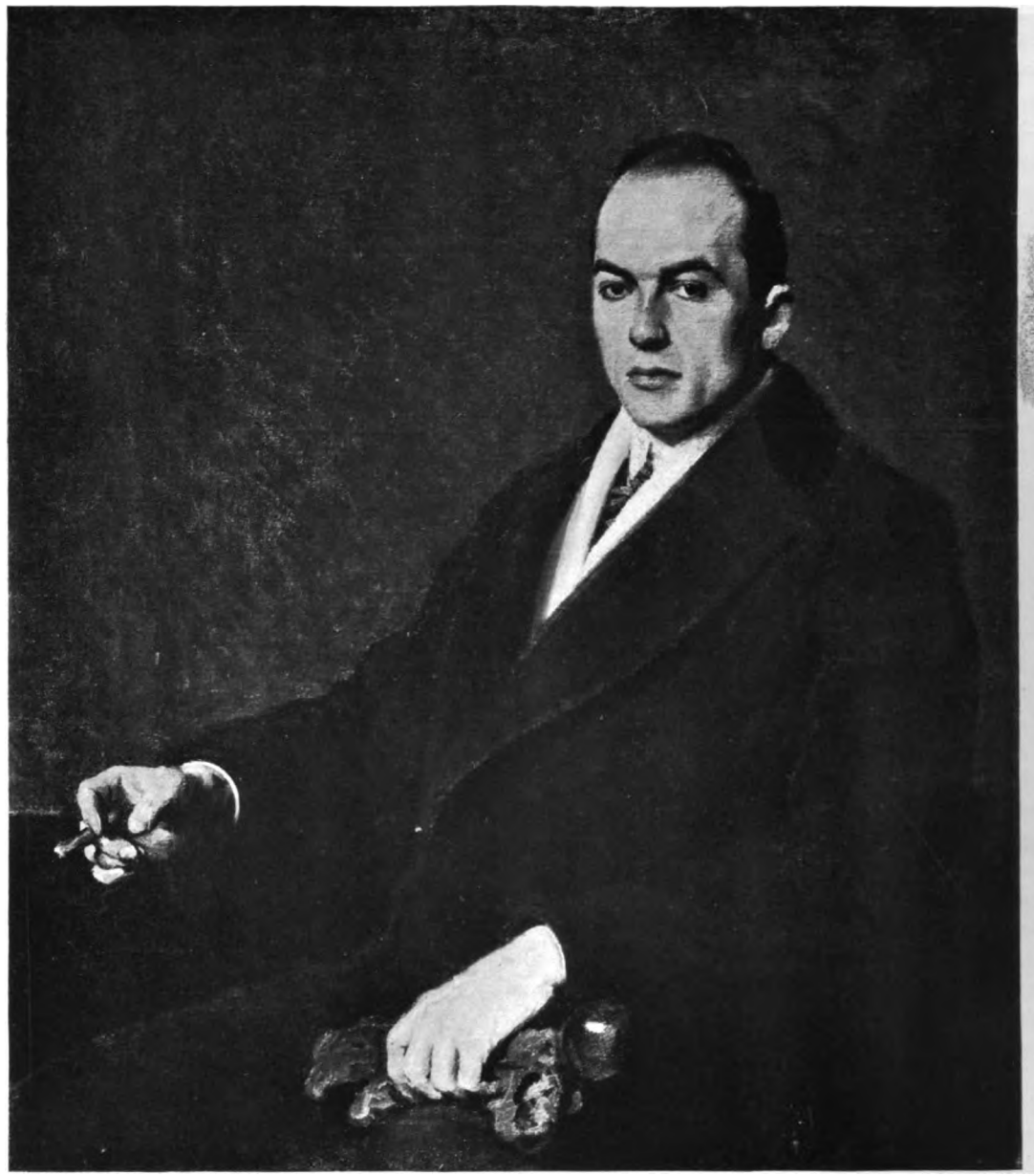

Awarded the third Hallgarten Prize

PORTRAIT OF JOHN NELSON COLE, JR.
BY EUGENE E. SPEICHER

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THE WEST WIND
BY CHARLES C. CURRAN

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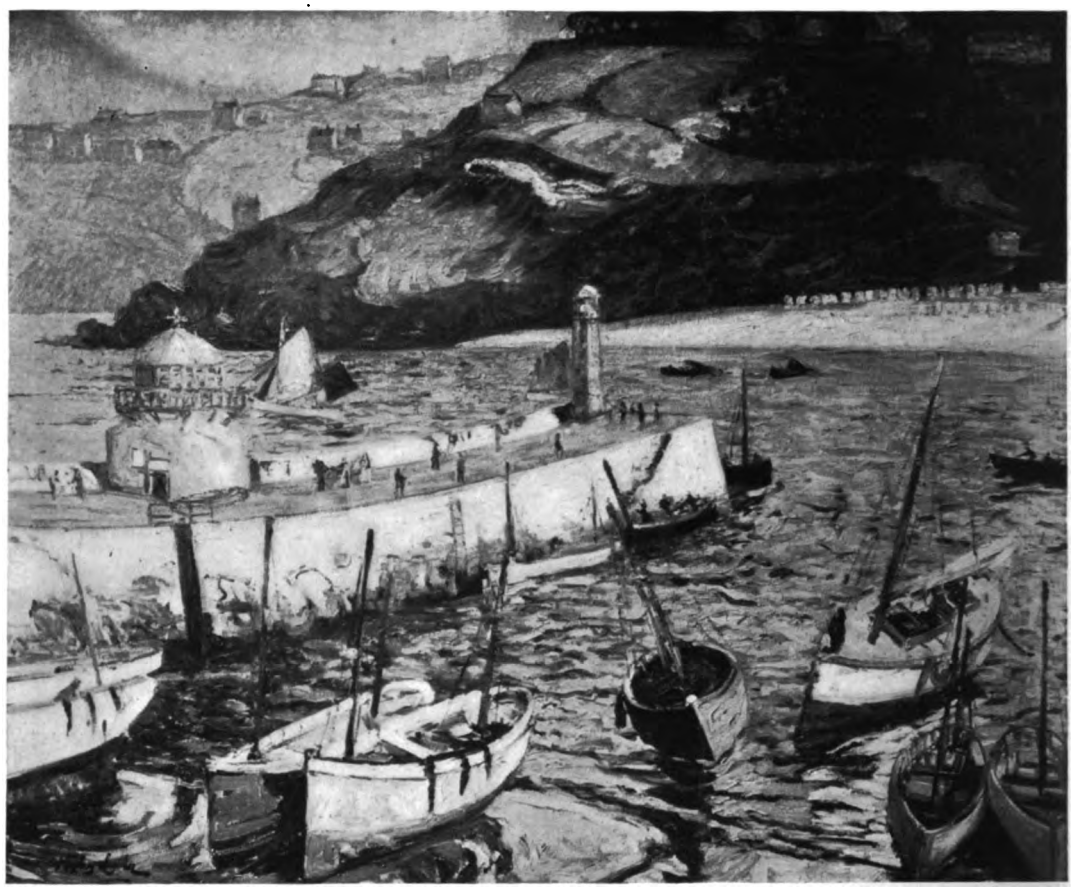

SMEATON'S QUAY, ST. IVES, CORNWALL — BY HAYLEY LEVER

A PAINTER OF HARBOURS: HAYLEY LEVER

THERE is so much Follow-my-leader in modern art that when looking at a painting we can too often discover at a glance the influence, and can recall several artists who are working in a similar manner, but with Hayley Lever this is not the case. For many years he has enjoyed an international reputation for his particular and special rendition of harbour scenes, pictures which stand out with heroic force and arrest the attention for their splendid colour, simple treatment and deft arrangement of masses. For many years this artist has made a special study of the Cornish coast of England, especially St. Ives, and it is safe to say that no one has discovered the peculiar colour and atmosphere of that region to the extent that he has. Many have tried, but for the most part have abandoned the task in order to seek out less elusive problems. Mr. Lever has exhibited at the Pittsburgh International by special invitation since 1909 and was awarded Honourable Mention last year. He has been seen at the Winter and Spring Exhibitions of the National Academy of Design, New York, for some years past, besides at Boston and Philadelphia. In this year's exhibition at the National Arts Club, with an excellent canvas, he carried off

A FLEMISH CANAL — BY HAYLEY LEVER

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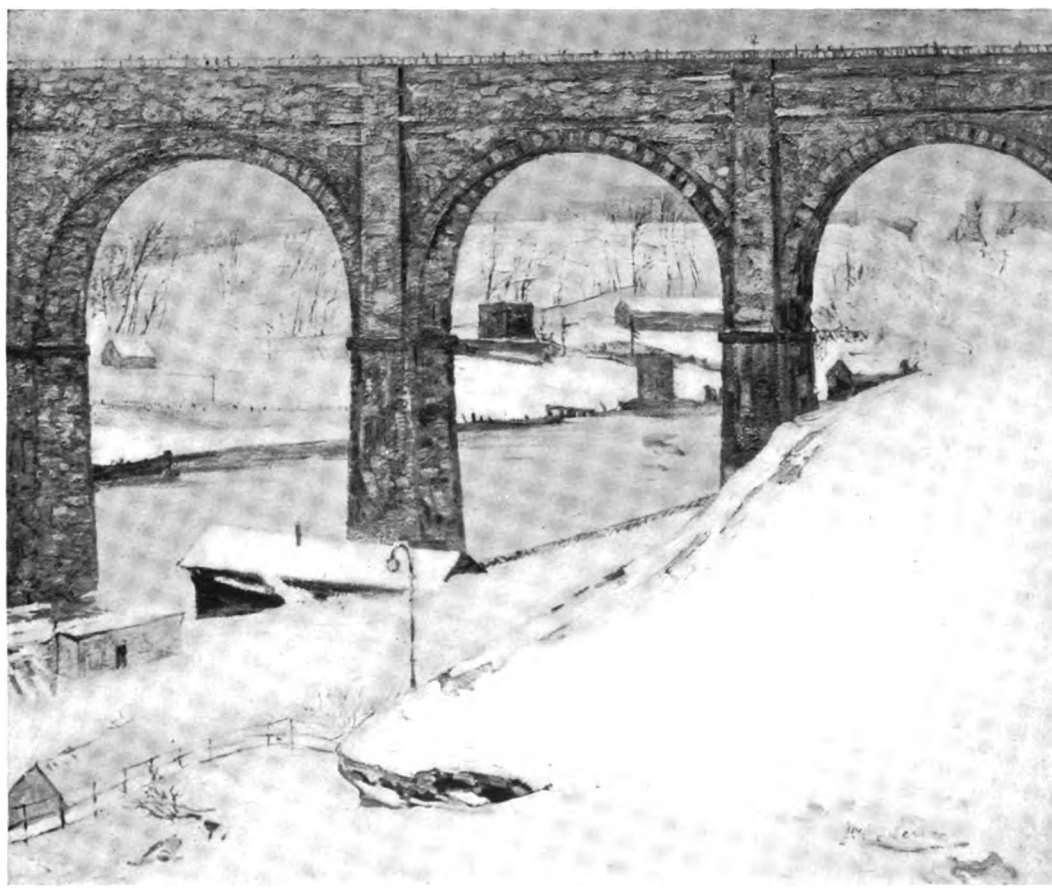
the Silver Medal. A constant exhibitor at the New and Old Salons, Paris, the Royal Academy, London, and the New English Art Club, London, at the Internationals in Nice and Venice by invitation, Mr. Hayley Lever is also a member of the Royal British Artists, London, the Royal Institute of Oil Painters and an academician of the Royal West of England Academy—an excellent record for so young an artist. *Smeaton's Quay, St. Ives, Cornwall*, here reproduced, is the subject of a similar canvas in this year's Academy, New York, which has created much favourable comment for its fine conception, rich colour and grand technique. The strong note in his work is his extreme vitality which strikes through his colour and his technique. At times his structure is lacking in solidity.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY VIADUCT, CORNWALL — BY HAYLEY LEVER

Lever's pictures for this year's International was very highly thought of indeed by the *cognoscenti* and escaped being a prize winner by the narrowest margin.

In the coming season an exhibition of this artist's work will be held at the Rochester Memorial Gallery. It will be the first time that he has ever shown a collection of his work, and it should prove interesting, especially as his talent runs in many other directions besides harbours. W. H. N.



Honourable Mention, Pittsburgh International, 1913

THE HARLEM RIVER, NEW YORK — BY HAYLEY LEVER

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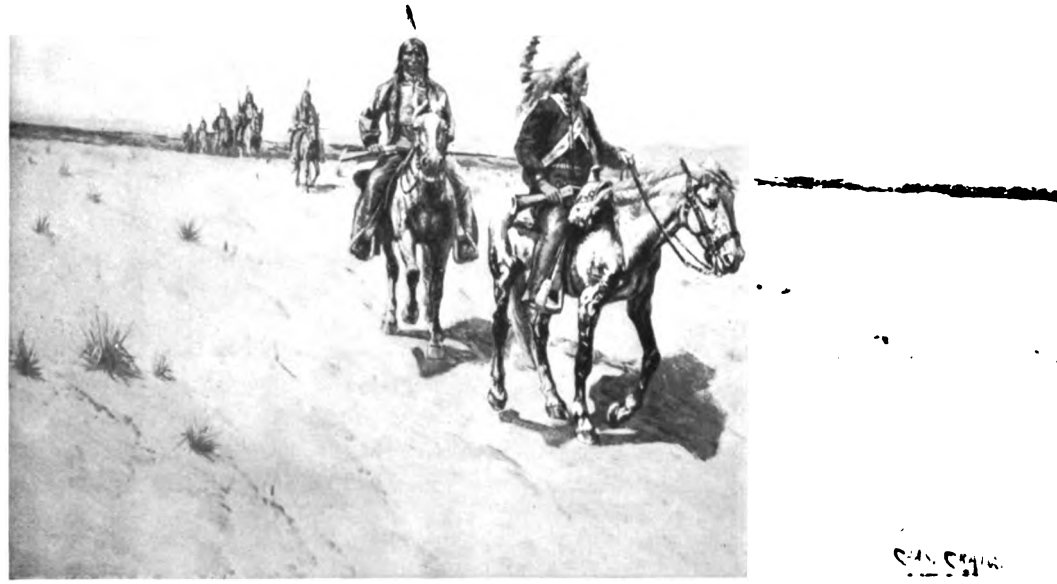

TRAILING IN BY CHARLES CRAIG

CHARLES CRAIG: PAINTER OF INDIANS AND WESTERN SCENES

BY HENRY RUSSELL WRAY

THERE are perhaps half a dozen men to-day who paint Indians and Western life. Some of these men have lived only a few months among the scenes they illustrate. During that time they have made many quick sketches, which have served for material from which large paintings have been worked up in subsequent years in their studios. Their "Indians" are too often drawn from professional "Italian" models, and the character is necessarily vague and inaccurate. These artists may also possess a fine collection of Indian costumes and accessories, but it is impossible that the painter should be familiar enough with the customs of the tribes to use this paraphernalia correctly.

Very few men have lived for years among the tribes and know the individuals intimately. It takes a long time for a white man to gain the confidence of a red man. To this last class belongs Charles Craig, truly a painter of Western life, in all its sense of arid vastness—its glory of sunlit range and peak, or its gloom and grandeur of canyon, upon which are staged the fast-disappearing cowboy, Indian and prospector.

Craig has maintained a little studio in Colorado Springs, Colo., almost since the town was founded, yet eight years before this, in 1865, he caught the first attack of Western fever, and practically followed Greeley's advice. He was only a youngster then, and without much art education, but he

THE MEDICINE MAN BY CHARLES CRAIG

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HUALIPI (S. W. ARIZONA) BY CHARLES CRAIG

imagined his determination and hard work would compensate for his lack of instruction. He was fascinated by the colour and picturesqueness of the American Indians, and for four years he lived among them. In 1869, Craig reluctantly but wisely, turned his face eastward, for he then realized that he was not properly equipped to paint as he desired, without hard academic study. The Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts was his Mecca, and there he drew from the antique until 1873, when he entered the studio of the veteran landscapist and etcher, Peter Moran. After almost a dozen years of "hard plugging" for right knowledge, Craig in 1881 returned to the mountains of Colorado and began to work on his chosen subjects. Having acquired now the proper training and technique, he immediately made a place for himself as a painter of Indians and Western scenes. His little studio soon attracted Eastern visitors, many of whom had been exiled to Colorado to regain their health. He painted some portraits, among them one of the beautiful Mrs. Samuel S. Chauncey, and another of the well-known New York financier, Mr. Grant B. Schley, but it was an effort for Craig to do purely indoor work. The Indians with their background of mountains and plains, appealed to his imagination and drew him away from the conventionalities of civilization.

In the spring of every year Craig turns the key

SCOUTING PARTY BY CHARLES CRAIG

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in the door of his studio and takes a trip into the various reservations of Colorado, Utah and New Mexico. There he lives the life of his Indian friends and conforms with the manners and customs of each tribe he is visiting. In the fall he returns to his Colorado home with a mass of sketches and a few finished paintings. Mr. Craig's knowledge is so accurate that the student of Indian costume may be sure that every detail is correct. If a Sioux warrior is depicted on the war-path, his streaks of paint are in the proper place and of the proper colour. He takes no liberties with facts, and one will never find mixture of dress such as an Apache wearing a Ute war bonnet. Each canvas is an historical record.

Mr. Craig has exhibited in Eastern galleries, but of late years his pictures are bought from his studio as soon as finished. Many of his canvases have gone abroad. Count Orloff Davidorff, of St. Petersburg, and the Duchess of Buckingham and Chandos own several of his works. Mr. Schley commissioned Craig to paint from life a unique series of Indian portrait heads. Mr. Craig chose one representative type from every tribe he was familiar with and could reach. These dozen or more paintings are today hung in Mr. Schley's Indian room at Far Hills, N. J., and some day they will be most valuable from an ethnological standpoint, as they are perfectly correct in detail. Many of Craig's works are in private galleries. One collection is owned by Mr. Joseph G. Butler, of Youngstown, Ohio, another by Frank G. Sayles, of Pawtucket, R. I.

There are other artists who from a technical standpoint paint as well as Craig, but it is fairly safe to say that no one who ever selected the same character of subject, knows it more intimately, or presents it more faithfully than this veteran student of to-day, who, for thirty-two years, has "lived and moved and had his being" among the people and scenes which so strongly appeal to his mind and his brush.

A SIOUX LOOKOUT BY CHARLES CRAIG

A WINTER SCENE BY CHARLES CRAIG

THE CARNEGIE INSTITUTE, PITTSBURGH

THE Eighteenth Annual International Exhibition of Paintings at the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh, opened Thursday, April 30, immediately following the Founder's Day Exercises. The Press View Reception was held on April 29.

The paintings shown this year, numbering 344, represent America, Austria, Belgium, England, France, Germany, Holland, Italy, Norway, Russia, Scotland, Spain and Sweden.

The annual international exhibitions at Carnegie Institute are eagerly anticipated by lovers of art in every part of America; for the annual exhibition held in Pittsburgh is the only one of its kind in the United States. The best exponents of contemporary art from Europe and the United States are represented.

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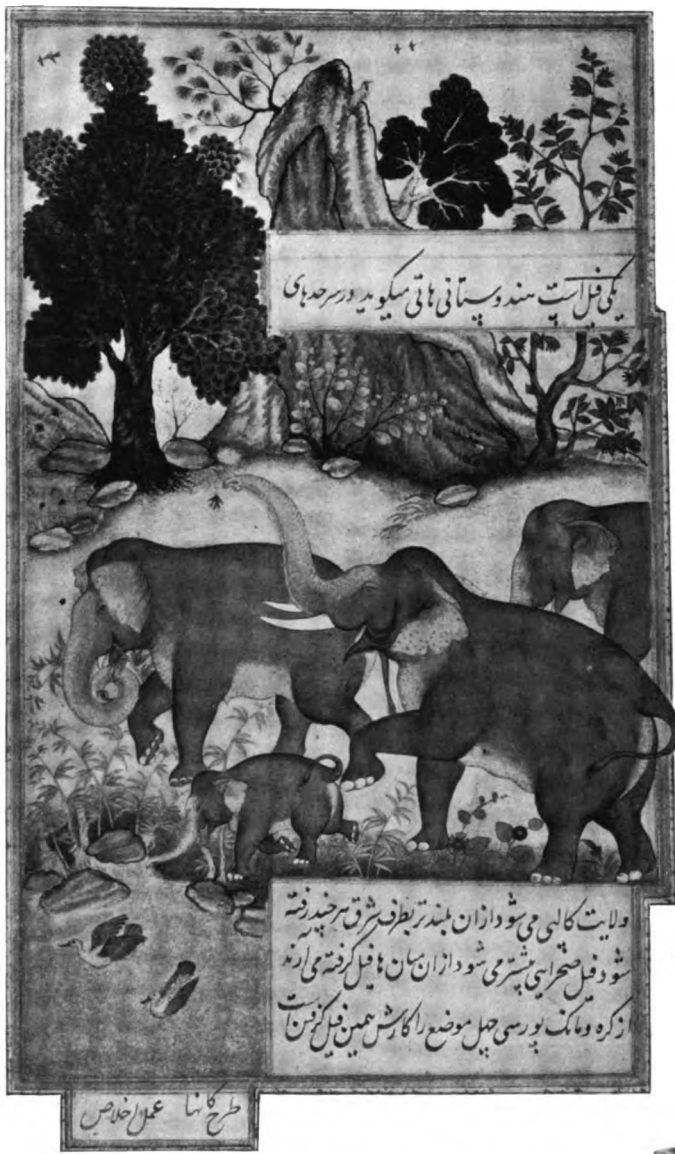

FIG. 1—A SIXTEENTH-CENTURY PERSIAN MINIATURE

PERSIAN ART IN A NEW YORK GALLERY

FOR some weeks past an unique exhibition of Mohammedan art has been held by Mr. Kevorkian in the galleries of Charles of London at 718 Fifth Avenue, New York. European art has been immensely benefited by such glimpses of Persian art as are occasionally vouchsafed to the public through the enterprise of some museum or collector, but it has remained for Mr. Kevorkian to give a comprehensive display, covering centuries of artistic development, from the time of the Sassanians to the Safavid period, including over 250 miniature paintings and a wondrous assortment of ceramics, bronzes, mosque decorations, hangings, carpets, metal work, writings, book ornamentations, etc. Rhajes (Rei), near Teheran, was a flourishing city in the ninth century, ruled by a dynasty of immense wealth and culture, and it is due to excavations on this site that so many beautiful objects have rewarded the labour of the spade. Yakoud, the geographer, mentions this city as having been of vast importance before its destruction by Mongolian invaders, putting its population then at close upon a million and mentioning, probably with Oriental exaggeration, "several thousand palaces and eight thousand luxurious baths." His statement that treasures were hidden in the wells has been justified by fact. It is interesting to note that, unlike the Chinese, Egyptian or Phœnician races, the Persians did not bury household goods with their dead, consequently none of the objects discovered has mortuary interest.

The Mihrab or *sanctum sanctorum*

FIG. 2—A TWELFTH-CENTURY FLOWER VASE

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of a Mohammedan temple, which is the most astonishing find, was part of the Seljoucid temple at Veramin and is remarkable for its faience and the wonderful shades of blue, turquoise, aubergine and metallic lustre which combine to charm the beholder. The Nashky writing in the grand frieze is attributed to Yacut, the great master of caligraphy.

Figure 1 in our illustrations has fine decorative quality, while the elephants reveal remarkable draughtsmanship. The inscription below reads: "Designed by Kanha and painted by Ekhlas"; Fig. 2 comes from Ave, is striking in form and decorated with metallic lustre, giving gold and purple reflection; Fig. 3 is a typical piece of figured Rhages pottery and a first-class witness of harmonious colour and skilled drawing of symbolic character. It is of creamy white paste, covered with lustreless smooth glaze in polychromatic enamels, enriched in places with piece gold. Cufic characters form the border; Fig. 4, found at Hamadan in eighth or ninth century. Sassanian bronzes are frequently decorated with human and animal figures and are also found inlaid with designs in silver; Fig. 5 is unique, being the only known one of that period, with glaze and paste like Chinese work of the Tung period. It is hard paste with smooth glaze on ivory-coloured ground, with engraved decoration, colours used being blues, green, yellow and aubergine. Fig. 6 is exceedingly realistic and shows that the Persian painter never feared the truth, even when depicting his monarch, who, as the clever painting shows, is in a horrible condition of inebriety. The rich colours of the royal robes and the beautiful flowery background point to the great height to which miniature painting attained.

FIG. 3—ROYAL PRESENTATION CUP

FIG. 4—BRONZE MORTAR

FIG. 5—A NINTH-CENTURY RHAGES PLATE

Quite recently Mr. Birnbaum inaugurated a very interesting exhibition of Persian caligraphy at the Berlin Photographic Company's Galleries. Our thanks are due to Mr. Kevorkian and to Mr. Pemberton for so courteously providing prints and information. W. H. N.

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PORTRAIT OF BABER PADISHAH
CONQUEROR OF INDIA

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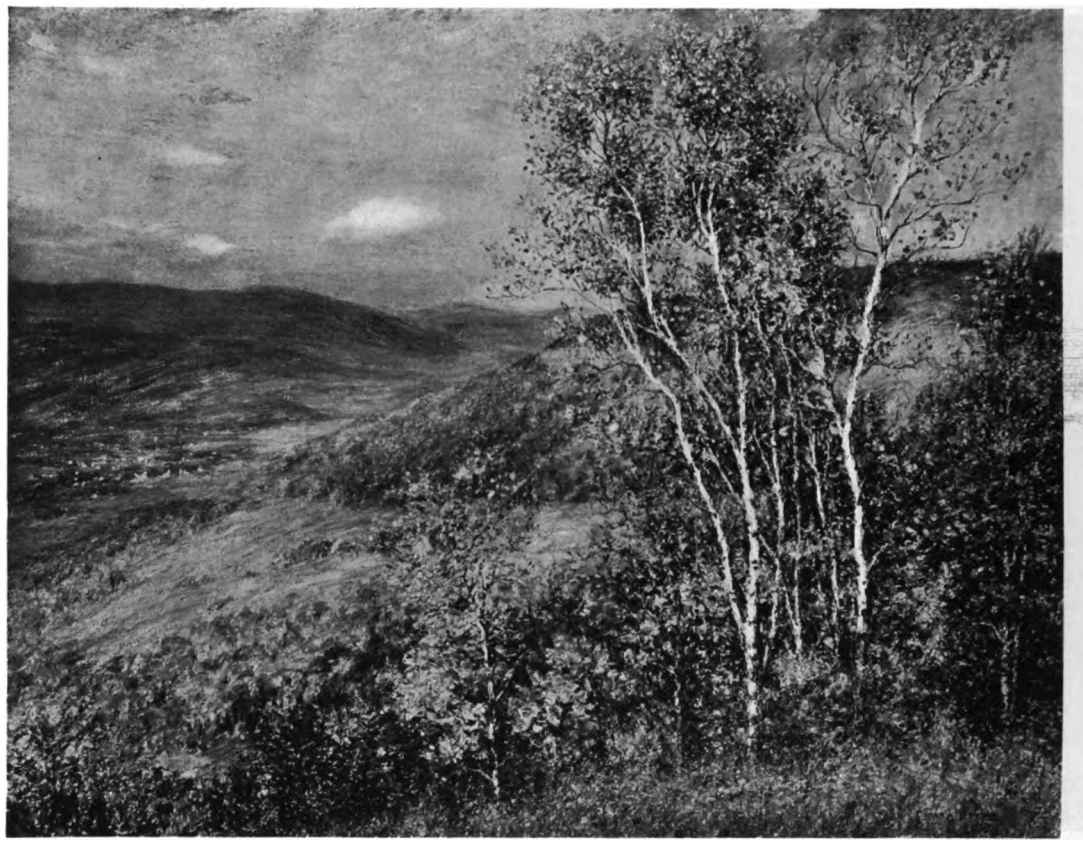

MOUNTAIN TOP BIRCHES — BY CARROLL BROWN

IN THE GALLERIES

WOMEN painters and sculptors held their twenty-third annual exhibition last month month at the Knoedler Galleries, which were crowded each afternoon. It was a pity that so many pictures passed the jury; the good things were not seen to advantage. A nude study by Clara McChesney; *Basque Houses*, by Margaret Patterson; a very sunny canvas of children bathing, by Clara Davidson; *An Umbrian Town*, painted in Monet-like *taches* by Mary MacCord; a winter view of the Hudson by that veteran painter, C. B. Coman; *Street in Assisi*, better in design than in colour, by F. F. Snell; *The Wharves*, by Rhoda Nicholls; *Mending*, by Agnes Richmond are a few of the better pictures displayed. By far the best in our esteem was *The Veil Counter*, by Elizabeth Sparhawk-Jones.

The Macdowell Club has been showing the work of the following group—T. F. Bernstein, Jennie Brownscombe, H. Camp, L. M. Davis, A. J. Dewey, R. Hamilton, Susan Ricker Knox, T. B. Modra, E. E. Richards, C. W. Svensson, F. Waller, L. C. Mayer. Of these the most original is Theresa Bernstein, whose daring colours and broad technique are seen in *The Masqueraders*, *The Concert* and *Yellow Kimono*. Susan Ricker Knox had some good canvases, notably a portrait entitled *Master Joe Lathrop*, and a very winsome little baby chewing its thumb and looking out upon the world with true infantile complacency—only a three-hour sketch but a work of art. Leonard M. Davis reminded us again of the beauties of the far North, especially in his *When Alaskan Wild Flowers Bloom*. If he would only permit tone at times to do the duty of detail, his pictures would be more appealing. R. Hamilton should leave the cows and follow the sheep; his *Prize Flock* is a fine piece of work.

The Montross Gallery held its seventeenth annual exhibition of Ten American Painters, the ten on this occasion being seven: Benson, Chase, de Camp, Hassam, Metcalf, Tarbell and Weir. Mr. Chase showed some Venetian scenes and some excellent still-lives, especially *A Dresden Bowl and Dish*. A fine bit of work with excellent tonal quality was Joseph de Camp's *The Flirt*.

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TEDDIE BY C. S. PIETRO

The Arlington Galleries have been more circumspect this season in choice of exhibitions. Three very good ones were, consecutively, Bernhardt Gutmann, Robert H. Nisbet and Antonio Barone, all young men but seasoned artists. Both Gutmann and Nisbet have been subjects of special notice in this magazine. Barone's *Mrs. Aristine Munn* is quite one of the best portraits by one of the younger men that we have seen in a long while.

The second annual exhibition of the Association of American Etchers at the Brown-Robertson Galleries was so successful that it was continued on to April 20. At the same time a special exhibition of forty original etchings by Dr. Leigh Hunt was given.

New York as it appears to a Frenchman made an interesting show at the Braun & Co. galleries, where the Gotham set of Deville etchings was displayed.

The Macbeth Galleries have been showing selected paintings by American artists, many of them being works of considerable distinction: *Autumn Morning*, by Chauncey F. Ryder; a good beach subject by H. A. Streeter; *The North Atlantic*, by Waugh; pines and woods by Warren Eaton and Foster, and an excellent canvas by Frank W. Benson, showing two girls in the open, the elder one seated on a rustic bench and the younger one perched on the back of it, and with upraised arm holding a bough from an overhanging tree. The latter is not so well painted in point of structural quality, but the *tout ensemble* is admirable and the atmosphere brilliantly exploited. A good painting by Carroll Brown, who, like Nisbet and a few others, paints exclusively American scenery, showing fine colour harmony and careful study of atmospheric values, was on view in the lower galleries.

Two pupils of Twachtman, C. C. Mase and Alice Judson, have recently concluded an exhibition in different media at the Powell Art Gallery, their ground being respectively Staten Island and Venice. Boats and colour have been nicely seen in the Venetian subjects, while the other artist has attended more to the attainment of atmospheric results than to making mere pictures.

Picturesque Italy claims many etchers and certain etchers have laid their embargoes upon certain cities. Whistler, of course, captured Venice, and in a sense Roth has done the same by Florence. Eighty plates have been on view at the Keppel Galleries.

Extreme daintiness and chic distinguish the plastic work of M. Paul Philippe, which has been on view at the Gorham Galleries. An excellent figure of *Defiance*, life size, is a fountain design: Poseidon's merry men spout and wriggle on wave crest, while above and beyond them a charming nymph smiles her scornful tribute to their efforts to reach her. His small figures of dancers are particularly graceful in their blending of Carrara and ivory. The artist also employs a medley of bronze, ivory and marble to advantage in his statuette of *Lohengrin;* ivory and bronze meet well in *Radha* and *La Comédie*, also in *A Russian Dancer*, while in another *Radha* he uses bronze, ivory and enamel. This may not be a high form of art, but it is certainly effective.

The baby above is a fine child study by C. S. Pietro, whose work is well known now. The modelling is splendidly done and the characterization is the acme of good sculpting. Mr. Pietro is shortly going to Europe, and on his return will hold an important exhibition of his work, including *Teddie.*

Beautiful Eighteenth Century French drawings from the J. P. Heseltine collection have been on view at the galleries of Gimpel & Wildenstein. One particularly fine example was No. 10 in

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Courtesy The Berlin Photographic Company
THE SEACOAST

A LITHOGRAPH BY CHARLES SHANNON

the list, a nude, drawn in red chalk, relieved in white on blue paper.

Mr. Hodgkins has been trying to teach the public to estimate at true value some of the lesser known French artists whose work is frequently mistaken for the work of great masters, for instance, Trinquesse, Van Gorp, Lagrenee, Roslin and Ghislandi. A delightful canvas, 21 x 27, representing a nymph bathing, bears mellow testimony to the powers of Lagrenee, while Van Gorp is well represented by his sentimental picture entitled *La Separation douloureuse*.

The Shannon-Ricketts exhibition at the Berlin Photographic Company's Galleries was particularly interesting, for the reason that their work is very little known this side of the Atlantic. Above and below we reproduce representative work of these two eminent artists.

Courtesy The Berlin Photographic Company

Courtesy The Berlin Photographic Company

TWO WOOD ENGRAVINGS DESIGNED FOR "CUPID AND PSYCHE," BY CHARLES RICKETTS

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Water-Colour Painting on Vellum
CUPID AND PSYCHE
Frontispiece

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Water-Colour Painting on Vellum
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Facing page 262

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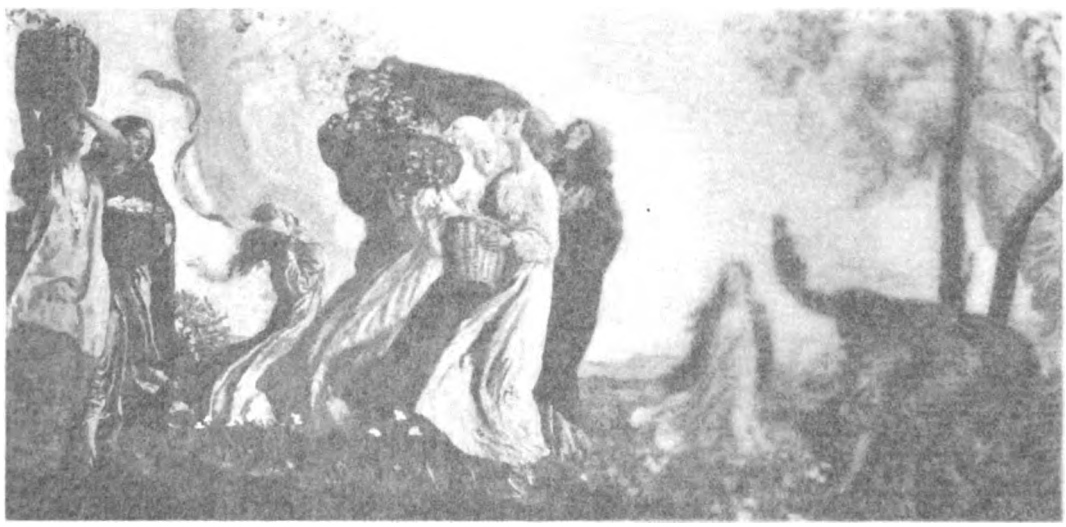
PITTSBURGH INTERNATIONAL 1914

BY W. H. DE B. NELSON

THE season of American art [illegible] by custom and convenience to the period extending from November to the end of May, reaches its apotheosis at Pittsburgh, after which the [illegible] message of Shipka Pass, "All is Still," is applicable to the reign of art, until once more art resumes its interrupted sway. The Eighteenth Annual Exhibition, so eagerly awaited and speculated upon by painters, critics, art lovers and collectors has shown once more the immense prestige of the Carnegie Institute and its colossal importance as America's only Salon, the supreme tribunal of art in the Western Hemisphere. Pittsburgh has no rival city; New York sinks into insignificance beside it: it is the one and only location in America where once a year are congregated in a harmonious ensemble the best examples obtainable of national and foreign art. No pre-



THE SOUTH WIND [illegible]

"CUPID AND PSYCHE."
WATER-COLOUR PAINTING ON
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PITTSBURGH INTERNATIONAL, 1914

BY W. H. DE B. NELSON

THE season of American art, limited by custom and convenience to the period extending from November to the end of May, meets with its apotheosis at Pittsburgh, after which the grim message of Shipka Pass, "All is Still," is applicable to the reign of art, until once more winter resumes its interrupted sway. The Eighteenth Annual Exhibition, so eagerly awaited and speculated upon by painters, critics, art lovers and collectors has shown once more the immense prestige of the Carnegie Institute and its colossal importance as America's only Salon, the supreme tribunal of art in the Western Hemisphere. Pittsburgh has no rival city; New York sinks into insignificance beside it; it is the one and only location in America where once a year are congregated in a harmonious ensemble the best examples obtainable of national and foreign art. No previous show has succeeded in presenting so many exceptionally good canvases and Director J. W. Beatty deserves the fullest recognition for his untiring zeal and discretion in presenting a display of work so convincingly representative of the best painting that is being accomplished at home and abroad. Very noticeable is the fact that the young painters have been given opportunity. There is a distinctly vital and vigorous impression imparted by the different galleries and wholesome absence in a great measure of those tedious monsters known as exhibition pictures, and of those academically painted ever-recurring theses which point to stagnation in art and induce apathy and indifference in the minds of the discerning public. The impression gained at private view and increased by subsequent visits, is an impression of fresh, spontaneous art, of the kind that reacts on the beholder, forming in imagination an intimate bond of thought between him and the artist.

Courtesy to the stranger would induce one to mention foreign performances first, even if no

THE SOUTH WIND — BY ROBERT ANNING BELL

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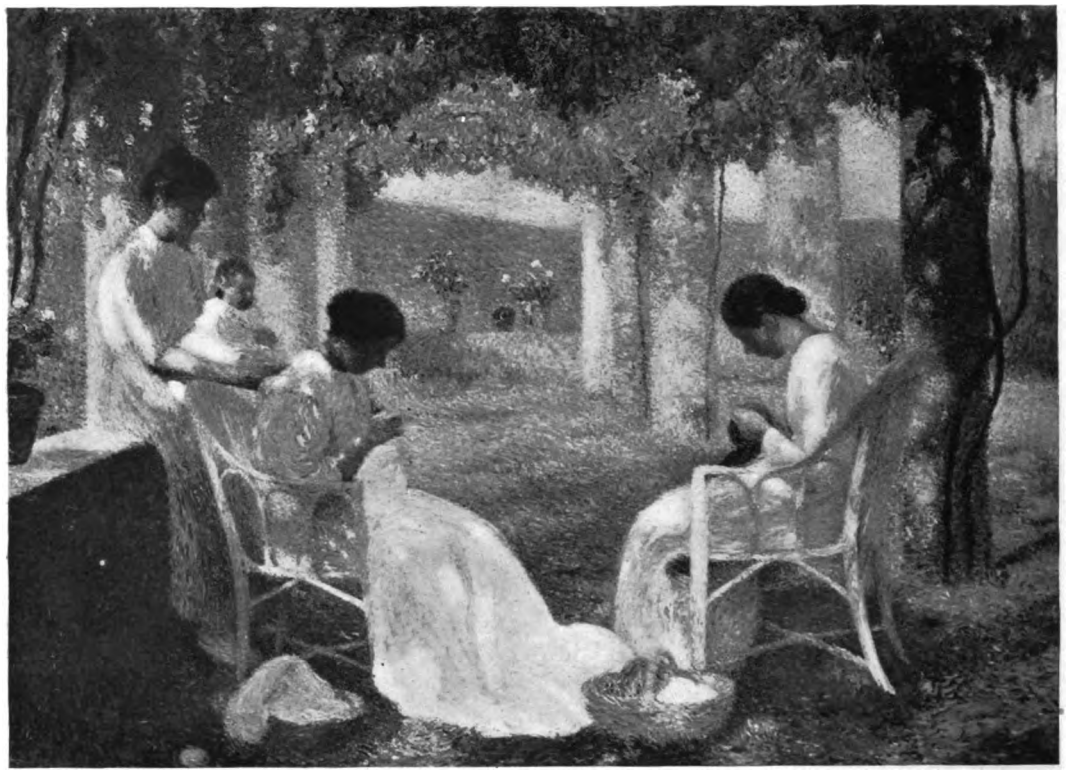

UNDER THE PERGOLA IN SUMMER BY HENRI MARTIN

other reason prevailed; comparisons may be odious, but in a case where canvases from all countries meet on a common footing it is forced upon the critic to see how the painting by artists of one nation compares with that of another. At the very first encounter, and strengthened by later visits, it is clear that the English contingent represented by sixty and more artists make the strongest impression in portraiture, and in such pictures as represent what is felt and imagined rather than what is merely visualized. When it comes to downright painting of sea or mountain, snowclad river banks, weird, majestic canyons or a city's traffic, no country can defeat the American painter in his big and bold portrayal of facts, but when it comes to subtlety of conception, to imagery, to a fantasy unseen of mortal eyes, there the British painter shows his superiority. In spite of unquestioned mastery over the medium, of an undoubted capacity for clear and truthful vision, it is to be wondered whether the soul of Peter Bell be not reflected within the souls of many American painters of high rank:

> A primrose by the river's brim
> A simple flower was to him—
> And it was nothing more.

There is another explanation, and it is perhaps nearer to the truth. It may well be that the American artist does not consider subject matter of particular importance in his canvas, but is ruled by his desire to express freely and powerfully luminous skies, characteristic sketches of his own native heath or some one else's and, above all things, a solidly painted foreground. Quality of paint, luminosity, well-adjudged planes of light and dark being the compelling forces. This theory is borne out by the fact that the room of honour was bestowed upon Paul Dougherty, who though still young is already in the fortunate position of having to search, like Alexander, for fresh kingdoms to conquer. No one, after touring Gallery L, could deny to him all the gifts mentioned above and many others, in his twenty-six exhibits of sea and Alps, but at the same time it must be advanced that these pictures lack that peculiar quality which is the essence of real art, and which distinguishes the nature copyist from the true genius who combines what he has seen with what he has felt. The same applies to the medal picture of E. W. Redfield and to the canvases of such men as Elmer Schofield, Gardner Symons and many others. They are giants within their limits.

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AFTER THE MEETING
BY CECILIA BEAUX

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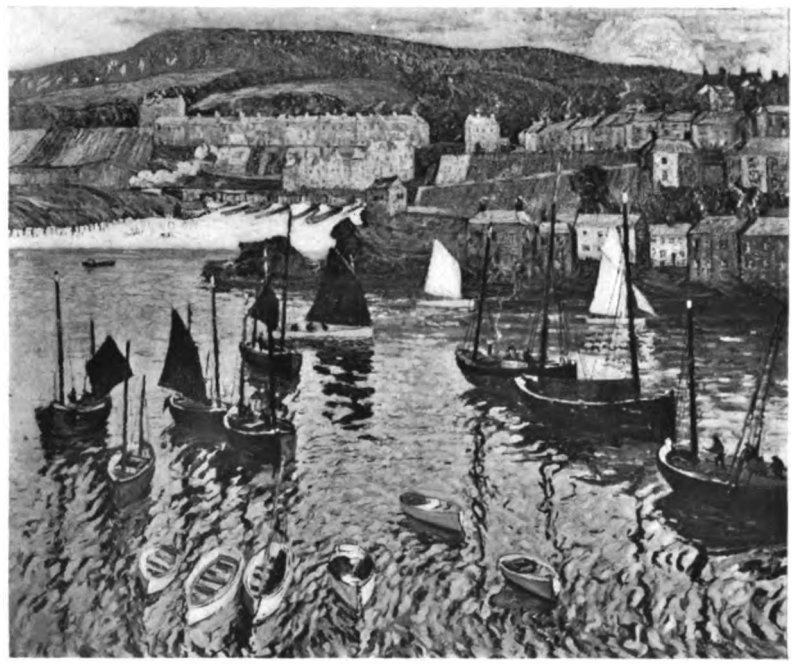
They copy nature superbly and there they stop contented. Is there not the fear of travelling a lane that has no outlet?

There is an excellent Japanese word, *esoragoto*—all acknowledgment to Mr. A. J. Eddy—which has no exact equivalent in English or French, and which amounts to a canon. Every painting, to be effective, must be *esoragoto*, *i.e.*, an invented picture or a picture into which certain fictions are painted. Realistic transcriptions must yield to idealistic compositions, with a maximum of self. A good picture, besides being true to nature, in order to be great art, must excite curiosity and pique the intelligence. Materialism is an excellent attribute, but it should not be the sum total of a picture. The soul of the artist must look behind his pigment or his work threatens to become commonplace.

PORT OF DOUARNENEZ, BRITTANY BY CHARLES COTTET

It fell to a Spaniard and an Englishman to show the strongest harbour scenes. *Fishermen of the Cantabrique*, by Martinez-Cubells, is an imposing canvas, splendidly painted, showing a fishing smack at the pier, with the crew at work, while other boats are at anchor close by. A ray of light illumines the sluggish water in the right-hand corner, gaining tremendous force by contrast. Hayley-Lever, the Englishman, is represented by one of his characteristic paintings of St. Ives Harbour, full of light and movement, the boats in the foreground dancing on the sunlit waves. Each picture is a masterpiece.

Comparison is invited between British and American painters for the reason that no other country stands so high in the quality of work submitted. Some of the Britishers that have helped to make this year's international a red-letter event are W. Orpen, T. C. Dugdale, J. da Costa, Arnesby Brown, Anning Bell, Hayley-Lever, W. Nicholson and Hilda Fearon. Some big men are not mentioned, for the reason that their contributions fall below standard. Much is expected of Charles Sims, but his *Month of Mary* is a disappointing canvas—heavy in colour, unrelated, and with miniature groups in the foreground, resembling in conception a shepherd's calendar. One charm only it possesses, namely, a background of delightful design and richness of tone. The Orpen self-portrait, with its *outré* background and quaint accessories, is a magnificent piece of characterization and quite outstrips other essays in portraiture, with very few exceptions.



HARBOUR: ST. IVES, CORNWALL BY HAYLEY-LEVER

Gaston La Touche, the

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THE GOVERNESS
BY LAURA KNIGHT

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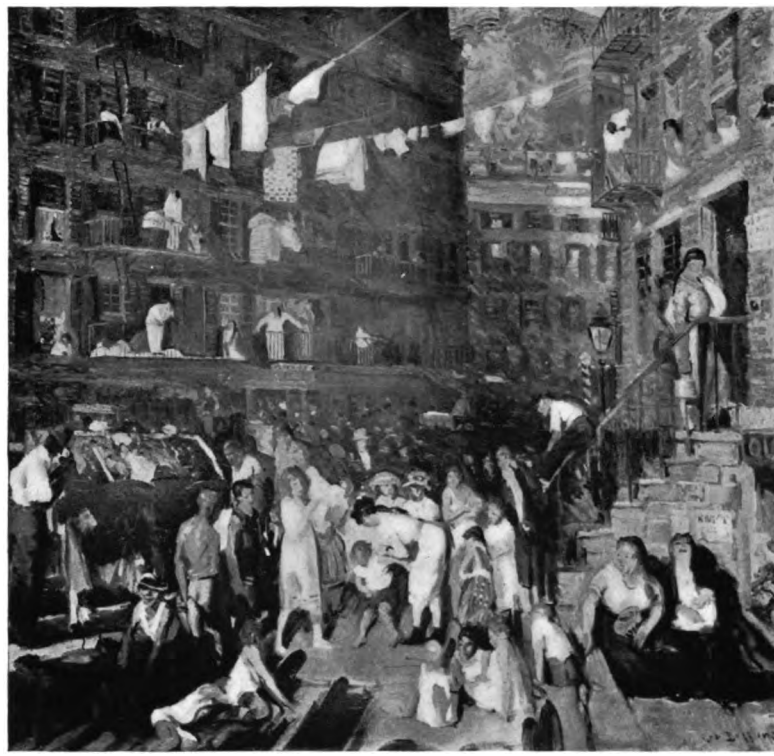

Awarded Medal of the Third Class, Carnegie Institute, 1914
CLIFF DWELLERS BY GEORGE W. BELLOWS

edly awarded a medal for his exceedingly vital picture entitled *Cliff Dwellers*, being an admirable rendering of the sordid east-end life of New York's slummery by the river. The picture is frank to a degree and distinctly Rabelaisian in flavour.

Portraits and still life were wisely denied the right to be too insistently in evidence. Landscapes were admitted in overwhelming proportion. W. M. Chase has a portrait and a still life. We all know and respect his fishes. The portrait is of his youngest son, dressed in Etons, full of animation and dashing out of the canvas as through an open door. The lad's bright face, dark hair and olive complexion have been finely handled, better, a great deal, than the advancing right leg,

Frenchman, has two pictures, but they do not represent him at his best. They appear to be hurriedly executed and contain bad colour. Will Ashton received an honourable mention for his *On the Seine*. His sky-line of buildings is typically Parisian and interesting. His barge, too, in shadow has been well handled, but he seems to miss that peculiar colour which everyone knowing the river appreciates and discerns.

John W. Alexander has a large and somewhat detached composition entitled *Her Birthday*, in which three graceful and pleasant-looking young women in different well-studied poses are busy arranging flowers. The canvas contains many very beautiful passages and is full of delicate distinction.

Chicharro, whose admiration for Zuloaga is clearly mirrored in his performances, shows some Castilian peasants breaking bread, very black bread, with sun-baked fingers. They are not pleasant, these nut-brown, hard-featured peasants with their piercing black eyes and sullen demeanour. The artist lacks the fluidity and imagination of his leader. Chicharro carries realism to a point where the observer is less impressed than repelled by his brutality. This brutality is also evident in the work of George W. Bellows, who was deserv-

MASTER RONALD BY WM. M. CHASE

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Awarded Honourable Mention, Carnegie Institute, 1914

SILVER AND GREEN
BY HILDA FEARON

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EVENING: JUNIPERS IN WINTER — BY LUDWIG DILL

which is just a little unconvincing in the action. "The Madonna of the Applecart" aptly describes an excellent portrait by T. C. Dugdale, entitled *Coster-girl and Child*. It is a glowing tribute to London's east-end and to the memory of Phil May, who alone of artists depicted the real coster type. Splendid in colour and composition, this picture is one of the real gems of the exhibition.

Among pictures of allegorical import must be mentioned first and foremost an exquisite decorative scheme by Anning Bell, entitled *The South Wind*, which is reproduced on the first page of this article, and in second place *Summer Night* by the great German master, Franz von Stuck, both of which pictures have unfortunately been relegated to odd corners in the minor galleries. A good third place in this line of effort may be fairly accorded to the Cleveland artist, H. G. Keller, who in his *Wisdom and Destiny* has given a delightful piece of colour and composition. *Old House in the Hills*, by W. L. Lathrop, proves how effective the simplest subject may prove in the hands of a master; painted by a man of mediocrity, no one would have given this canvas a second glance. Jonas Lie shows the lower bay blocked with ice and sentinelled by its grim line of snow-clad sky-scrapers. Charles Bittinger's *Road to the River* compels applause by the unaffected treatment of a simple subject, where powerful sunlight is effected without trickery. Caro-Delvaille presents a nude of Rubenesque proportions, entitled *La Nature Endormie*, which conjures up visions of the Autumn Salon and previous efforts by the same artist. Good as it is, we infinitely prefer his *The Young Maid*, which in smaller compass shows a waitress, back to the beholder, depositing a tray upon the table. Head and neck are beautifully modelled, and the flesh tones contrast well with the conventional black frock. Robert Henri's *Thomas* will please the superficial observer, but we wonder what would be said of a pupil who dared to exhibit such bad draughtsmanship.

A. J. Mannings is a better painter of horses than of cattle, but his *Cow and Calf* command more than respect. The best cows in the exhibition are in the foreground of Arnesby Brown's fine painting, *In Suffolk*. They are beefy and elemental, and form no part of a set piece. Mary Cassatt is a disappointment. Her picture in pyramidal construction shows a mother bending over a boy of tender years and huge feet, who gazes into his mother's face. It is Raphaelesque without tenderness and good drawing. Though Raphael erred occasionally in draughtsmanship, even in the *Sistine Madonna*, yet he never could have modelled such feet upon an infant.

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Awarded Medal of the Second Class, Carnegie Institute, 1914

THE STRING QUARTETTE
BY RICHARD JACK

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ANNABEL
BY HARRINGTON MANN

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BEFORE HER APPEARANCE
BY F. C. FRIESEKE

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THE OPEN DOOR
BY GARI MELCHERS

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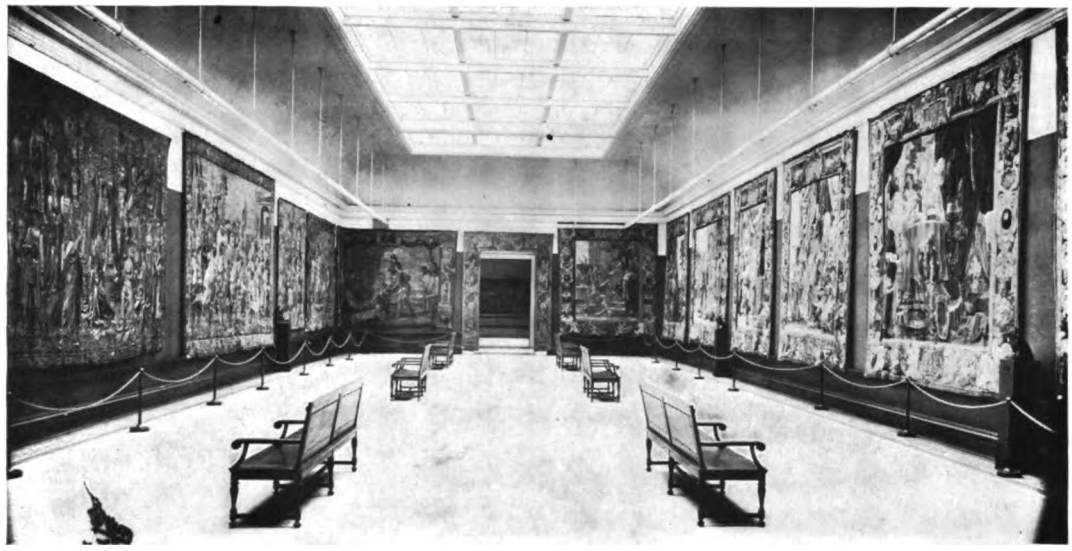

THE MAIN ROOM

THE BROOKLYN TAPESTRY EXHIBITION

BY GEORGE LELAND HUNTER

THE tapestry exhibition recently held in the Brooklyn Museum, officially known as the Museum of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, was quite as much a display of architecture and paintings as of tapestries. When the trustees of the Institute, at the suggestion of their president, Mr. A. Augustus Hearly, employed me to assemble and arrange a loan exhibition of tapestries, I determined that the virtues of tapestry texture should be brought out fully and by contrast with plaster and stone and paint, and that the claim of tapestries to the title of "the fundamental wall decoration" should be conclusively demonstrated. Whether I was successful in this, with the very efficient and sympathetic assistance of the curator-in-chief, Mr. William H. Fox, and of the assistant curator of fine arts, Mr. André E. Rueff, is for others to decide. What I wish to bear testimony to is that the architects of the Museum, Messrs. McKim, Mead & White, should feel highly complimented by the way in which the virtues of their classic architecture were emphasized by the tapestries that it backgrounded.

The Dome Room, hung across the corners with four tapestries of bold colour and design, was a superb demonstration of the extent to which the charms of huge columns and massive entablature, as well as of statuary, are enhanced by the warm contrast of pictures in cloth. On the side of the Dome Room, shown in our illustration, with a fifteenth-century *Trojan War* tapestry on the left and a seventeenth-century *Abundance* tapestry on the right, was a vista through rooms devoted to paintings. On the opposite side of the Dome Room was a vista through the Main Room (45 by 110 feet) devoted to tapestries, and through two smaller rooms, to the gallery containing the famous Hainauer *Crucifixion*. The other tapestries in the Dome Room were one picturing a scene from the story of the shepherds, Gombaut and Macé, and a seventeenth-century reproduction of the *Blinding of Elymas*, one of the ten *Acts of the Apostles* tapestries designed by Raphael for Pope Leo X shortly after the beginning of the sixteenth century, and woven in Brussels by Pieter Van Aelst. This *Elymas* tapestry, though of comparatively coarse texture, and of coarsened design, with a coat of arms substituted for the Latin inscription of the original, lost nothing by contrast with its three companions in the Dome Room, and attracted especial attention because of its claim to be the creation of the genius of the greatest draughtsman the world has ever known.

The tapestry in the Dome Room most generally admired was the one symbolizing *Abundance*, with the Latin word *ABUNDANTIA* woven on the shield in the top border, the name of the designer, L. Van Schoor, woven in the panel, and the name of the maker, A. Avwercx, woven in the bottom selvage. The blues in the tapestry are gorgeous

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and splendidly preserved and the border is exceedingly attractive. Of all the forty tapestries after designs of Van Schoor that I have seen, almost all with personages painted from the same models, this is the finest.

But the most important and interesting tapestry in the Dome Room was the *Trojan War*, one picturing *Andromache's Lament*, with the story of the two scenes told in a Latin couplet below, and in a French quatrain above, both in Gothic letters. There are three pieces from the same *Trojan War* series in the Victoria and Albert Museum at South Kensington, and the original small colour sketches (*petits patrons*) are preserved in the Louvre. In the upper half of the tapestry Hector, with a resolute, even obstinate, look on his face, is putting on his armour, ready to go forth to battle, in spite of the entreaties of his wife, Andromache, who had dreamed the night before that he was killed, and kneels before him with her two children, weeping and begging him to stay at home that day. Behind her stands Helen, whose fatal beauty caused the Trojan War, and beside Helen are Polixena and Hecuba, the aged wife of Priam, with an especially magnificent head-dress.

In the lower half of the tapestry Priam, the King, with voluminous grey beard and rich garments, calls back and detains Hector, who is already mounted on his charger.

Half of the Main Room was occupied by one single set of tapestries, eight in number, dating from the first half of the seventeenth century, and picturing the story of "Judith and Holophernes." The average height is 13 feet 6 inches, and the sum of the combined widths is 120 feet. The original of the story is found in the Apocryphal Book of Judith. On it Thomas Bailey Aldrich based his poem, "Judith and Holophernes," which he afterwards dramatized under the title of "Judith of Bethulia," for Miss Nance O'Neil. The story of the individual tapestries is told in Latin captions woven into the top border of each. For two hundred and fifty years these eight tapestries, woven in Brussels by E. Leyniers and H. Rydams, each of whom signed four, were the property of the Barberini family of Rome, until purchased and brought to America with one hundred and twenty-seven other tapestries from the same collection, by the late Charles M. Ffoulke. Six of the *Judith* tapestries are shown in our view of the Main Room, on the right.

FOUR TAPESTRIES OF THE JUDITH-HOLOPHERNES SET

On the opposite wall were hung tapestries illustrating the glories of several different periods: *Titus Receiving the Keys of Jerusalem*, a Flemish Renaissance tapestry richly floriated in the Flemish manner, in both panel and border; next to it a Gobelin tapestry woven in 1794, with golden yellow damassé mat ground, surrounding the two medallions picturing scenes designed by Charles Coyhel to illustrate the *Story of Don Quixote;* at the farther end of the Main Room, on the left of the splendid Renaissance cantonnière, *Masinissa and Sophonisba*, a seventeenth-century Brussels tapestry, after a colour sketch by Rubens, that is

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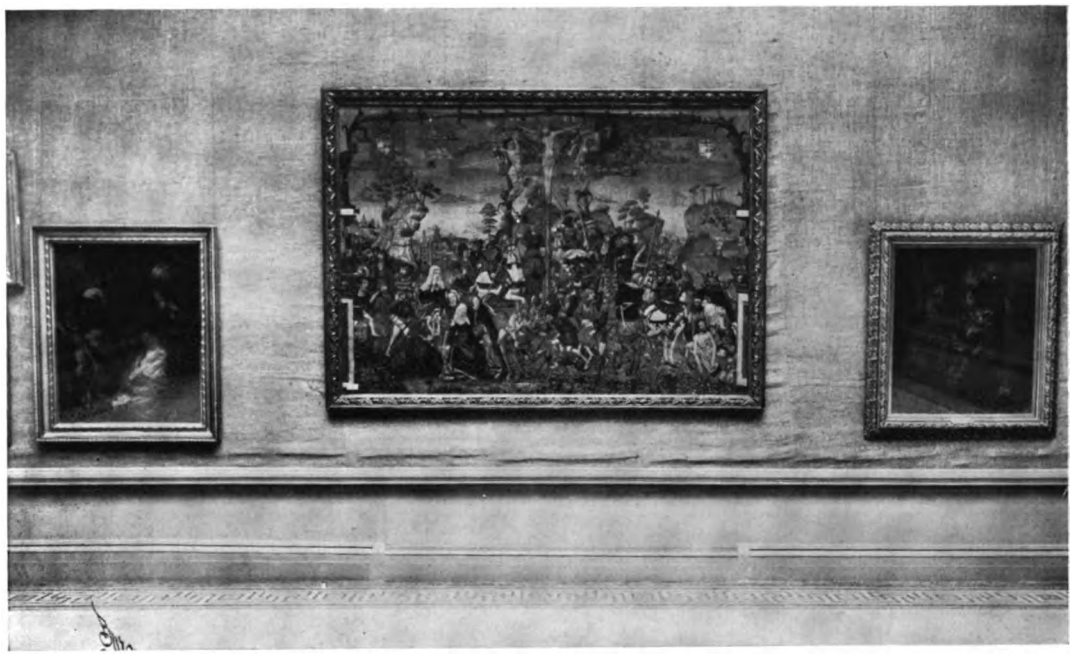

THE HAINAUER CRUCIFIXION, WITH PAINTINGS ON EITHER SIDE

said to be in the Detroit Museum under an incorrect title; next to it a delightful Renaissance *Procession of Bacchus*, in fascinating golden yellows; next to that a Renaissance *Naval Battle*, of considerable merit as regards both design and colour, and in the middle of the left wall of the Main Room, the two immense masterpieces, the *Prophecy of Nathan*, and the *Triumph of David*, the former late Gothic, 11 feet 10 by 21 feet 5, the latter early Renaissance, 13 feet 10 by 20 feet 3.

The main scene of the latter shows David as a small boy, proudly staggering along beneath the weight of the head of Goliath, borne on the giant's own sword, while King Saul, richly clad, follows upon a splendidly caparisoned horse. The main scene of the former shows Nathan in the foreground declaring to the penitent David, who stands at the throne with Bathsheba by his side, that "The sword shall never depart from thine house; because thou hast despised me and hast taken the wife of Uriah the Hittite to be thy wife."

The most interesting tapestry in the entrance corridor was the Early Gobelin, at the extreme end, picturing the *Death of the Children of Niobe at the Hands of Apollo and Diana*, where the mother Latona had been insulted by Niobe. It is rich with gold and of the famous *Diana* series, of which there are partial sets in the French National, the Royal Spanish, the Imperial Austrian collections, and in the Morgan Memorial Museum at Hartford.

The gem of the exhibition was one of the smallest of the fifty-three tapestries shown, the *Hainauer Crucifixion*, 6 feet 8 by 9 feet 4, composed with extraordinary skill of wool, gold, silver and silk. Without confusion it presents not one scene but four, from left to right: First, Christ being roughly driven along the road to Calvary; second, Christ on the Cross, with the thieves beside him; third, the Deposition; fourth, the Entombment. The texture of this tapestry is extraordinary, the line effects of horizontal ribs and vertical weft threads and hatchings being skilfully employed to secure by line contrast results impossible with paint. The contrast between its texture and that of paintings was accentuated by its being the only tapestry in a room where all the other pictures were paintings. It was hardly necessary to point out even to the novice that the paintings forced their shadows violently in the direction of blackness, and away from decorative beauty, while the tapestry went far in the opposite direction, and yet told all its story clearly, with a multitude of personages and infinite detail.

Not that I wish to claim for tapestry pre-eminence over painting, or, indeed, over any of the other arts. I regard the arts as equal, each being raised above the others only in proportion to the degree of perfection with which its works are executed. But I do demand for what is the most delightful of all the arts, to me personally, the opportunity to be judged by tapestry standards and not by those of painting or architecture.

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THE DOME ROOM

THE ENTRANCE CORRIDOR

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Jessie Bayes, Painter and Craftswoman

THE ART OF JESSIE BAYES, PAINTER AND CRAFTSWOMAN. BY J. QUIGLEY.

Vivre sans rêve, qu'est-ce?

An artist who holds a special place in the art-world of to-day is Miss Jessie Bayes, painter, craftworker, dreamer and enthusiast, who belongs, and yet does not belong, to her own time. She brings to a materialistic age and to a peculiarly restless and revolutionary period in the history of art her own delightful visions and ideals, a burning love of beauty, and an intense desire to beautify the life of every day. Hers is a wholly personal art, the outcome of a mind steeped in art traditions, in poetry and mystic lore. She has drunk deep from the source of strange and well-nigh forgotten yet imperishable legends, and she herself seems almost an exotic personality, one who has wandered by accident into her present environment. In spite of her great love of life and sympathy with the world of to-day, one feels that her deepest sympathy is given to nature and simple joys, to the ideals of a former age when art was an essential part of life.

At the first sight of her distinguished work one instinctively wishes to know something of this artist's personality, recognising the loving patience and inevitable solitude essential to this somewhat laborious art. Allied with her joyous spirit there must be a rare patience which delights in detail, in portraying symbols and a wealth of imagery in pure and jewel-like colour. Often we find no outward affinity between a work of art and its creator, but those who know Miss Jessie Bayes realise that her personality is wholly harmonious with her art. Though living in touch with a hurried and restless age her mind is firm and at rest. Balanced and sure as to what is best for the development of her own life and work, she gives

ILLUMINATED MANUSCRIPT, "THE LADY OF SHALOTT" WRITTEN AND ILLUMINATED BY JESSIE BAYES

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herself to the essential things—working indefatigably, yet fulfilling the claims of home and friendship and social ties. We do not think of her art as being feminine or the reverse. It is essential art, independent of all sex limitations, an expression of things felt and seen, pure in quality as the singing voice of a boy chorister. "Where," we ask ourselves, "did these inspired ideas find their origin? How can a modern escape from environment and dream these exquisite dreams?" Truly to the painter as to the poet, Emerson's words must apply: "Thou shalt lie close hid with nature, and canst not be afforded to the Capitol or the Exchange. . . . And this is the reward: that the ideal shall be real to thee, and the impressions of the actual world shall fall like summer rain, copious, but not troublesome, to thy invulnerable essence . . . wherever are outlets into celestial space . . . there is Beauty, plenteous as rain, shed for thee."

An artist's turn of mind is surely manifest in his choice of subjects and methods of treating those subjects. We are not deceived by the Madonnas and Crucifixions painted for the market by those who have no touch of spiritual insight, for the most consummate knowledge of technique cannot atone for lack of spiritual enlightenment. Miss Bayes is of those who carry unsullied the gift of art, and would fain use it for the common weal. Like all true artists, she has her moods of high attainment and her momentary lapses, for the same standard of execution cannot always be maintained, especially when there is an ardent longing to express what is well-nigh inexpressible. Her colour is beautiful, particularly when used in a high key, the subtle mauves and blues predominating, as in the picture here given from the story of "Cupid and Psyche." The same colour-scheme, conveying a feeling of intense spirituality, is used in her rendering of the poem, "A lovely city in a lovely land," an illuminated manuscript now belonging to Miss Kathleen Figgis. One cannot describe in words the charm of the miniature pictures and of

ILLUMINATED MANUSCRIPT OF "A MADRIGAL" BY LAPO GIANNI, TRANSLATED BY D. G. ROSSETTI. WRITTEN AND ILLUMINATED ON VELLUM BY JESSIE BAYES

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"THE ERL KING'S DAUGHTER SENDING FAERY SERVANTS TO THEIR SEVERAL TASKS."
WATER-COLOUR PAINTING ON VELLUM
BY JESSIE BAYES.

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"ADESTE FIDELES." TRIPTYCH OF GILDED MAHOGANY; PAINTED IN TEMPERA BY JESSIE BAYES

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"ADESTE FIDELES." TRIPTYCH OF GILDED MAHOGANY; PAINTED IN TEMPERA BY JESSIE BAYES

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the richly gilded letters and decorated capitals of this manuscript, but the owner of so exquisite a piece of work is indeed to be envied. There were glimpses of a celestial city, and of radiant beings in pale mauves and blues, who walked in the midst of a spring-like landscape, the birds and beasts also painted with loving care.

It is perhaps by her illuminated manuscripts that Miss Bayes is best known, and she has come to be regarded as one of the leading authorities in this branch of art. She has drawn upon Scandinavian, Celtic and French poetry for inspiration, as well as upon the Rubaiyat and other Eastern themes. Much of her best work goes to America, where she has many friends and patrons who eagerly collect her works, and both in this country and on the Continent, Miss Bayes has a large following. Many who would fain buy her work but cannot afford to purchase the originals will welcome this opportunity to see them reproduced in THE STUDIO.

The manuscript reproduced on page 261 represents the opening page of *The Lady of Shalott*, a double-page landscape border showing the road to Camelot, with the river and town below, and blossoming cornfields through which the people go by. The rest of the borders are wild tangling hedge flowers—blue vetch and white bedstraw.

On the following page is a manuscript poem—a madrigal by Lapo Gianni—which represents a kind of gathering together of all the things a lover would offer to his lady. There are castles of silver, gardens of fruits and flowers, strange rare beasts and birds, beautiful gold-clad maidens to wait on the lady, and Love leading the lovers.

The manuscript reproduced on page 270 shows a double-page opening of Shelley's *Night*, the illuminations wholly carried out in blues and two shades of gold. The first miniature illustrates the lines,

> Swiftly walk over the western wave
> Spirit of Night!

The Spirit of Night is represented in blue draperies, treading the blue waters under a starry sky, followed by white doves of sleep, the moon showing through cloudy masses of her hair. The borders are of green and gold leaves, amidst which are white birds of sleep, and white poppies form the decoration of the initials. There are medallions of night scenes, and one of two symbolical figures, representing "The Night kissing the Day."

But Miss Bayes does not confine her attention to manuscripts. A whole series of small pictures—many of them in tempera—have come from her hand, the frames of which have been designed and decorated by herself. One of her most important pictures, *The Dayspring from on High*, in Lord Beauchamp's collection, was exhibited some few years ago at an exhibition of the artist's works, an exhibition which included some small pictures from the Psalms of David and the Song of Songs. An exquisite little work inspired by the latter, perhaps one of the most perfect in idea, composition, and colour that the artist has as yet given us, was entitled *I sleep, but my heart waketh.* A work for which Miss Bayes feels special affection is *The Cross of the Nine Angels* (the title being a phrase which often recurs in the old Celtic runes), in which picture she gives also a vision of the grail, the cross of angels holding the grail, telling as light against an evening sky and landscape. Another recent painting, in tempera upon silk, is a vision

PROCESSIONAL CROSS OF CARVED WOOD OVERLAID IN BURNISHED GOLD AND PAINTED. DESIGNED AND EXECUTED FOR THE WARHAM GUILD BY JESSIE BAYES, ASSISTED BY EMMELINE BAYES AND KATHLEEN FIGGIS

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THE MARRIAGE OF LA BELLE MELUSINE." WATER-COLOUR PAINTING ON VELLUM BY JESSIE BAYES.

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of the *Slim Faery Woman*, which represents a dim rocky place—a lake half way up a mountain-side and two faery women dancing in the moonlight, leaving a trail of white flowers where their feet fall. The artist's instinctive belief in the faery element was considerably strengthened by a long stay on Achill Island, and a further picture, also the outcome of her stay in that mystery-haunted country, is the *Hosts of Faery*, riding on dimly outlined horses through wild rocky places. The pictures reproduced, *The Erl King's Daughter sending faery Servants to their several Tasks*, and *The Marriage of La Belle Melusine*, are also examples of the artist's work in this genre.

The daughter of an artist lately dead, and sister of two well-known living artists, it is a strange fact that Miss Jessie Bayes has had but little technical training, though the atmosphere in which she was bred taught her much that is rarely acquired in the schools. She worked for some time at the Central School of Arts and Crafts—in the evenings only—where she learned to gild on wood and write a fair hand, and later studied at Finsbury under her brother, Mr. Walter Bayes, the distinguished painter and critic. Add to these brief periods of regular training the invaluable knowledge acquired in Continental travel, in Belgium, Italy, France and Germany, and years of assiduous reading and practice of art, and one can see how an eager and receptive mind—essentially an artist mind—has gradually come into its own. Miss Bayes, who belongs to the Society of Painters in Tempera and the Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society, is held in high esteem by her colleagues as a sincere lover of truth and beauty; more than once she has lectured by invitation to her fellow artists, including the members of the Junior Art Workers' Guild, and one recalls with pleasure an informal lecture or causerie once given by her on the subject of "Illumination," at a small gallery in Bond Street, when she described in language as distinguished as her own art the illuminator's ideas and aims.

"The idea of colour symbolising Love should be above all precious to an illuminator, since, in illuminating, colour can reach its intensest height of purity and radiance. And to me it is in its essence an intimate and loving art, and the very patience it demands can only be begotten of love. It is one's tribute of love to the written word one seeks to beautify, and its innate gaiety and pleasantness make it exist for our pleasure and delight . . . I think this gift of pleasantness is the illuminator's chief privilege. Surely he of all men can create a fairy world—*bright and shadowless like his colour*, like the Earthly Paradise that lies hidden away. We want humbly, I believe, to follow in the traditions of the great illuminators, and we know that we cannot do that by sham mediævalism, or by slavish imitation of their way of seeing things, but rather by working in their spirit and with their sincerity and love."

True to the ideals of her avowed master, William Morris, Miss Bayes now works with a small group of assistant artists in the production of craftwork and decorative schemes for interiors of chapels and houses. This plan has evolved itself not

"ARIÈL" TINTED PENCIL DRAWING ON BROWN VELLUM BY JESSIE BAYES

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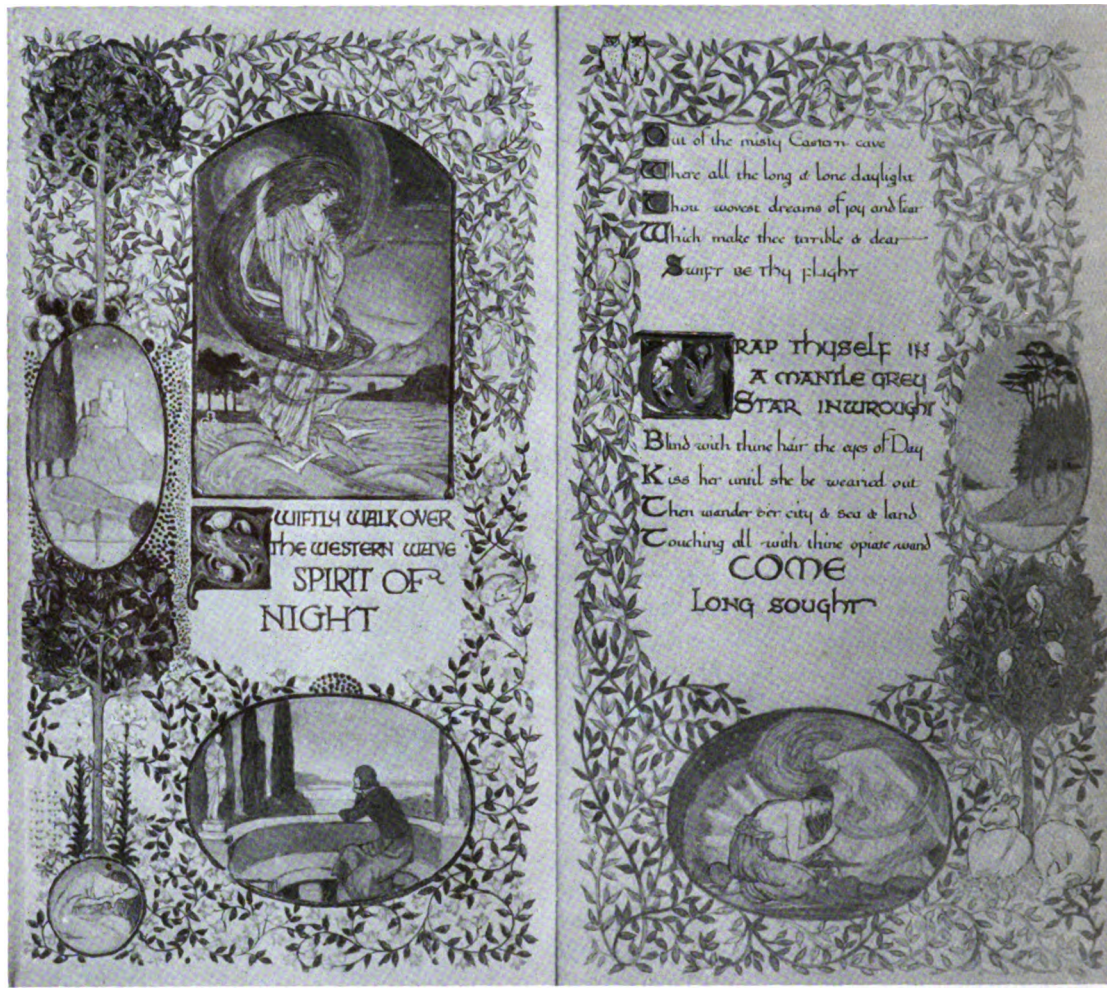

ILLUMINATED MANUSCRIPT OF SHELLEY'S "NIGHT" WRITTEN AND ILLUMINATED BY JESSIE BAYES
(The property of J. G. White, Esq., New York)

only to meet the exigencies of her own needs, but because of a growing conviction that art must be more closely allied to life, and that the painting of pictures is not the great need of our day. In a recent letter to the writer Miss Bayes thus explains her own aims. Writing of a suggestion for a dining-room, she speaks of a treatment "which might in some way uphold the beauty of that symbolic act of eating as the continuance of life. I do want in some sort of way to wed the physical and spiritual and glorify the one by its meaning viewed from the other standpoint. Just now I seem absorbed in bedrooms—as I told you, I am now embarking on one for Vienna and one, much simpler, in London. I would wish to be known far more by my manuscripts and decorations and furniture than pictures—because I feel that is what art is wanted for just now, and though at present my work is costly, what interests me most is trying to think how to bring it into something simpler. That is the dream that absorbs me. At Nuremberg I was enthralled, in the Museum Germanica, by various peasant interiors, wherein everything was decorated naturally and simply by the people. The result was enchantingly happy. For towns this peasant work would naturally be affected and out of place, and it is too rough to be done conscientiously by artists trained in fineness and discrimination, but the spirit is true, and something should be possible on those lines that should express the temperament and ideals of the people who inhabit the rooms. I feel a decorator's first duty is to get to understand the disposition of his client, and, seizing the most beautiful trait thereof, transform and glorify it into his surroundings. . . . Always I go on dreaming that some day my work may be nearer to what I strive and long for—and that is something to live for."

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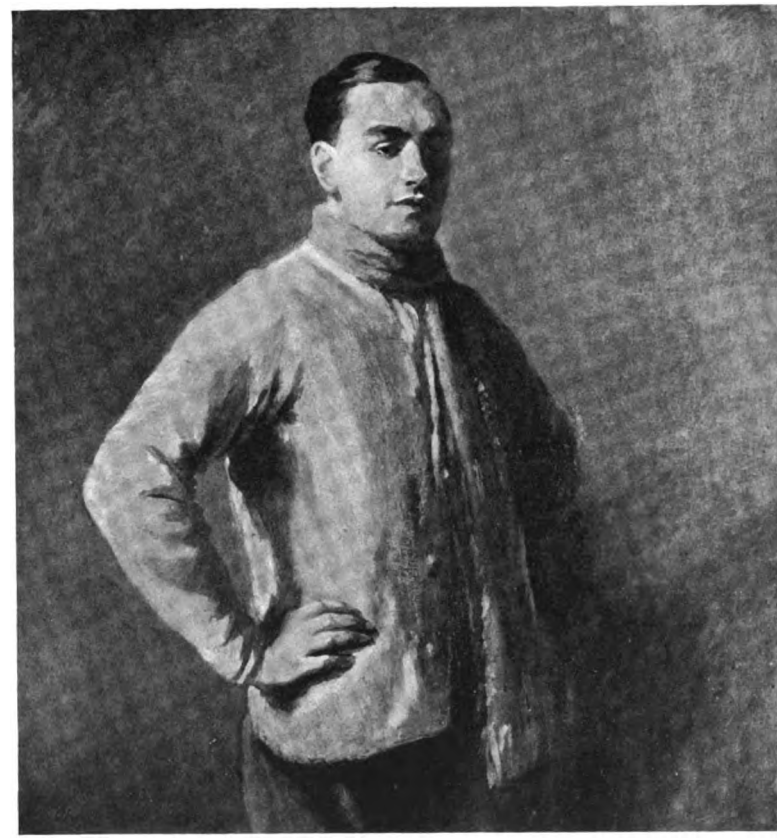
MR. GEOFFREY BLACKWELL'S COLLECTION OF MODERN PICTURES. BY J. B. MANSON.

THE collector of works of contemporary art is unusual enough to be a study of interest in himself. Art, that is to say, which is the painter's personal expression, born of his emotion, and not the organised production of pictures by popular painters with which most of our art institutions are associated. To have the courage of one's convictions is but one degree more remarkable than, in these days, to have convictions at all; but it is surely the salient characteristic of the kind of collector we have in mind. It may prove a force leading to dubious investment from the vulgar point of view, but it has, anyhow, recurring moments of ample recompense and occasionally, as in the case of Durand-Ruel and the French Impressionists, a quite solidly substantial reward.

It is only some five years since Mr. Geoffrey Blackwell took the first step on the path which leads to distinction. His preliminary tentative movement was on familiar ground, though even then of a higher kind than usual, eluding the mediocre. It resulted at the outset in the acquisition of a Stark and a Vicat Cole from the Cuthbertson collection. He was then regarding pictures from the familiar point of view merely as things painted; as an exercise, that is, of the craft of painting without regard to the degree of truth, or intimacy of feeling which might be expressed in them; or to the particular harmonious felicity of manner in which might be conveyed a conception of life as to make it more definitely communicable. But his first decidedly personal step was immediately to follow this. And it was the courage of it as well as the frank openness of mind, unmoulded in convention, which was chiefly remarkable.

A critique of Mr. Wilson Steer's exhibition at the Goupil Gallery in 1909 aroused Mr. Blackwell's curiosity. He went. He responded to the call of nature, as expressed in the pictures. He felt in them an intenser quality of light and air than he had previously experienced in any of the ordinary paintings which are commonly to be met with in the social world, decorating the drawing-rooms of Mayfair with their empty triviality. He acquired two of the pictures, and henceforth he was launched on a troublous sea, the mere charting and navigation of which were a joy not unmingled with difficulties. He relied, as the genuine collector in such a case must rely, on his own feelings. Being on the threshold of a larger tuition he wisely contented himself with advancing for awhile on the course he had already chosen, with the result that the Blackwell collection now contains a remarkable number of the finer paintings of Mr. Wilson Steer.

A collection of contemporary art is, according to the degree of catholicity of the collector, an epitome in some measure of the art of the time; or, it is more specially a presentation of the work



PORTRAIT OF GEOFFREY BLACKWELL, ESQ. OIL PAINTING BY GLYN PHILPOT

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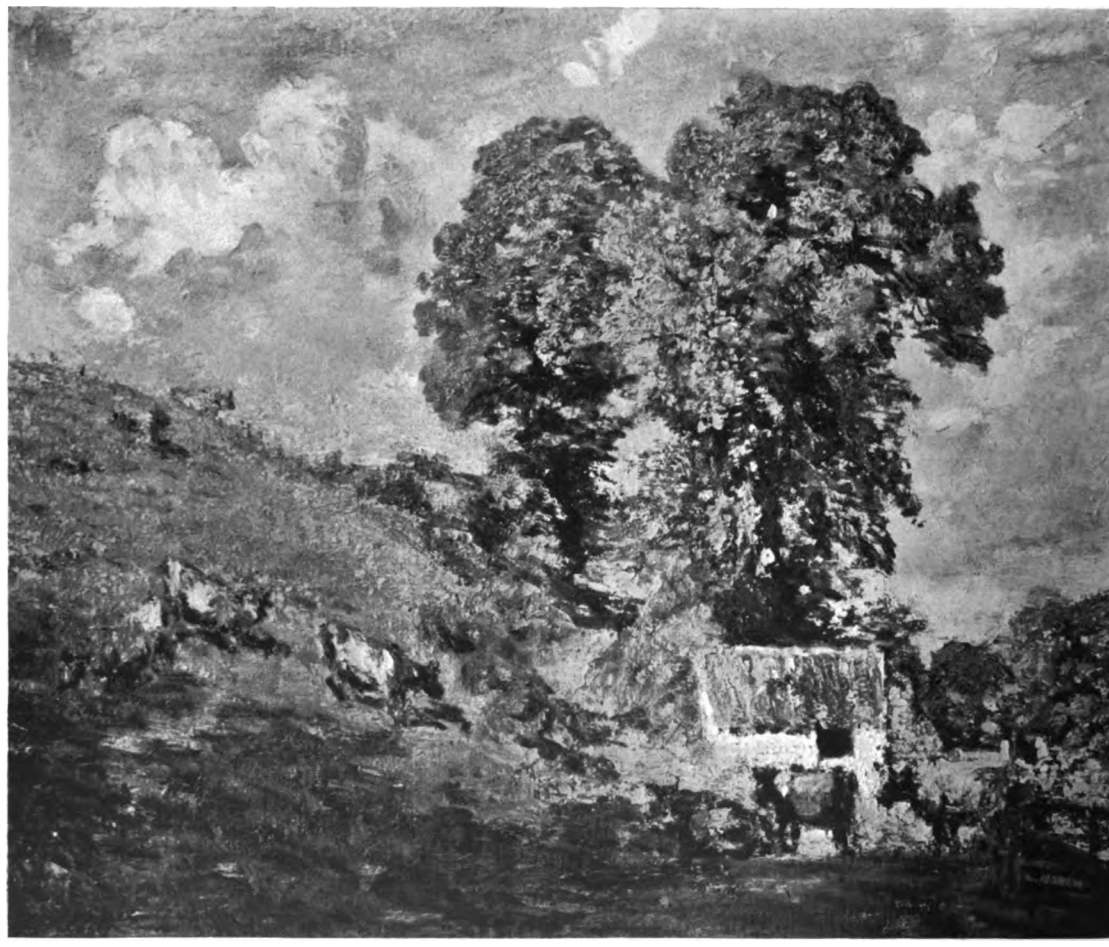
of a particular painter. At the present stage this collection is largely a representation of the work of Mr. Steer; but works of a different calibre or of different intention are being added to what is already no ordinary collection. The surrendering of oneself to a certain definite sympathy is the natural outcome of an initial enthusiastic impulse, but it is not perhaps, if adhered to, the surest road to a broader education.

An examination of this collection, then, must be largely a study of the personality of the artist whose work, at the present moment, dominates it. The *View above Ludlow* (1899)—an early work in the later period—makes a natural beginning. This picture is of interest as revealing possibilities and tendencies which later pictures have confirmed, rather than of value for intrinsic merit. As a design it is confused. It has no dynamic centre but presents at once, vaguely comprehensive, that quality of large grasp—that power of seeing things, particularly great expanses of country, in their entirety, which distinguishes the work of Mr. Steer. But later this power is restrained by a more decided sense of composition. It no longer expresses itself for its own sake, as a discovery immediately to be notified. But if this *View above Ludlow* revealed certain gifts of Mr. Steer, it was also marked by the peculiar character of his colour vision which is expressed in all his later work (with the exception of his spontaneous oil-sketches) as being kept within a limited and somewhat conventional scale of colour tones. It is a scale which resembles somewhat the spectrum as it appears to the violet-blind (see "Colour Vision" Capt. Abney, 1895). But this limited colour expression is not consistent with the colour in Mr. Steer's later oil-sketches. The presumption is that it is an adopted academic scale which appeared to be adapted to the particular kind of effect which the artist sought to communicate. The pictures divide themselves into classes correlated and differing rather as to nature of subject than as to treatment, with the exception of the



"THE HOME FARM, KNARESBOROUGH" OIL PAINTING BY P. WILSON STEER

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"THE STORM." FROM AN OIL PAINTING BY P. WILSON STEER.

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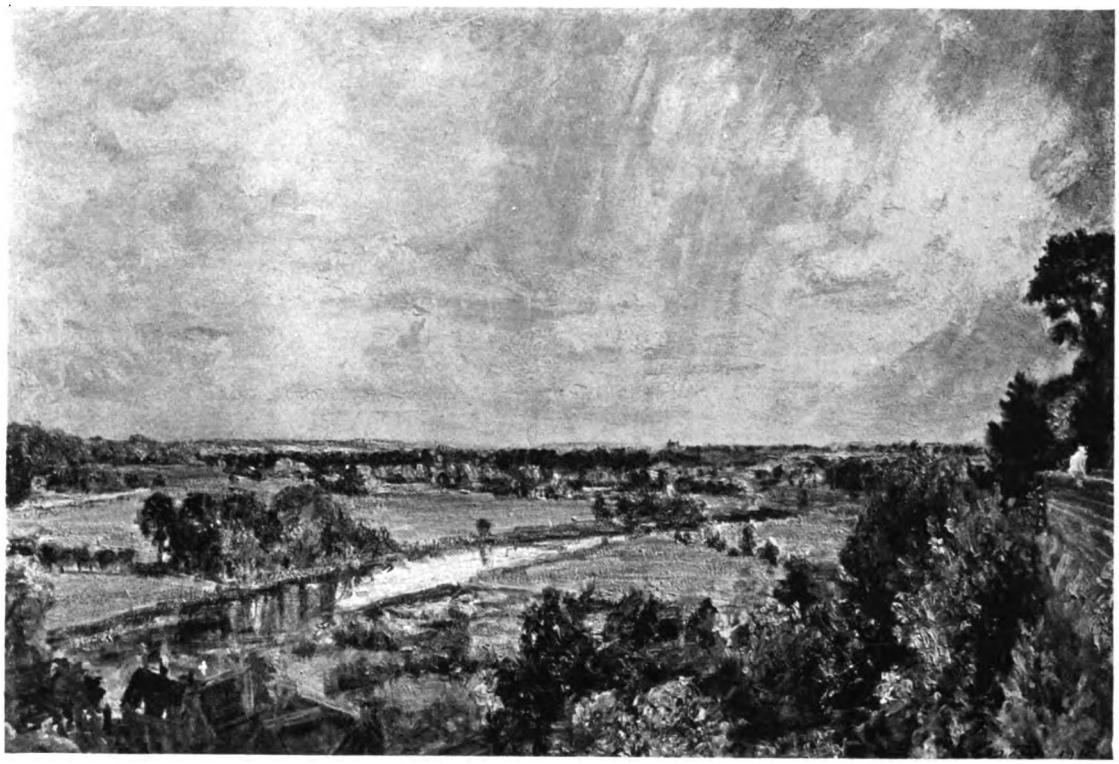

"THE PATH OF THE STORM" — OIL PAINTING BY P. WILSON STEER

"MOONRISE ON THE DOWNS" — OIL PAINTING BY P. WILSON STEER

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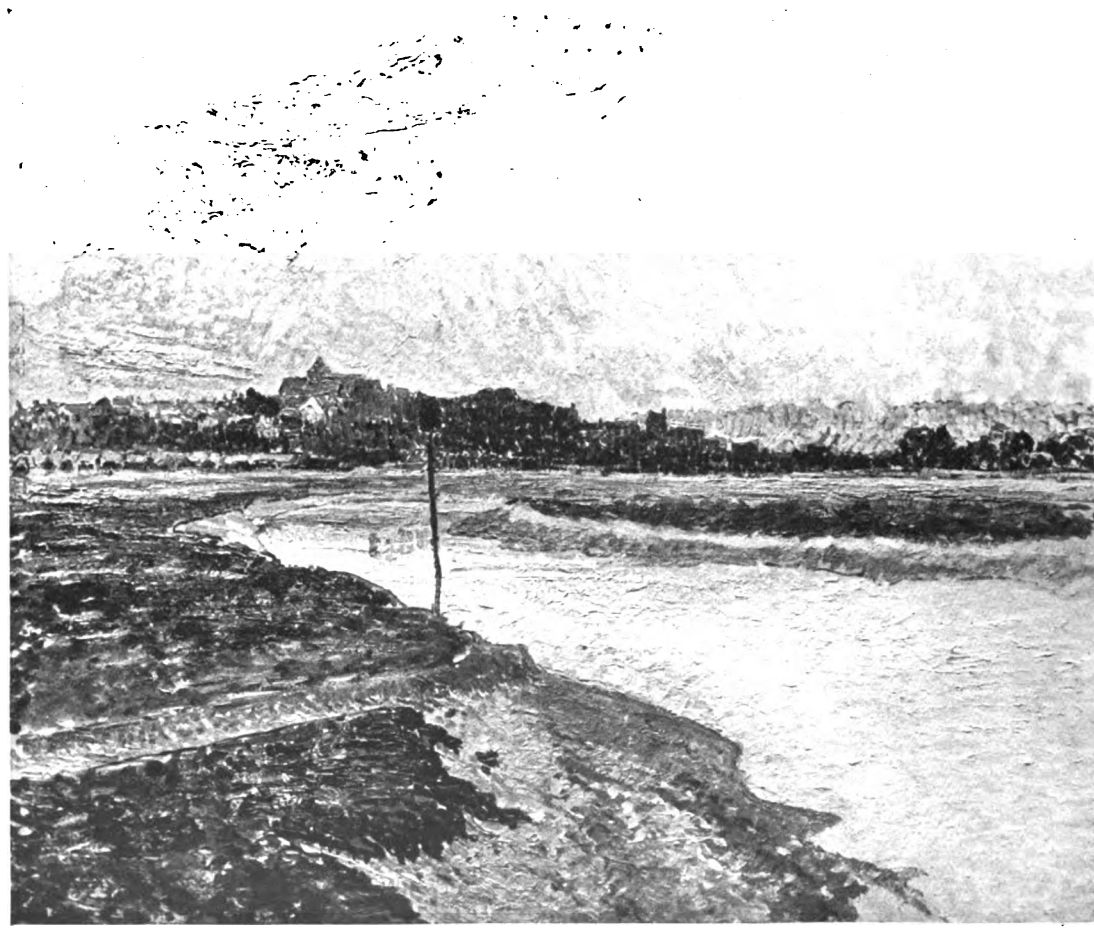
marine sketches which form a separate section. There are besides other distinctive works, such as *The Muslin Dress* (1910: exhibited Rome 1911) and *Portrait of Mrs. Blackwell* (1911). It is not, however, in his portraits that the personality of Mr. Steer shows itself. His lack of psychologic insight unfits him for analysis of character. His portraits have an easy grace and charm but they do not reveal personality. It is the series of pictures representing vast landscapes under dramatic effects of atmosphere which forms a solid *tour de force* and shows Mr. Steer at the height of his achievement. *Richmond after Storm* (1903) is an example of Mr. Steer's art at its best. A hilly country stretches back through the rain. The clouds break away and the sun bursts through. The wet roofs of the little town in the valley sparkle in the sunlight. The fields and slopes of the hills are fitfully illuminated. The composition is well balanced and constructed. There is a sense of vastness and dramatic effect. The colour is harmonious in a scheme of warm yellow-green, more academic than natural. The lack of colour-analysis operates against that satisfying sense of intimate truth which is the particular value of the Impressionist school. There is a free use of impasto in Mr. Steer's paintings, used, in most cases, for purposes of emphasis and accent. In his work the method is a little intrusive. The technique should always be a means to an end. Whether a picture is painted thinly, or loaded with impasto, is a matter of small importance and of merely academic interest. The end should justify the means; not the means the end. The *Hawes* picture (1904: from Mr. Herbert Trench's collection) is a typical example. It has a fine breezy sky. But the first impression received, is of its being an accomplished painting. Its colour is too generalised in a tone of yellow-green without complementaries and without sense of that simultaneous contrast of colours which gives vitality. Mr. Steer seems definitely to choose a colour-scheme, so his pictures have an *atmosphère de tableau* rather than an atmo-



"RYE FROM THE HARBOUR" OIL PAINTING BY LUCIEN PISSARRO

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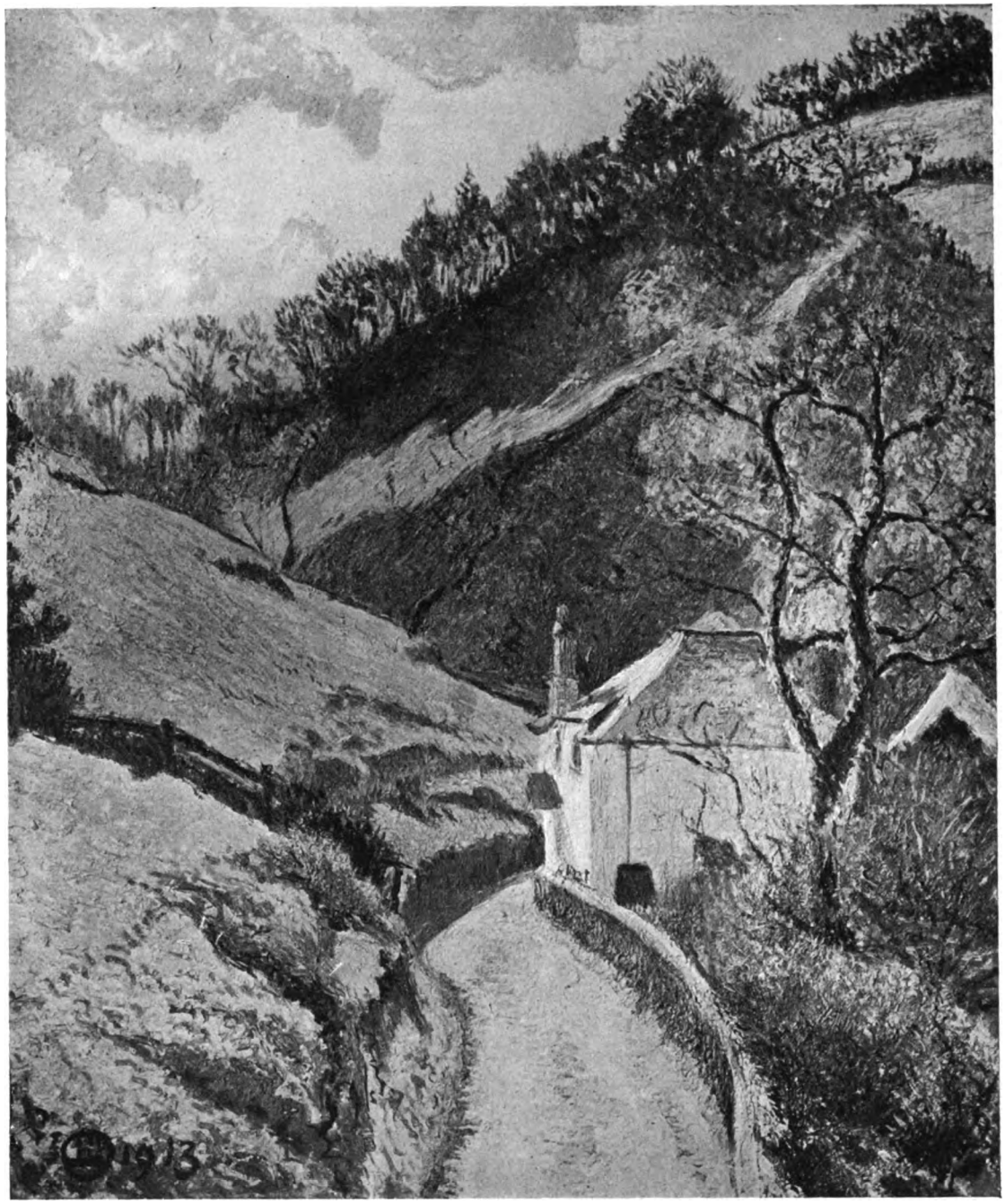

"BLACKPOOL VALLEY, RYE." OIL PAINTING BY LUCIEN PISSARRO

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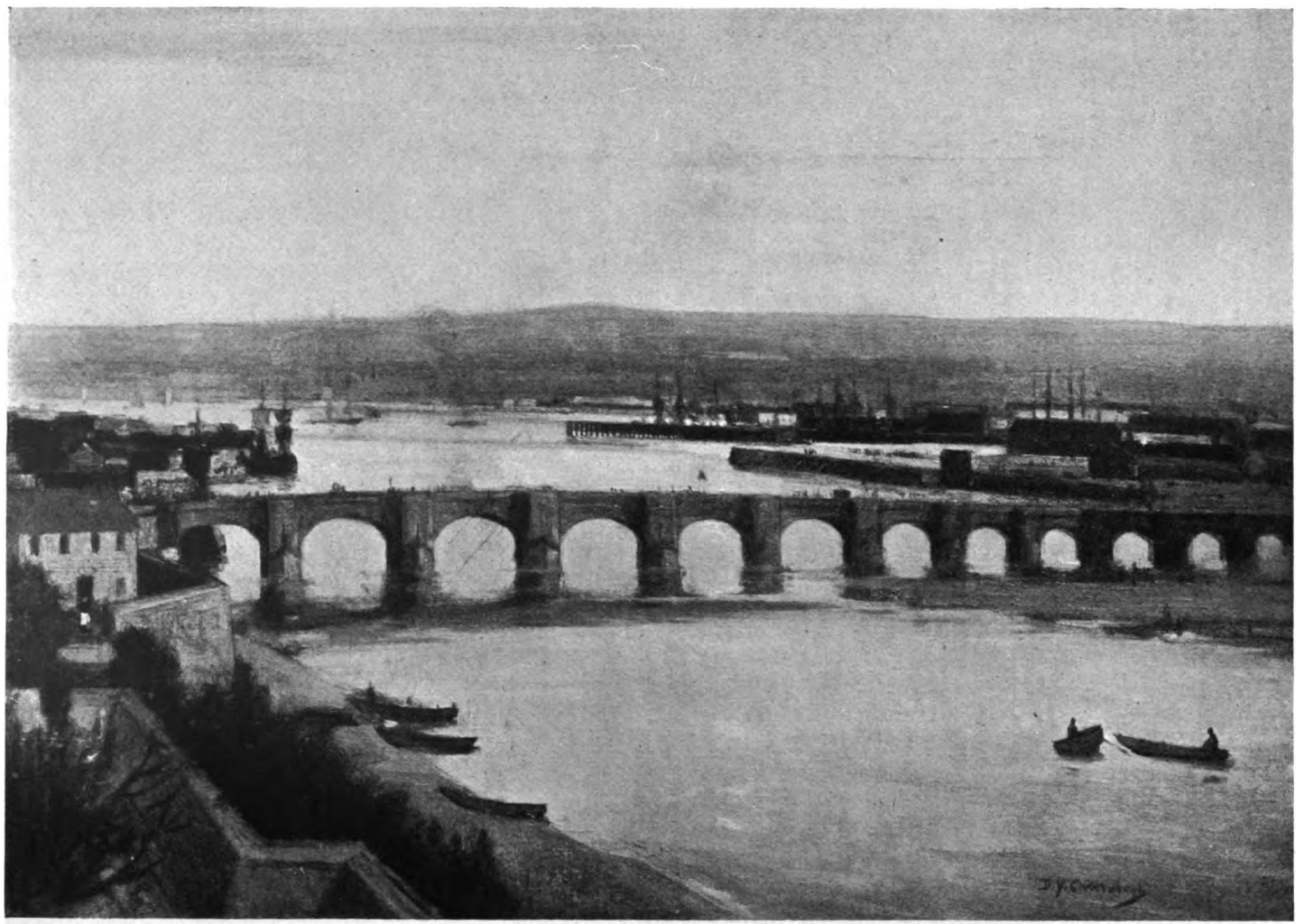

"BERWICK-ON-TWEED." OIL PAINTING
BY D. Y. CAMERON, A.R.A.

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"STUDLAND CHURCH" OIL PAINTING BY W. W. RUSSELL

sphere of nature. *Nidderdale* (1902) has a certain luxuriance. There is a feeling of portentous gloom as the lingering light of evening leaves the sky. The gradations are subtle in parts, but are always gradations of tone rather than gradations of colour. Other famous pictures in the collection which space does not permit of analysing are: *Moonrise on the Downs* (1908), a beautiful picture saturated with a warm glow of colour; *The Storm* (1904); *A View of Ludlow* (1908); *The Lime Kiln* (1908: a study for the Johannesburg picture); *Isle of Purbeck* (1908: first study for the *Corfe Castle* now at Johannesburg) and *The Home Farm, Knaresborough* (1902). The large oil-sketches of Mr. Steer, chiefly of marine subjects, have great charm. They are more spontaneous than his composed oil-paintings; finer and more delicate in colour. They show greater sensibility, being immediate and unpremeditated. They are not deliberate masterpieces, but simple poetic expressions. *The Inner Harbour* (1912) is one of the best of these pictures. Its cool greys form a soft harmony. The paint is smooth and free, passing from tone to tone with here and there a discreet emphasis of impasto. *The Harbour: Evening* (1913) and *Sketch: Evening* (1913) are beautiful pictures of the same kind.

The latest additions to the collection are the landscapes of Mr. Lucien Pissarro. They show at once an aim different from that of Mr. Steer. The Impressionist method of scientific division of tones is here justified in certain admirable results wherein nature is presented with moving intensity. Mr. Pissarro is concerned with the moods of nature and not with his own moods; that is to say his point of view is objective rather than subjective; consequently his work is more elemental. His researches are made in Nature (not in the school or the method of the Old Masters) and he presents her as she reveals herself to him. He is not at all concerned to use a certain manner because it was the manner of Turner or Constable. His method is always subsidiary to the end he has in view. His work is never marred by that besetting sin of English painting, the fondness for clever handling of paint. Cleverness in the use of a medium is not an aim worthy of the artist. Feats of leger-demain are well enough in a mountebank; they are out of place in a work of art.

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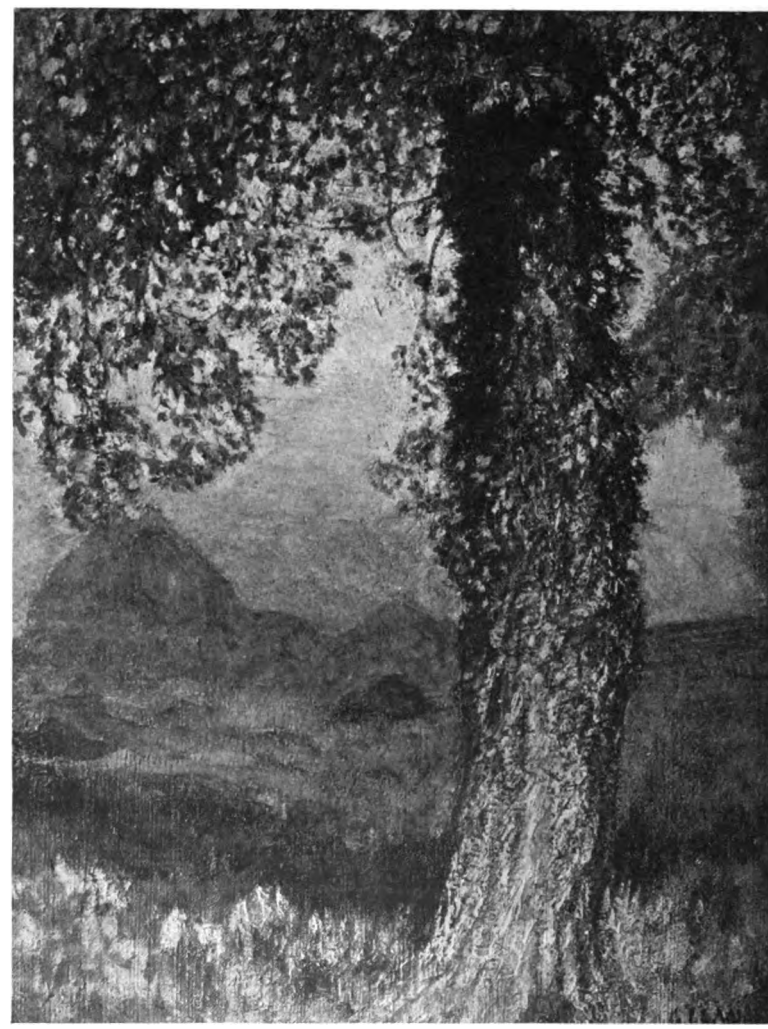
Mr. Pissarro's work is based on colour values, than which there is no more elusive or more difficult study. Consequently so completely successful a picture as his *Blackpool Valley, Rye* (1913) holds a unique position. This work is a balanced, harmonious, architectural composition; line supports line and plane is consequent upon plane and related to it with a logic not common in Impressionist painting. The picture is suffused in sunlight—a lyrical poem of the morning. *Rye from the Harbour* (1913) has the same intimate sense of reality. The tones are carefully analysed. The subtle presentation of values and contrasts of colour imparts a remarkable feeling of vitality to the work. The other pictures by this excellent artist, *Swampy Meadows, Riec* (1912), *Rye, from Cadboro'*, *Cloudy Weather* (1913), and *The River at Kew* (1914) are, in their way, achievements of like quality, if they do not represent such exquisite moments of nature.

Mr. Tonks is a well-known master of technique. But with all his distinguished drawing and original sense of colour his work makes no emotional appeal. Gifted with unusual sensibility he seems incapable of communicating his emotion in his work. He is essentially a picture-maker. *The Strolling Players* (1912–13), admirable as it is in drawing, in colour, in balance of light and shade, fails to be more than an accomplished academic exercise. In the same way his picture *Hunt the Thimble*, a remarkable achievement of warm colour-harmony, excites no warmer feeling than admiration. He comes nearest to revealing his emotional impulse in his pastel of *Les Sylphides* (1913), a reminiscence of the Russian ballet. The picture has great charm in its arrangement of masses and colour. It has not the vitality nor the resilient line of Degas, but it does present a definite and beautiful impression. His pastel of *Mrs. Blackwell and Baby* (1913) has character, and his small *Nude* in pastel is a scholarly piece of work. There is an early *Portrait of a Lady* by Mr. Augustus John, which possesses that artist's quality of draughtsmanship. It is more refined and more sensitive than his later work, if a little cold and detached in characterisation.

The failure of the application of a definite formula to landscape painting is apparent in the later work of Mr. C. J. Holmes. His earlier exercise of his invention produced many beautiful things, such as the water-colour and charcoal drawings *Sty Head Gill* (1910) and *Near Musgrove* (1910) in which mass and line produced rhythmical composition. *Bishop's Stone* (1911) also, with its extreme simplification and remoteness from nature, has charm. But Mr. Holmes's later works, like his



"LANDSCAPE" OIL PAINTING BY GEORGE CLAUSEN, R.A.

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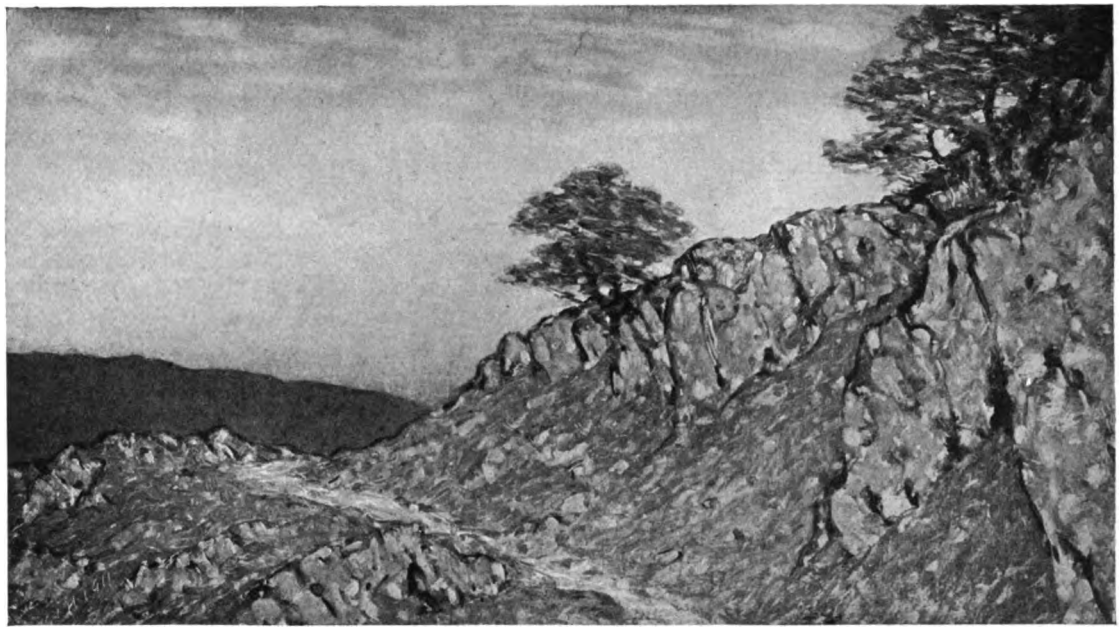

"BISHOP'S STONE" OIL PAINTING BY C. J. HOLMES

"STY HEAD GILL" WATER-COLOUR BY C. J. HOLMES

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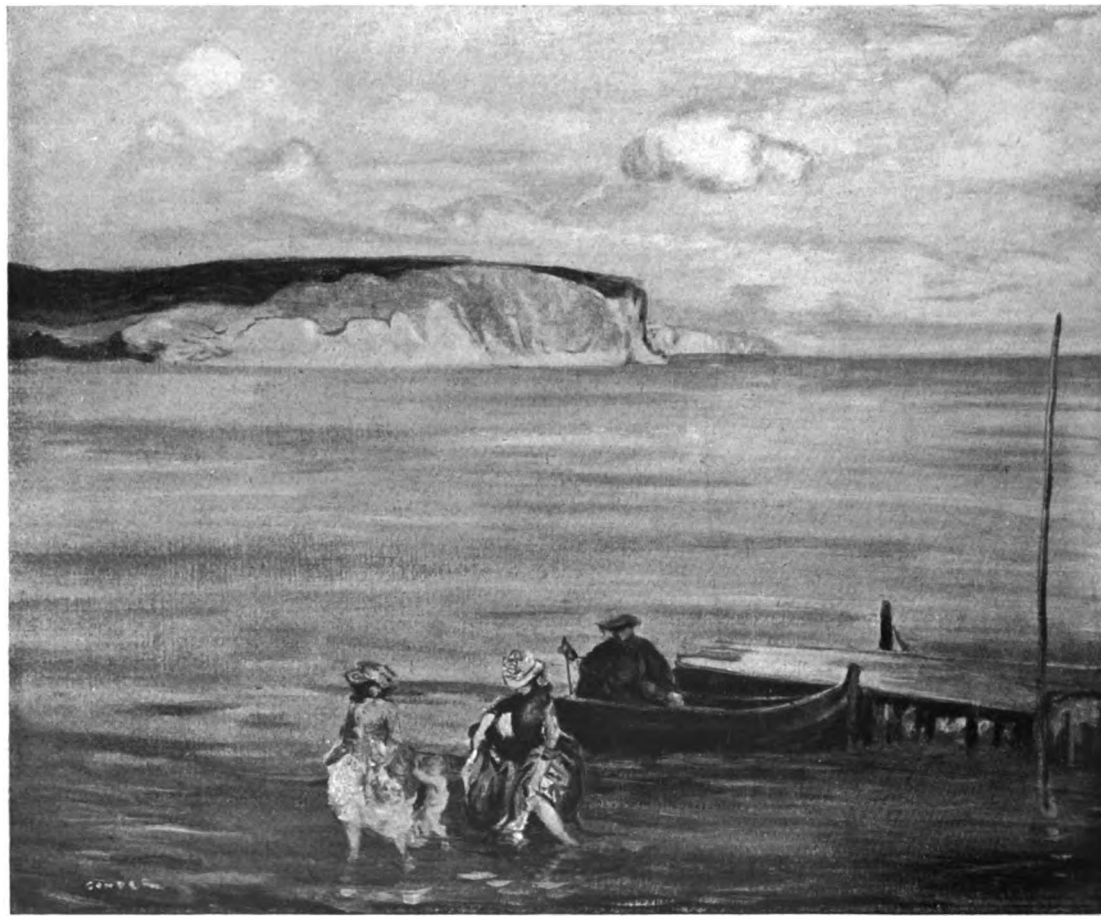
picture *Windrush Valley*, prove that the continued application of the formula results in the elimination of nature and the triumph of empty convention.

Mr. Muirhead Bone's delicate and incisive work with pencil and needle, is represented in the admirable pencil drawings, *Soho Square* (1910) and *Lisbon* (1910), and by that remarkable *tour de force The Great Gantry* etching of 1906.

A delicate example of Conder's fans and his frankly artificial *Swanage Bay* are in the collection. Mr. D. Y. Cameron's well-known painting *Berwick-on-Tweed* is obviously the work of an etcher. Mr. Clausen stands mid-way between Academicism and Impressionism. He has much of the feeling of the latter, but has not the mastery of colour-values characteristic of the painters of that school. There are beautiful quality and feeling in *The Tree* and in his glowing *Tranquil Sunset: September* (1911). There is a landscape by Mr. Harold Squire, in which the colour-values are well observed and analysed. In his two pictures *Across the River* and *Dieppe Harbour* Mr. McEvoy finds a mood of nature very sympathetic to himself. It is only possible just to mention many of the other good things in the collection. Mr. Glyn Philpot's *Portrait of Mr. Blackwell* has his characteristic quality of paint. It is an adequate likeness but superficial as a study of character. There are Mr. Pennell's etchings *Dinner Time* and *The Great White Cloud*; a characteristically brilliant water-colour, *The Green Parasol*, by Mr. J. S. Sargent; a slight drawing by Mr. Walter Sickert; water-colours by Mr. Gerald Chowne; drawings by Mr. John; two slight but beautiful water-colours by Mr. D. S. MacColl; *Studland Church*, by Mr. W. W. Russell; *The Factory*, by Mr. H. M. Livens; and other pictures. The note of humour is provided by three caricatures by Max Beerbohm: the famous New English Group, and separate witty caricatures of Messrs. Steer and Tonks.

J. B. M.



"SWANAGE BAY"
OIL PAINTING BY CHARLES CONDER

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THE PRINTS OF PERCIVAL GASKELL, R.E., R.B.A. BY MALCOLM C. SALAMAN.

"HERE is a very beautiful thing I have just bought," said that master of print-collectors, Mr. Henry Percy Horne, as he showed me the other day a proof of Mr. Percival Gaskell's noble and poetic aquatint, *Derwentwater—Evening*. The mezzotint masters of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries prevail, and all at their best, in Mr. Horne's choice and famous collection; therefore, to be represented in that company is, for a living engraver, in itself a credential. Of course I was not a little pleased to find my own admiration for Mr. Gaskell's work upon the copper-plate supported by so authoritative and unerring a judge, so fastidious a collector. Every print in Mr. Horne's collection has been judged according to a high and exacting standard, and this charming aquatint of Mr. Gaskell's he found worthy to place among his Turner mezzotints, his David Lucases, and his Frank Shorts. With that intimate enjoyment of quality which characterises the true print-lover, he pointed out to me in detail how the artist had coaxed or commanded the subtle gradations of tone to a result of pictorial poetry. Now the distinguished collector had been quite unacquainted with Mr. Gaskell's work, but, chancing to see this print, its appeal had been immediate.

The fact is that Mr. Gaskell is a very sincere and well-equipped artist, with a happy versatility in his means of expression. A Yorkshireman, it was among his native hills and dales that he began to look at nature with a sense of the pictorial, and perhaps that accounts for the spaciousness of vision that is so characteristic of his prints. His art-training, however, was far from local. From the Ilkley School of Art he passed to South Kensington, and from there to Paris, in the atelier of Bouguereau and Ferrier, and later to Italy and Germany; but his studies in the practice and the history of art have led him to much travel over Europe. So thorough and so practical has been his study that beyond his own achievement in painting and the engraving arts he has won reputation as a teacher. For many years head of the Polytechnic School of Art in Regent Street, he has, in the capacity of University Extension Lecturer, spread much sound knowledge. But it is simply as an engraver that I am now concerned with him, and it is only some seven or eight years since he began to work upon the copper. But in those years he has certainly accomplished much, though his output may not compare in bulk with that of many facile and prolific etchers of far less talent; for he has acquired the command of three expressive mediums of the copper-plate, each of which he uses appropriately with the feeling and insight of a genuine artist and the competence of a sound craftsman. That he has gained this varied power of craftsmanship he owes, as he gladly and gratefully admits, to the masterly teaching of Sir Frank Short, in the engraving school of the Royal College of Art. In fact, to that "most generous and helpful of teachers," Mr. Gaskell says, as many might say, he is indebted for all he knows of the engraver's craft. Certainly he proved himself an apt and worthy pupil. He readily grasped the true significance of the etched line and its suggestive value, and how happily he has adapted his painter's eye to see his subject structurally, and express it with the essential lines, may be seen in the examples reproduced here. A true painter-etcher, his vision is invariably pictorial, and, as might be expected from his close study of the best traditions of art, he handles his subjects always with a fine feeling for composition. A sense of style is inherent in his prints.

Perhaps the most appealing of the plates done in pure line is *The Mouth of the Wye*; for here, with remarkable concentration and balance of tone, achieved with closely laid lines, and with a fine economy of open line impeccably placed, Mr. Gaskell has filled his picture with light, air, and space, and he draws one's eye rhythmically along the winding river to the indefinite distance. Water has a very sympathetic attraction for Mr. Gaskell, and it will be seen how important a part it plays in all the four etchings given here. In *Ploughing in Purbeck* the inlets of the sea are valuable in suggesting the pictorial expansiveness of the subject and emphasising the interesting tonal treatment. In *On the Frome, Dorset*, the river foreground, with the reflections of the two trees which dominate the landscape, balances the narrow, yet seemingly extensive, piece of country admirably against the sky; while in the *Santa Maria del Sasso, Locarno*, the expanse of lake, which Mr. Gaskell has wisely suggested without a touch of his needle, is of infinite value in spacing the distant mountain background against the finely drawn buildings on the heights of the foreground. Among other noteworthy etchings one would like to mention *Richmond Castle, Yorkshire*, and here also there is the river.

But Mr. Gaskell's earlier practice as a painter had developed a temperamental sensitiveness to atmospheric tone, and since his is the imaginative

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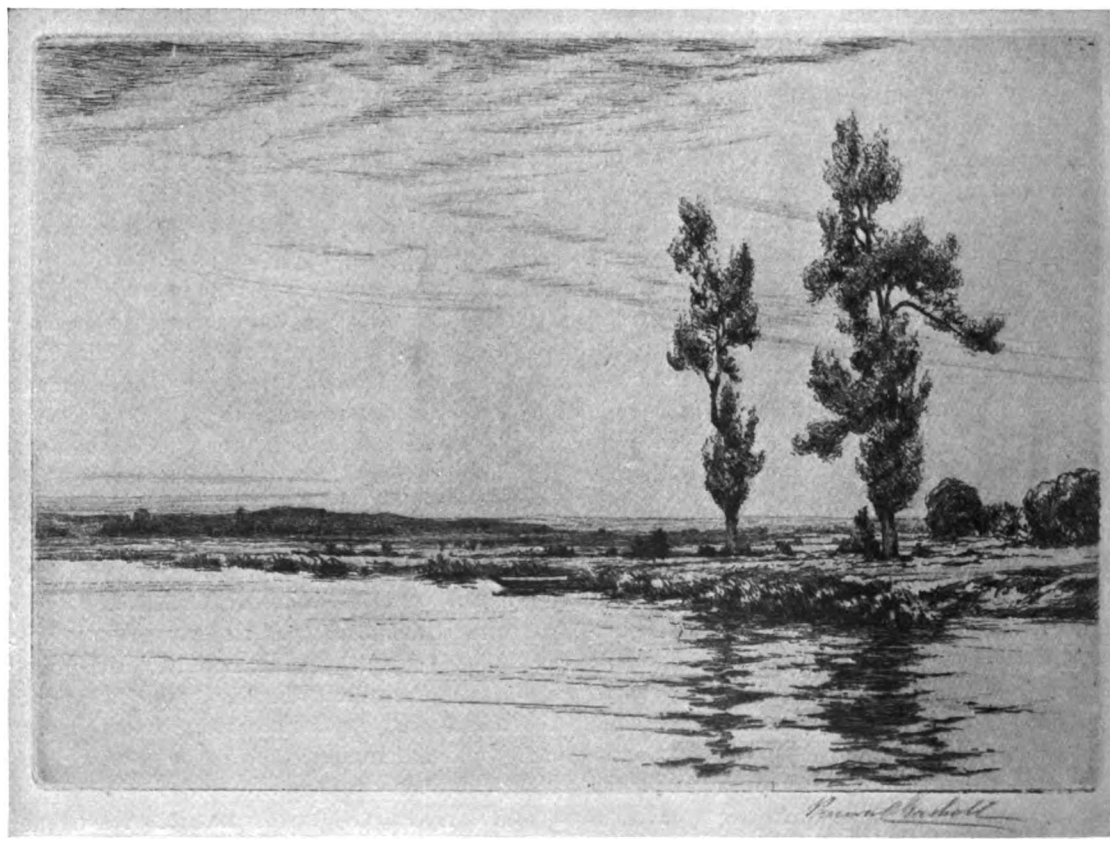
vision that will transfigure a landscape with the poetry and romance of light and shadow, the two tone mediums, aquatint and mezzotint, which Sir Frank Short had revived with masterly practice, appealed to him irresistibly. Through these mediums, therefore, rather than through line-etching, Mr. Gaskell has found his happiest expression upon the copper. When I speak of transfiguring the landscape I do not mean that he aims at any romantic or dramatic exaggerations of effect, but that he seeks to convey the sentiment of the place as he sees it with the expression given by the passing light. And because his eye is alertly sensitive to the romantic and dramatic suggestions of light, especially in the more mysterious and enchanting hours of the day and night, his work is instinct with poetic feeling pictorially expressive. In landscape, whether of the plains or the hills, and especially in combination with great expanses of water, but in landscape always indissolubly related to the sky, Mr. Gaskell looks for his subjects, and in the influence of the skies he finds his pictorial motives. When he seeks inspiration in architecture it is invariably some romantic and picturesque old castle that dominates the landscape, and then with the infinite tonal harmonies and contrasts of mezzotint he achieves his pictorial expression. The beautiful *Corfe Castle*, reproduced here, is a characteristic example; and I would also name that dramatic print *The Mad King's Castle*, and the latest, and not the least impressive, of Mr. Gaskell's mezzotints, *Chepstow Castle*, a noble rendering of a noble theme. But in no print has he used this beautiful medium with more poetic expressiveness than in the plate he has happily named with Henley's lines, *Where forlorn sunsets flare and fade, On desolate sea and lonely sand.* With what rich and exquisite effect Mr. Gaskell handles also the tones of aquatint, one sees in the two beautiful examples shown here: *The Gathering Storm: Lago di Garda*, and *Dissolving Mists.* But his achievement in aquatint includes some other notable prints which ought not to pass unmentioned, such as *Twilight in an Alpine Valley* and *Poole Harbour*, and, above all, *Derwentwater —Evening.* If only he will guard against a tendency to emphasis of the picturesque sentiment, still greater success is well within Mr. Gaskell's reach.



"ON THE FROME, DORSET" FROM AN ETCHING BY PERCIVAL GASKELL, R.E.

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"SANTA MARIA DEL SASSO, LOCARNO." FROM AN ETCHING BY PERCIVAL GASKELL, R.E.

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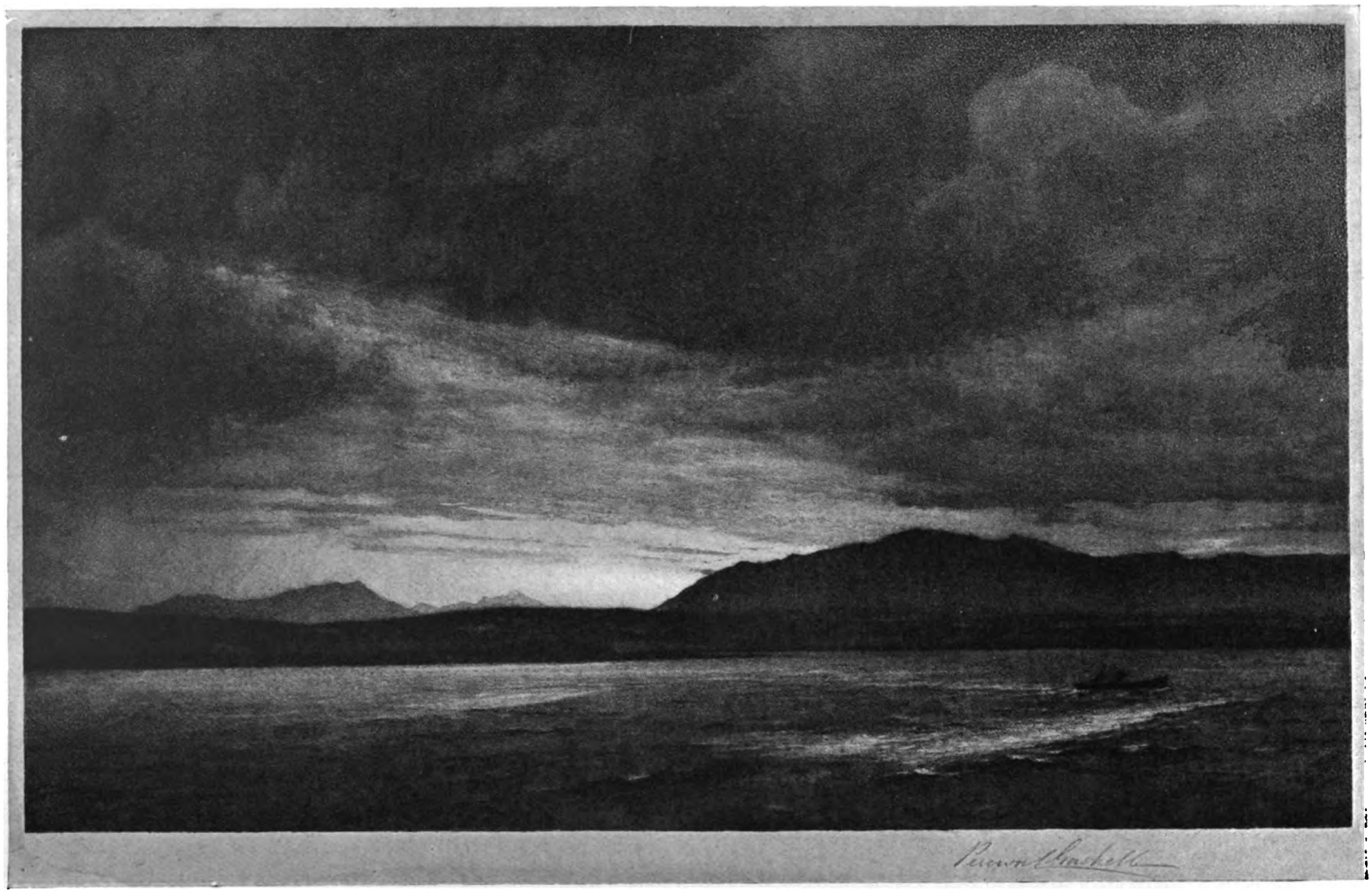

"THE GATHERING STORM: LAGO DI GARDA." FROM AN AQUATINT BY PERCIVAL GASKELL, R.E.

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"WHERE FORLORN SUNSETS FLARE AND FADE."
FROM A MEZZOTINT BY PERCIVAL GASKELL, R.E.

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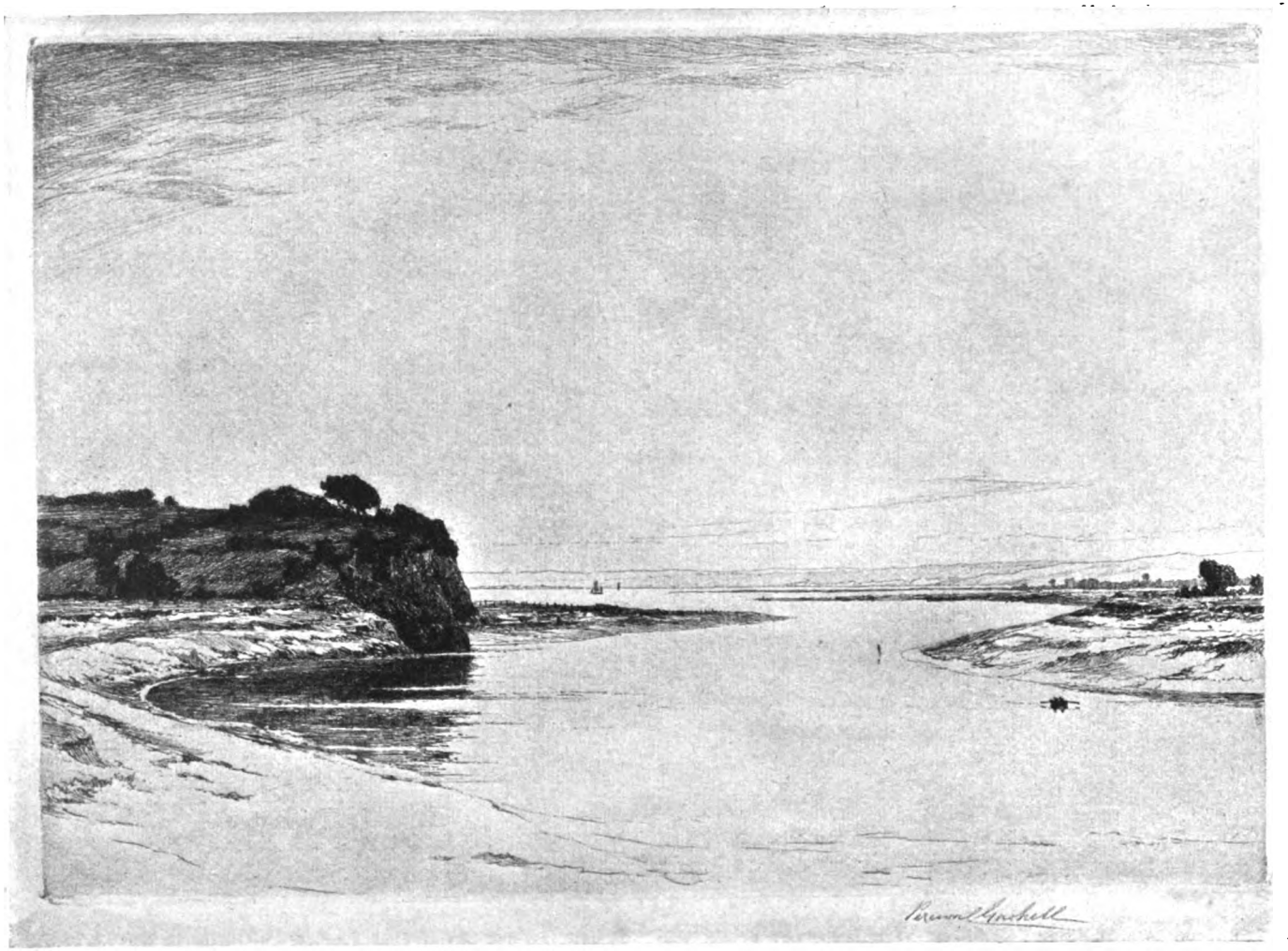

"THE MOUTH OF THE WYE." FROM AN ETCHING BY PERCIVAL GASKELL, R.E.

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"PLOUGHING IN PURBECK." FROM AN ETCHING BY PERCIVAL GASKELL, R.E.

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"CORFE CASTLE." FROM A MEZZOTINT BY PERCIVAL GASKELL, R.E.

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"DISSOLVING MISTS." FROM AN AQUATINT BY PERCIVAL GASKELL, R.E.

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THE JEWELLERY OF MR. AND MRS. ARTHUR GASKIN. BY ARTHUR S. WAINWRIGHT.

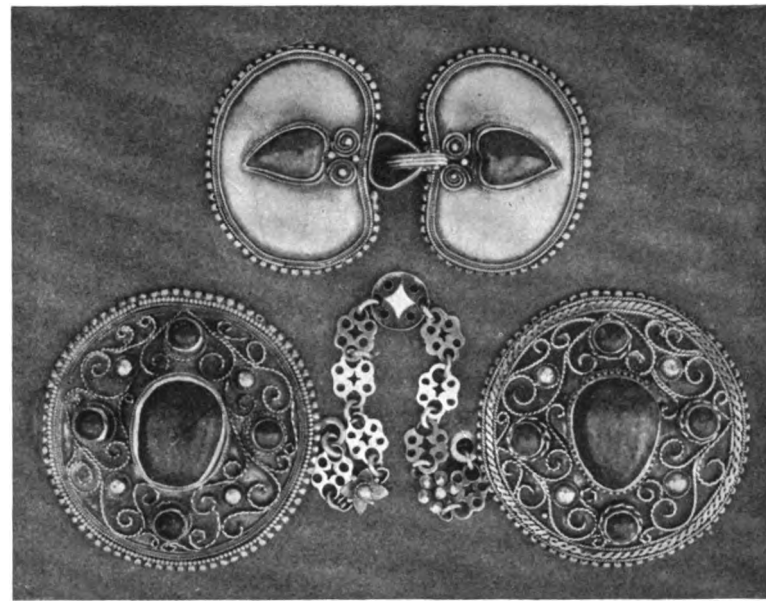
IT is a very easy task to write an appreciation of the jewellery of Mr. and Mrs. Gaskin to-day. Fifteen years ago when their work was first illustrated in THE STUDIO it was another matter, but we have all progressed considerably since then, and the purchasing public are gradually learning to demand that art shall enter into the jeweller's craft, and the leading manufacturers of to-day are more and more recognising this demand unquestionably.

Opinion will differ as to what constitutes good jewellery, but certain conditions may be laid down as necessary. Jewels to be mounted should be beautiful and possibly possess symbolical and poetical interest as well. Mere rarity should not be the standard of their artistic value nor should perfection of form or cutting, which may be carried to an arbitrary degree. Further, when mounted, their settings should also be beautiful and designed to supplement the beauty of the stone. More than this, the jewels themselves should dominate the design and not be mere specks of colour interpolated apparently by accident on what might otherwise be properly called goldsmith's work.

How far did the jewellery of the Victorian age fulfil these conditions? On looking back we find that the goldsmith's work, either wrought or stamped, was more or less indifferently copied from Etruscan or other styles, with stones dotted here and there in a meaningless way; the gems were matched and grouped more for their technical perfection of form and purity than for their intrinsic beauty, into stiff commonplace patterns, and were usually so mounted that the setting, instead of supplementing their beauty such as it was, was practically concealed by the skill of the mounter. Trivial objects in nature or in daily use were faithfully copied and sometimes smothered with gems.

It was very late in the nineteenth century that the awakening came. Here and there trade jewellers had realised the shortcomings of our home manufacturers and by importing the more decorative if somewhat crude productions of the East, helped to develop a truer sense of colour and design; but more was due to the efforts of a small body of earnest craftsmen who, turning their attention to this branch of art, set to work to make artistic jewellery as they considered it should be made. Some of the work they turned out, no doubt, appeared very primitive from the "trade" point of view. But these craftsmen did not stop to ask if a stone was valuable or rare, as long as in their eyes it was beautiful—and in their eyes the simplest pebble had a beauty to which the tradition-bound jeweller was blind. Instead of worshipping the many-faceted diamond, which dances and sparkles in the light, but never discloses more to the observer than its first dazzling brilliance, they preferred, say, the soft colour of the cabochon-cut sapphire, which though possibly flawed and imperfect in colour (and therefore anathema to the trade jeweller!) yet possesses beauties which grow upon the beholder more and more. Instead of the monotonously symmetrical stone they valued the more irregular cutting of the Indian workman who strives only to show the best that the stone contains from a decorative point of view.

It was in this spirit that Mr. and Mrs. Gaskin first essayed the making of jewellery. Choosing simple, inexpensive stones, solely for the qualities



TWO PAIRS OF SILVER CLASPS, SET WITH LAPIS-LAZULI. DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY ARTHUR J. AND GEORGINA CAVE GASKIN

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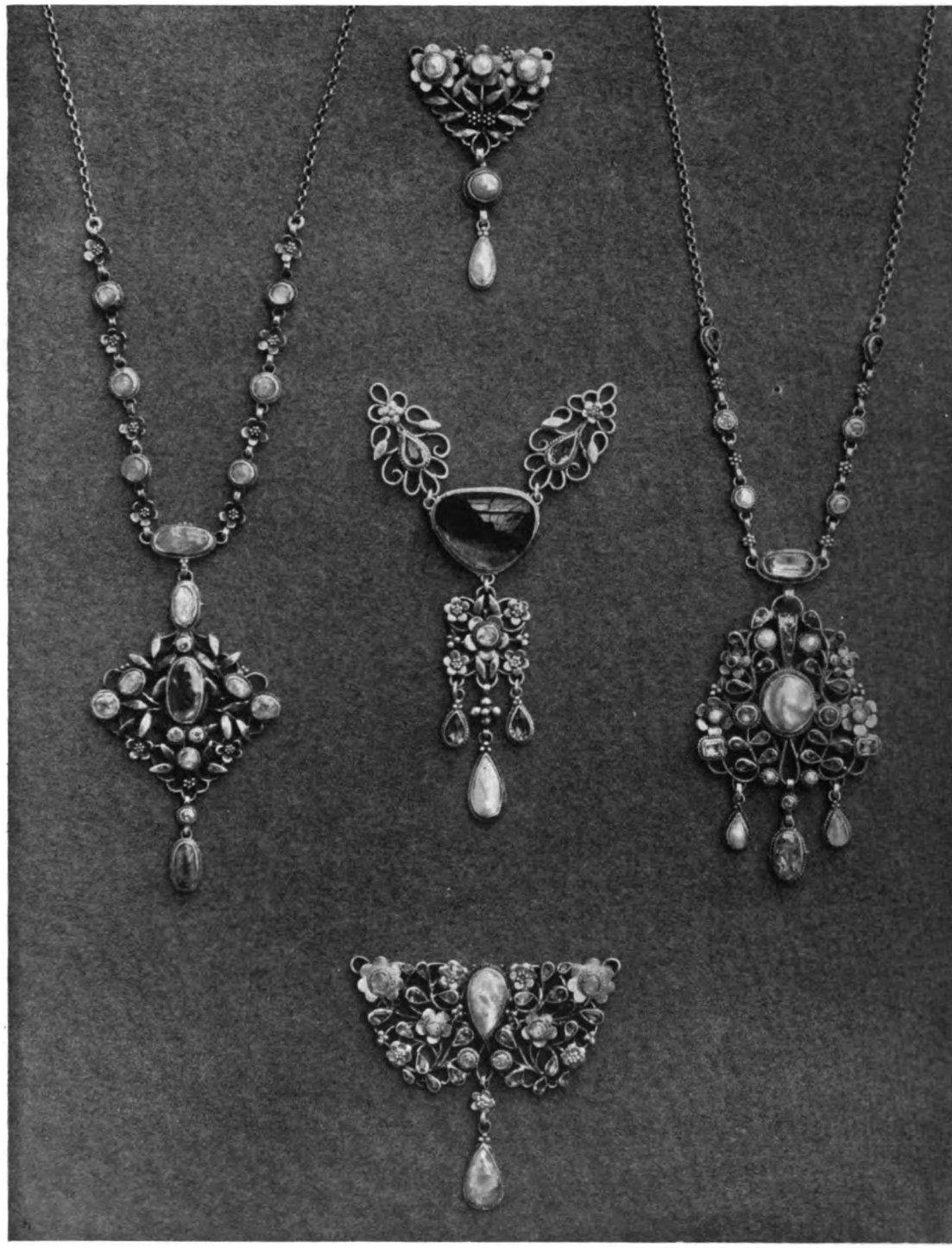

NECKLACE AND PENDANT: SILVER, OPALS, TOPAZ, AND PEARLS

PENDANT: SILVER, ENAMEL, TURQUOISE, AND PEARLS

PENDANT: SILVER, AMETHYST, FINE GREEN PASTE, PEARL, AND TOPAZ

PENDANT: SILVER-GILT, OPALS, AND FINE GREEN PASTE

NECKLACE AND PENDANT: SILVER, TOPAZ, PEARLS, AND FINE GREEN PASTE

JEWELLERY DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY ARTHUR J. AND G. C. GASKIN

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RING: GOLD AND SILVER, RUBY, EMERALD, DIAMOND, AND PEARL

PENDANT: SILVER-GILT, OPALS, TOPAZ, PEARLS, AND FINE GREEN PASTE

NECKLACE AND PENDANT: SILVER, OPALS, PEARLS, TOPAZ, AND FINE GREEN PASTE

RING: GOLD AND SILVER, OPAL, AND AQUAMARINES

JEWELLERY DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY ARTHUR J. AND G. C. GASKIN

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SILVER AND OPAL PENDANT

SILVER CROSS SET WITH FINE GREEN PASTE

DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY ARTHUR J. AND GEORGINA CAVE GASKIN

I mention, of beauty and interest, they mounted these at first very simply with lightly outlined design to set forth the stones to best advantage. They did not, and possibly could not, then achieve the mechanical perfection of the trade jeweller. All their work was, of course, hand wrought, and based upon simple floral forms original to themselves. At first their efforts were tentative and modest, but experience has brought certainty and assurance, and the examples of finely wrought and daintily conceived jewellery now illustrated represent a very notable achievement. These, as will be seen, are not all of an elaborate character; dainty little brooches—such as the two at the top of the page of colour reproductions—are not only suitable for a young girl in her teens to wear but are quite inexpensive. But it is in some of their larger pieces that we see the greater development of their art, and can observe the careful carrying out of the design into every part of the whole. Take the fine necklace and pendant illustrated in colour on the same page. Look particularly at the dainty design of the chain that encircles the neck. In the pendant the large blue opal in the centre dominates the colour-scheme, while the smaller ones interspersed in the tracery are so arranged as to supplement it and the effect is heightened by the use of fine small green paste to complete the scheme. In the use of this fine paste, which was so much affected by the old jewellers, Mr. and Mrs. Gaskin are very happy, as some of these illustrations will show. Their designs are almost entirely floral, but some are more elaborated and ornate than others, and enamel is often used to supplement the colour of the gems or paste. The pendant in the centre of the page of colour reproductions is a very happy illustration of this, the quality of the blue enamel bringing the harder tones of the stones together into one soft harmony.

Most of the gems used by Mr. and Mrs. Gaskin are still simple ones, and are chosen primarily for their colour and surface value, but if a choice gem is used, it forms the dominating note of the design and all the other stones are made subservient to it.

One could say much about these jewelled necklaces and pendants, and the various other ornaments here illustrated, but space is limited. I

PENDANT: SILVER, PEARLS, CRYSTALS, AND FINE GREEN PASTE

PENDANT: SILVER, OPALS, AND FINE GREEN PASTE

BROOCH: SILVER AND FINE GREEN PASTE

PENDANT: SILVER, PEARL, TOPAZ, AND FINE GREEN PASTE

DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY ARTHUR J. AND GEORGINA CAVE GASKIN

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BROOCH:
SILVER AND OPAL

PENDANT: SILVER,
OPALS, TOPAZ AND
FINE GREEN PASTE

BROOCH: GOLD AND
SILVER-GILT, OPALS,
TOPAZ, PEARLS AND FINE
GREEN PASTE

PENDANT: SILVER, ENAMEL,
SAPPHIRES, EMERALDS,
RUBIES AND PEARLS

NECKLACE AND PENDANT:
GOLD AND SILVER, OPALS
AND FINE GREEN PASTE

BROOCH: SILVER, PEARLS,
TOPAZ, OPAL AND FINE
GREEN PASTE

PENDANT: SILVER AND
GOLD, PEARLS, TOPAZ
AND FINE GREEN PASTE

JEWELLERY DESIGNED AND EXECUTED
BY ARTHUR J. AND GEORGINA C. GASKIN.

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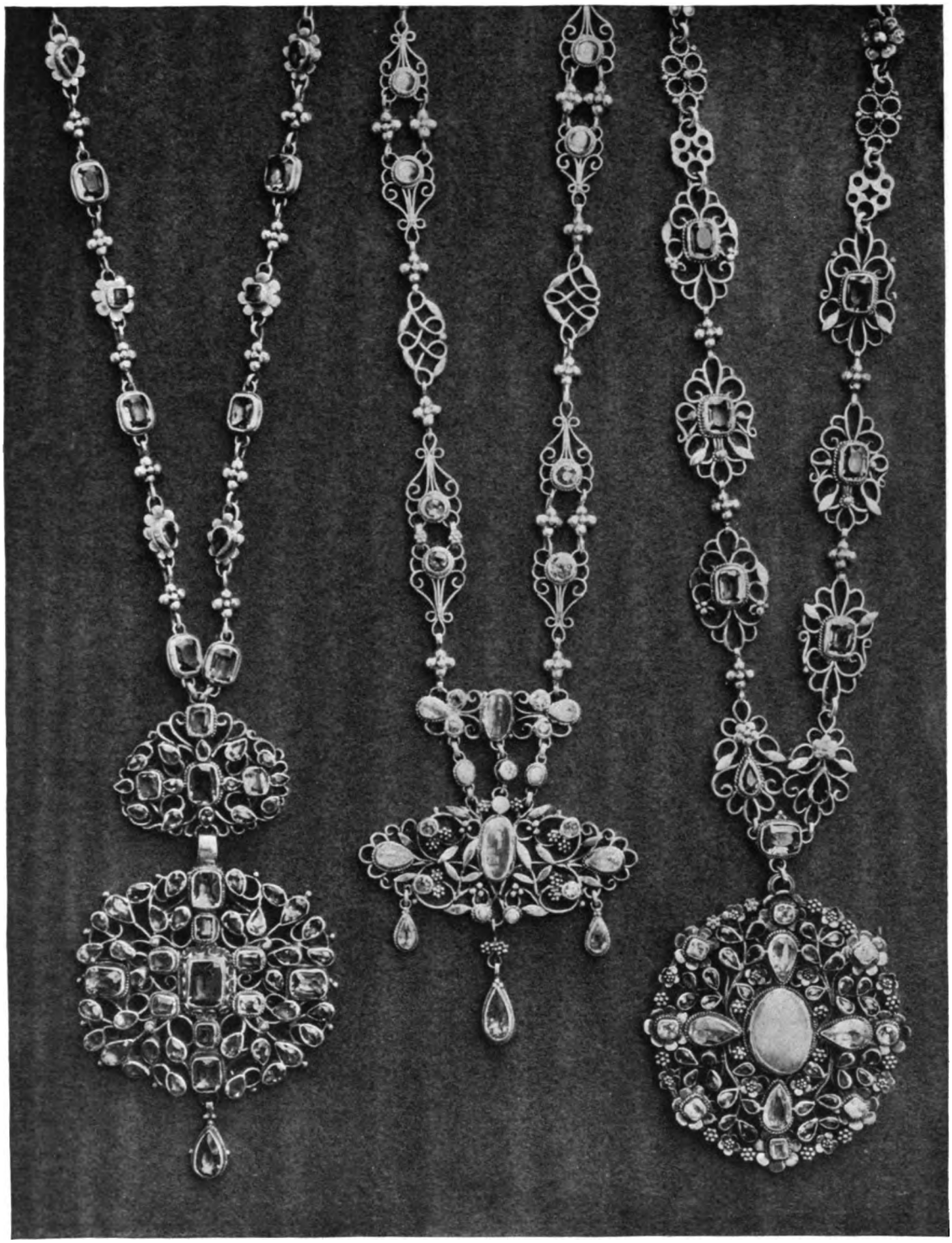

NECKLACE AND PENDANT: SILVER AND FINE GREEN PASTE

NECKLACE AND PENDANT: SILVER, PEARLS, CRYSTALS, MOONSTONES, AND AQUAMARINES

NECKLACE AND PENDANT: SILVER, CRYSTALS, TOPAZ, PEARL, AND FINE GREEN PASTE

JEWELLERY DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY ARTHUR J. AND GEORGINA CAVE GASKIN

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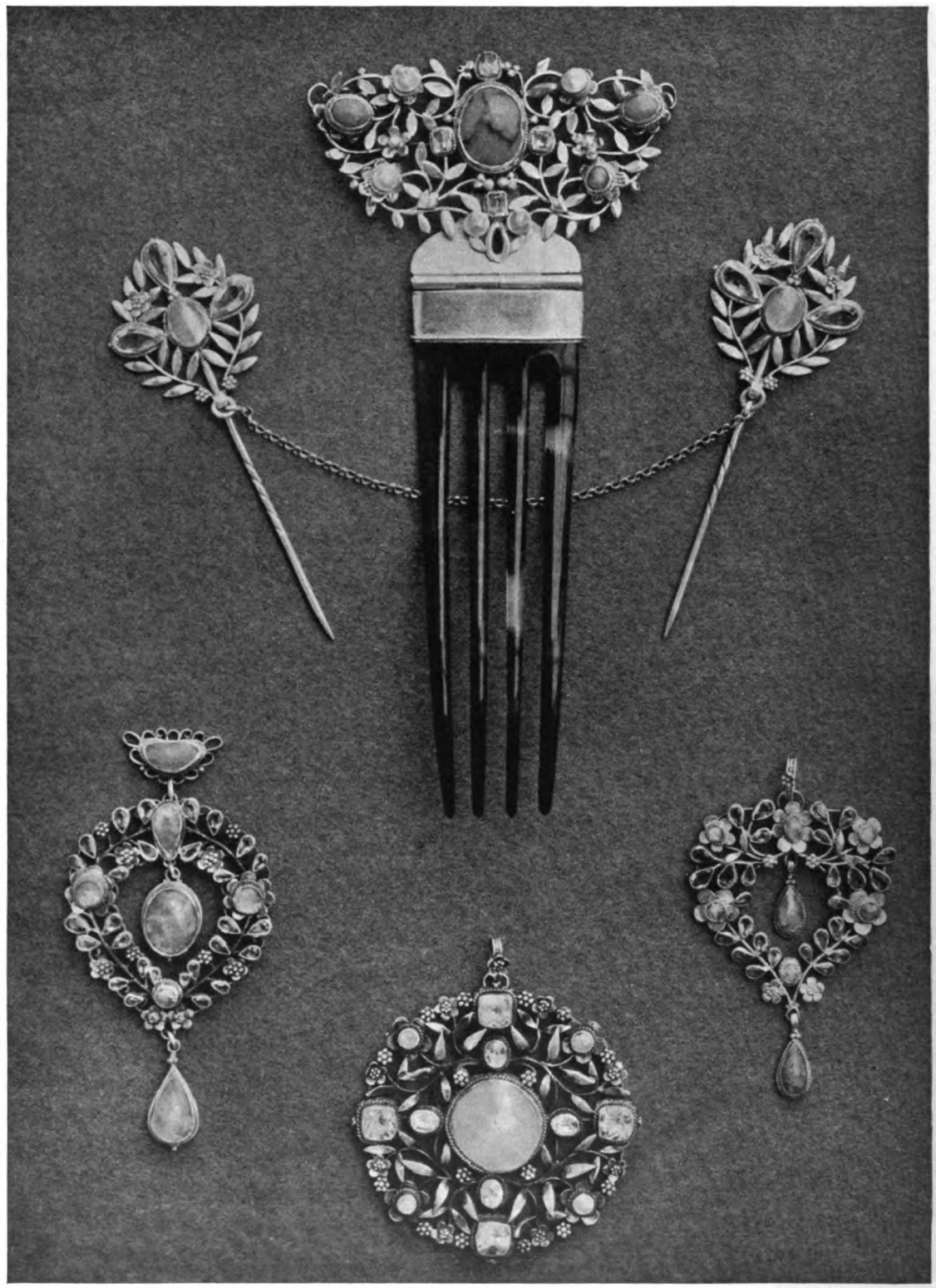

PENDANT: SILVER, OPALS, AND FINE GREEN PASTE

COMB: SILVER, PEARL, TURQUOISE, AND ROSE PASTE
LACE PINS: SILVER, CRYSTALS, AND PEARLS
PENDANT: SILVER, PEARLS, AND CRYSTALS

PENDANT: SILVER-GILT, OPALS, AND FINE GREEN PASTE

JEWELLERY DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY ARTHUR J. AND G. C. GASKIN

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would, however, call particular attention to the necklaces, which, specially designed for the pendants to which they are attached, are remarkable for the exquisite delicacy with which they have been fashioned. All these beautiful jewels speak for themselves and in finish and completeness need fear no comparison with any of the "trade" products. And bearing in mind the very notable advance in the taste and quality of the jewellery offered for sale in the best shops during the last few years this is no empty compliment.

NORMAN WILKINSON'S DECORATION OF "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM" AT THE SAVOY THEATRE.

In these days of the triumph of mechanism an immense range of effect has been made possible on the stage. The art of the theatre has not, however, kept pace with this development; nor has it been quite decided, except by Mr. Granville Barker, what type of mind should control these resources—as in their application they pass from the sphere of mechanics into the region of taste. It is very obvious that the final result cannot be left to the haphazard combination of the various departments of stage-craft. The unity that is required of a work of art must be imposed by one mind. Everything points to the fact that it should be the mind of an artist. What is required is a picture in which the actor is visualised as a painter visualises a figure in his composition. The old theory of this business seemed to be that the scenery could be planned without taking the actor into account until the last moment, or that the scenery, upon so-called Elizabethan principles, could be entirely suppressed in his favour. Either way, the actor seemed pleased; choosing the part of a performing animal, his preoccupation was entirely with himself. It seems now more fully appreciated that the finer shades of the actor's art count only in a scene sensitively prepared to assist expression and impart significance to every movement. It is recognised that on the one hand scenery must not distract by its own realistic triumph, or on the other hand fail the imagination of the audience by its insufficiency. What is essential is that the mind of the audience should be entirely released to follow the movement of the play, the acting taking place not merely over against the scenery, but within an atmosphere prepared for it as artfully as it is for the characters in a first-rate novel.

Any attempt to make the setting too natural may defeat itself in the highly artificial conditions of the stage — conditions intensified since the prevalence of lime-light. The master in this business, then, will take the first step of an artist in accepting the limitations of his medium, and from those very limitations evolve novel beauty determined by them. Everything that Mr. Norman Wilkinson has done in the Savoy productions has rested with such a frank acceptance of the artificial conditions of the stage.

PRESIDENTIAL BADGE AND CHAIN FOR THE BIRMINGHAM LAW SOCIETY. DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY ARTHUR J. AND G. C. GASKIN, ASSISTED BY W. BLACKBAND

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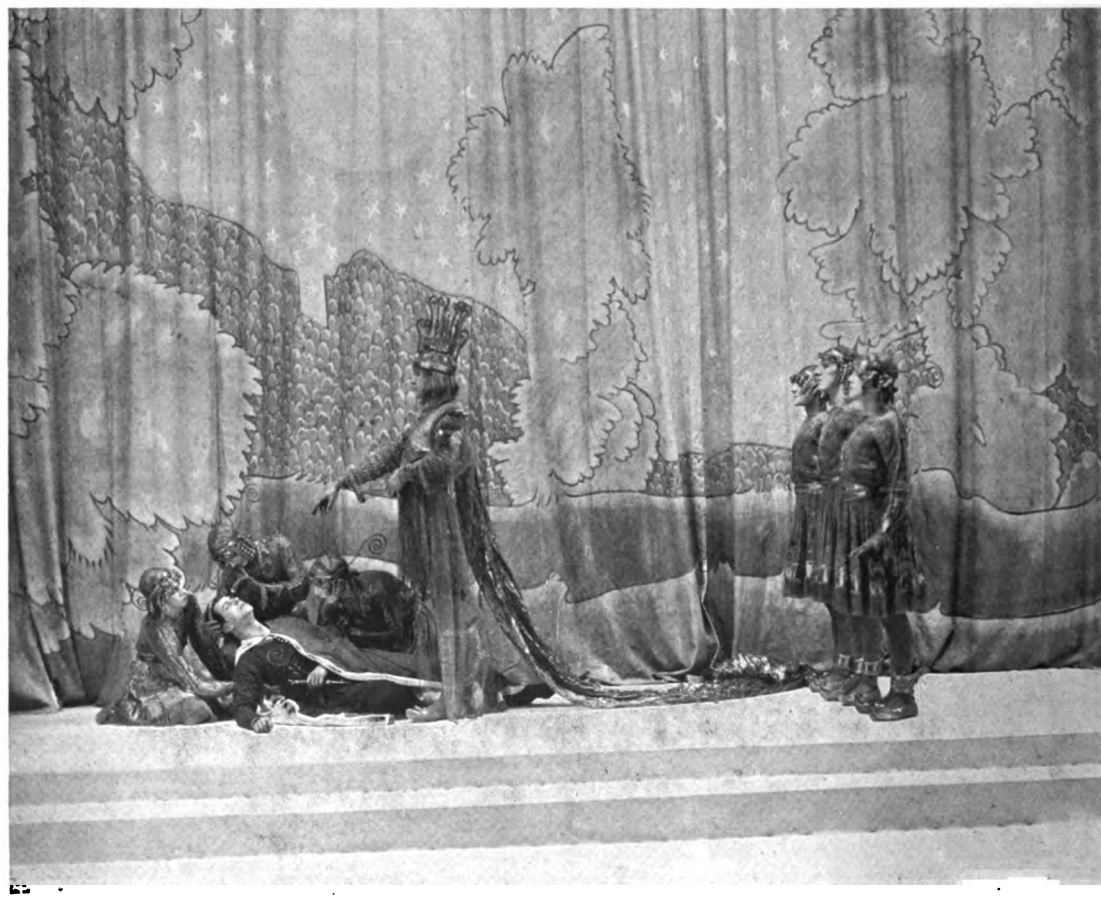
Norman Wilkinson's Decoration of "A Midsummer Night's Dream"

In the ideal a play by Shakespeare should be mounted by an artist of equal genius with his own. Presuming this not to be possible, the fact remains that for presenting a work of genius, genius of some kind is required. The art of painting at this moment witnesses to the presence of this quality in modern art, but of course a vast knowledge of stage technique is necessary to the artist of the theatre, and it may be asked what is the special qualification of a painter for the post. It is this, that whilst other workers connected with stage-craft are by the nature of their employment involved in the inside view of it—the engine's view of its own works—the painter (as here distinct from scene-painter) shares the audience's point of view, and has the faculty of conceiving the scene presented to them as a single composition. It is for his genius for apprehending this point of view, increased by peculiar knowledge of the laws controlling a pictorial success, that the artist is more than any one else fitted to command the final result. And this it is which Mr. Granville Barker has appreciated in inviting the artist into the theatre, not as a subordinate, but, theoretically, upon equal terms with the playwright and the actor. Other managers have gone part of the way, but there has been failure of money or courage, or the experiment has been foredoomed to failure by being coupled with an attempt to force an unpopular play upon the public. If this movement is to gather force it must show the possibility of mounting trifles exquisitely. Indeed this is a very good test; if a play cannot stand beautiful interpretation, or is not worth it, it were better not to put it on at all.

Mr. Granville Barker's revolution has succeeded through the ability of his lieutenant, Mr. Norman Wilkinson. First of all a painter, his qualifications do not end there. He is able to take upon his own shoulders a kind of responsibility which many painters whose talent otherwise suited them for the theatre could not embrace. And this has made it possible for the Savoy Theatre to enlist designs from other distinguished artists with the certainty that in any collaboration with Mr. Wilkinson the



OBERON CHARMS DEMETRIUS ("MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM," ACT III, SCENE II). ARRANGED BY NORMAN WILKINSON

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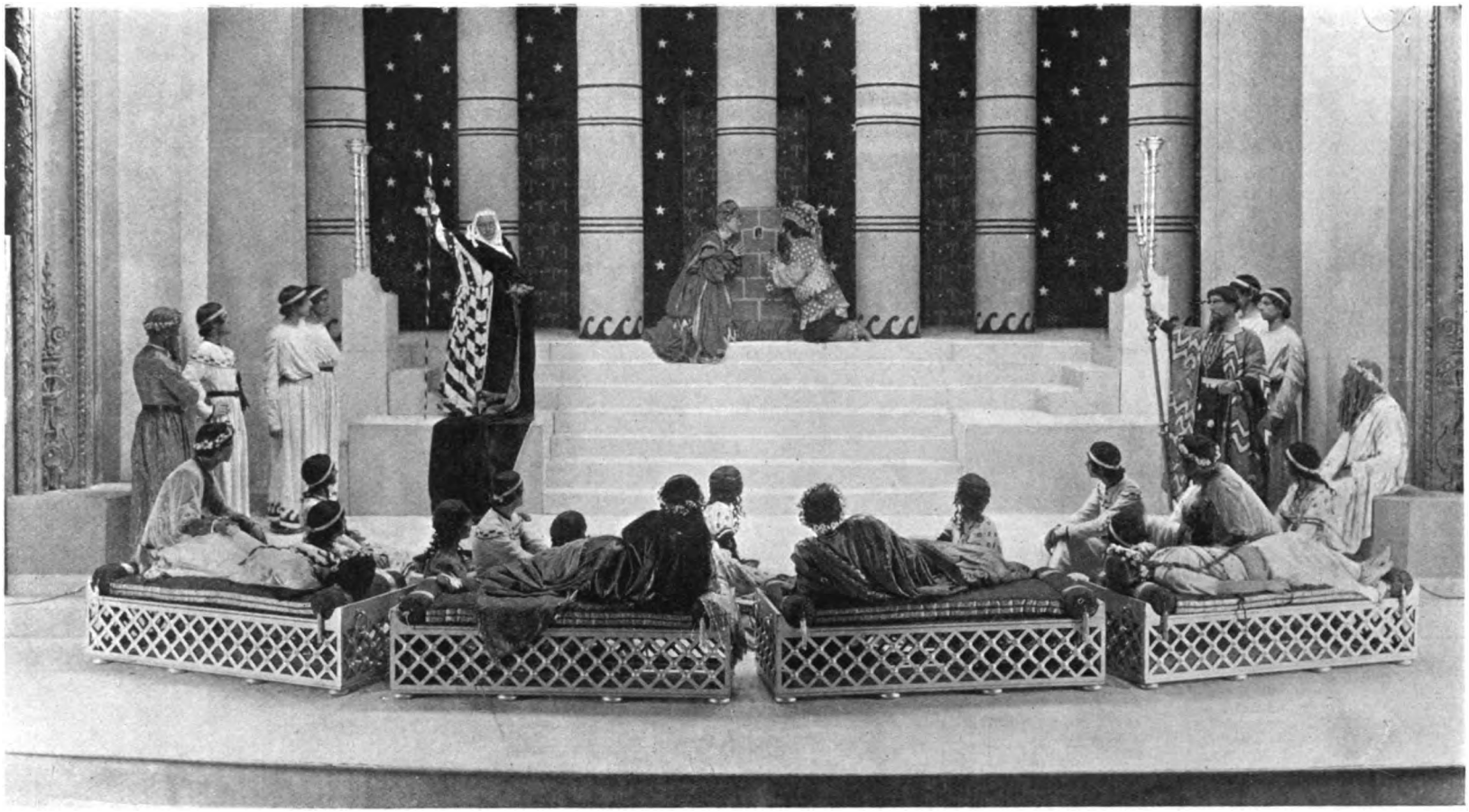

THE INTERLUDE OF PYRAMUS AND THISBE
("A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM," ACT V.)
ARRANGED BY NORMAN WILKINSON

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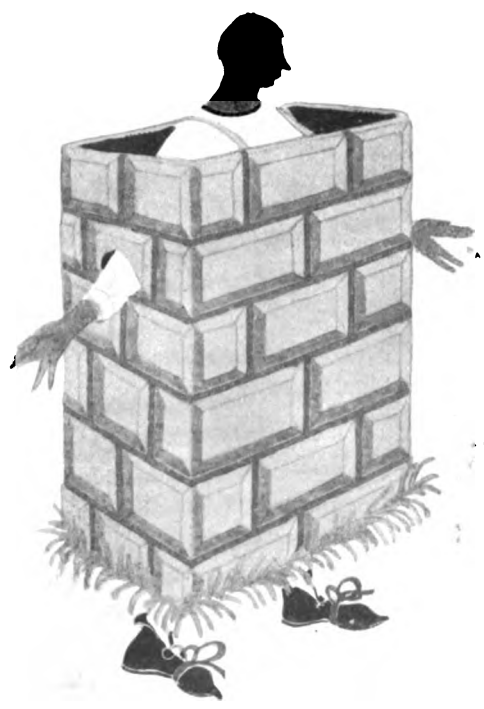
QUINCE AS "PROLOGUE"

BOTTOM AS "PYRAMUS"



SNOUT AS "WALL"

STARVELING AS "MOONSHINE"

COSTUME DESIGNS BY NORMAN WILKINSON FOR "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM" AT THE SAVOY THEATRE, LONDON

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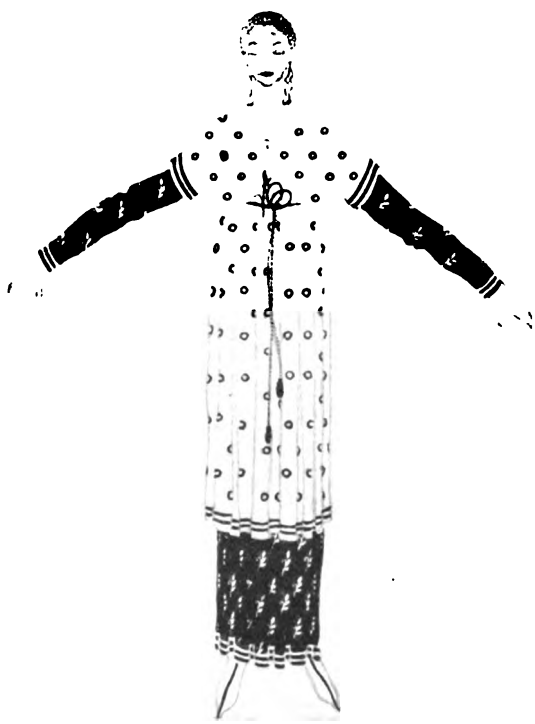
"PUCK"

AN ATTENDANT IN HUNTING DRESS



AN ATTENDANT

EGEUS IN HUNTING DRESS

COSTUME DESIGNS BY NORMAN WILKINSON FOR "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM" AT THE SAVOY THEATRE, LONDON

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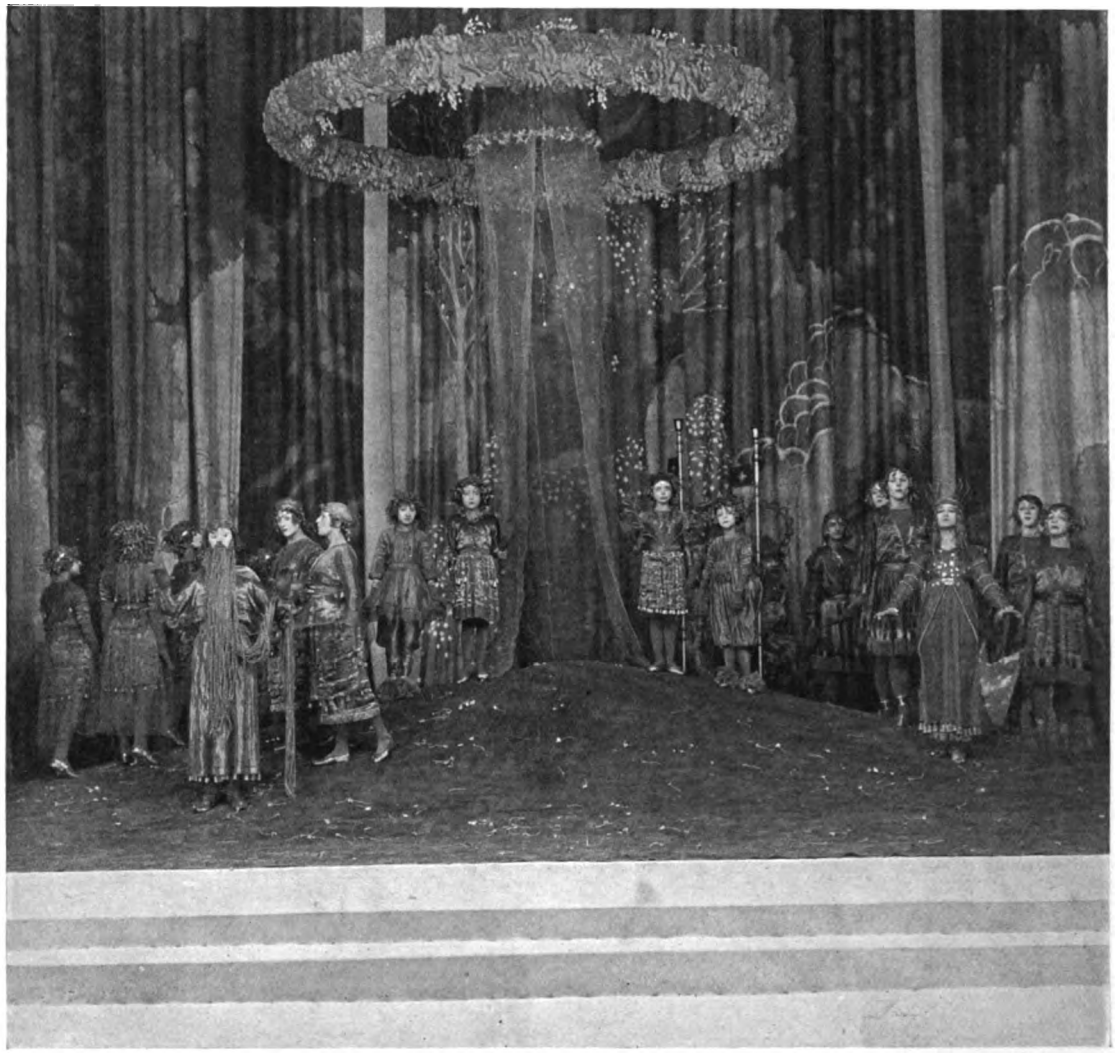
Norman Wilkinson's Decoration of "A Midsummer Night's Dream"



TITANIA'S BOWER (ACT II, SCENE II) ARRANGED BY NORMAN WILKINSON

peculiar limitations of the conditions of the theatre will be kept in view. The Savoy is now indeed a school from which a great modern art may arise, where experiments are made of immense significance. The gold fairy-scene in "A Midsummer Night's Dream"—which play is Mr. Norman Wilkinson's work throughout—marks the passing of an epoch, the beginning of another. Its incidental collisions with Shakespearean sentiment is a trifle compared with its bold conception of a kind of beauty peculiar to the theatre. The same may be said in a less degree of the other settings, in the same play, especially that of the last act. There are two or three isolated aristrocrats in the art world who have no use for beauty since they have found out that it can make a general appeal. But the signficance of great things comes down to the level of the emotion of ordinary people in the vestment of beauty or not at all.

It has only been possible to focus Mr. Norman Wilkinson's achievement as an artist of the theatre by viewing it in relation to the whole problem upon which so much thought to-day is employed. With more space at disposal it would have been interesting to take the mounting of each scene in detail. But in any case it is of importance to art that there should be recorded in its journals the initial step taken at the Savoy Theatre in the artistic reformation of the stage. Already we have seen three or four important productions and revivals under the influence either of Mr. Norman Wilkinson or Mr. Albert Rothenstein as designers. Technically "A Midsummer's Night's Dream" seems to us the high water-mark of what has been achieved. Its gold fairy-scene in a few weeks will only be a memory, but one that has immensely quickened imagination. The quality of the impression that a

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scene makes is of incalculable importance seeing with what difficulty it is effaced from the mind. The impressionable are the living. They respond to art as an experience adding to life, not as a mere reflection of happenings in which they have no part. It is the respect for the audience which is so flattering at the Savoy, the feeling that the manager believes no art is too good for the mind of his audience, and that a man of Mr. Norman Wilkinson's originality is not too august to be employed.

T. MARTIN WOOD

A NOTE ON THE JAPANESE PROCESS OF PRINTING CALLED "ISHIZURI."

THE Japanese Ishizuri, which means literally "Stone Print," had as its origin the process employed by Chinese antiquarians in order to obtain a rubbing of a picture or writing engraved on a stone monument. Both in China and Japan this method was used for prints in black and white of flowers and landscapes, and particularly for the production of the large prints depicting Kwannon and other deities, which were sold to travellers as souvenirs of their visits to the various temples. In China, especially during the Kang-Hsi and early Keen-Lung Dynasties, the reproduction of the works of Sung artists was frequently accomplished by this method. An illustration is here given of one of such reproductions. This same method was afterwards applied by artists in Japan to wood-blocks, which were used by them in place of stone. The title of "Stone Print" was, however, retained in order to differentiate the work from the ordinary method of printing from wood-blocks. The procedure is apparently as follows. Very thin paper is first sprayed with water, then placed upon the engraved wood-block and pressed well into the sunken portions of the engraving. A printer's pad charged with suitable ink is then carefully applied so that the raised portions of the paper alone receive the colour. The print is then "laid down" on a thicker paper, and in pressing it flat the imprinted portions of the paper, having been somewhat stretched when pressed into the block, assume a curious crinkled surface which it is, unfortunately, impossible to show adequately in the accompanying reproductions of prints produced by the process.

The four studies of plant and insect life are from a late edition of a work in two volumes by Jackuchiu (1716–1800) entitled "Jakuchiu Gwajō." The two river scenes are from a *makimono* which depicts a boat excursion on the river Yodo, between Kyoto and Osaka, in the year 1767 by Taishin, the poet, and his friend Jakuchiu, the artist. The roll, which is many yards in length, is called "The Pleasures of Boating." In this case the ink in the grey portions was possibly applied by stencil brushes instead of the pad. Examples of the work of Koriusai and other artists have also been reproduced by this method.

WILSON CREWDSON.

FROM "JAKUCHIU GWAJŌ," PRINTED BY THE "ISHIZURI" PROCESS

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FROM "JAKUCHIU GWAJO" PRINTED BY THE "ISHIZURI" PROCESS

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CHINESE STONE-PRINT (KEEN-LUNG DYNASTY) AFTER A DRAWING BY SHIU-SHI-HAKU (SUNG DYNASTY)

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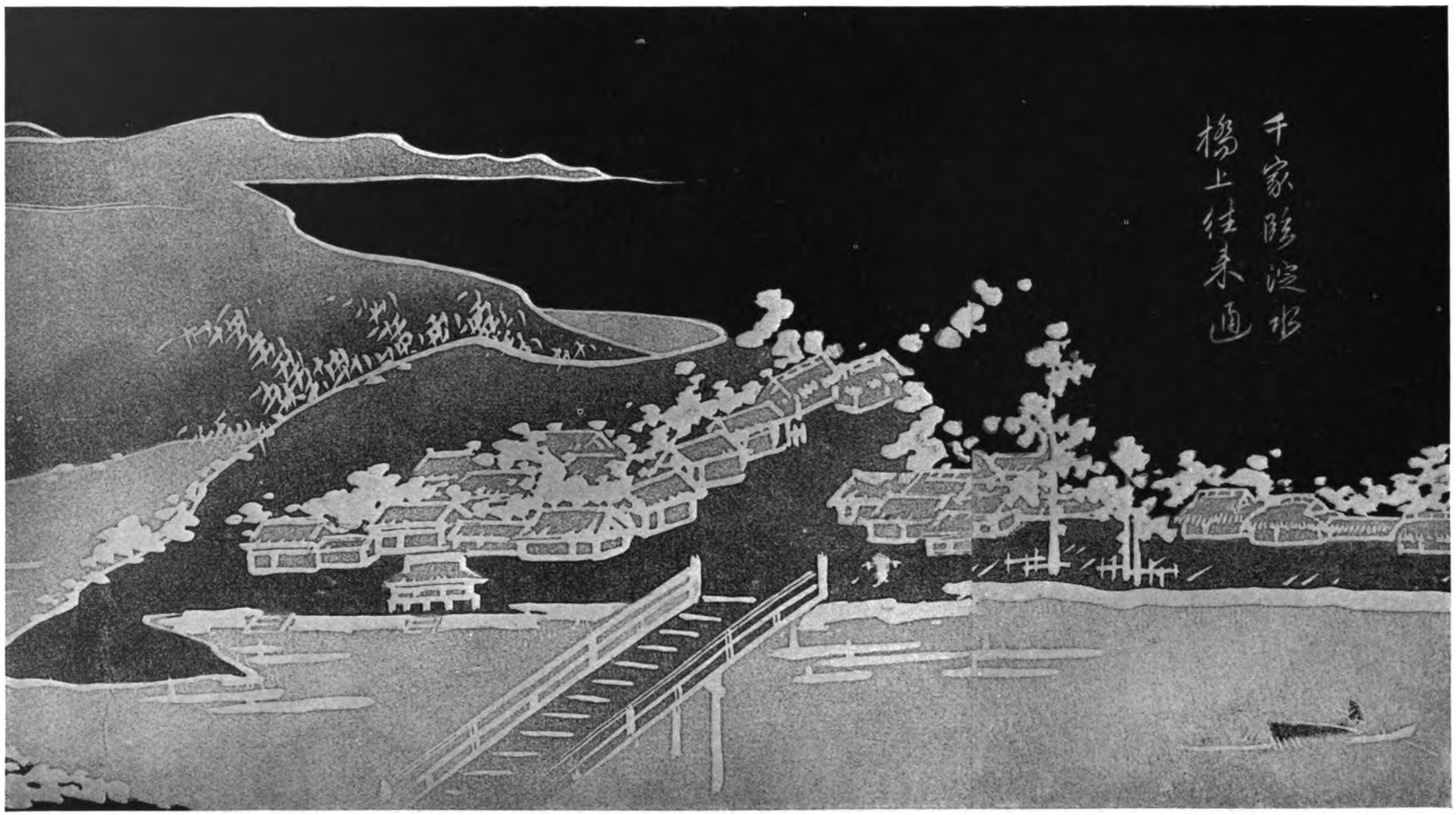

Translation of the inscription: "There are many dwellings on the banks of the Yodo River, and there is much traffic across the Bridge"

PORTION OF A MAKIMONO ENTITLED
"THE PLEASURES OF BOATING"
PRINTED BY THE "ISHIZURI" PROCESS

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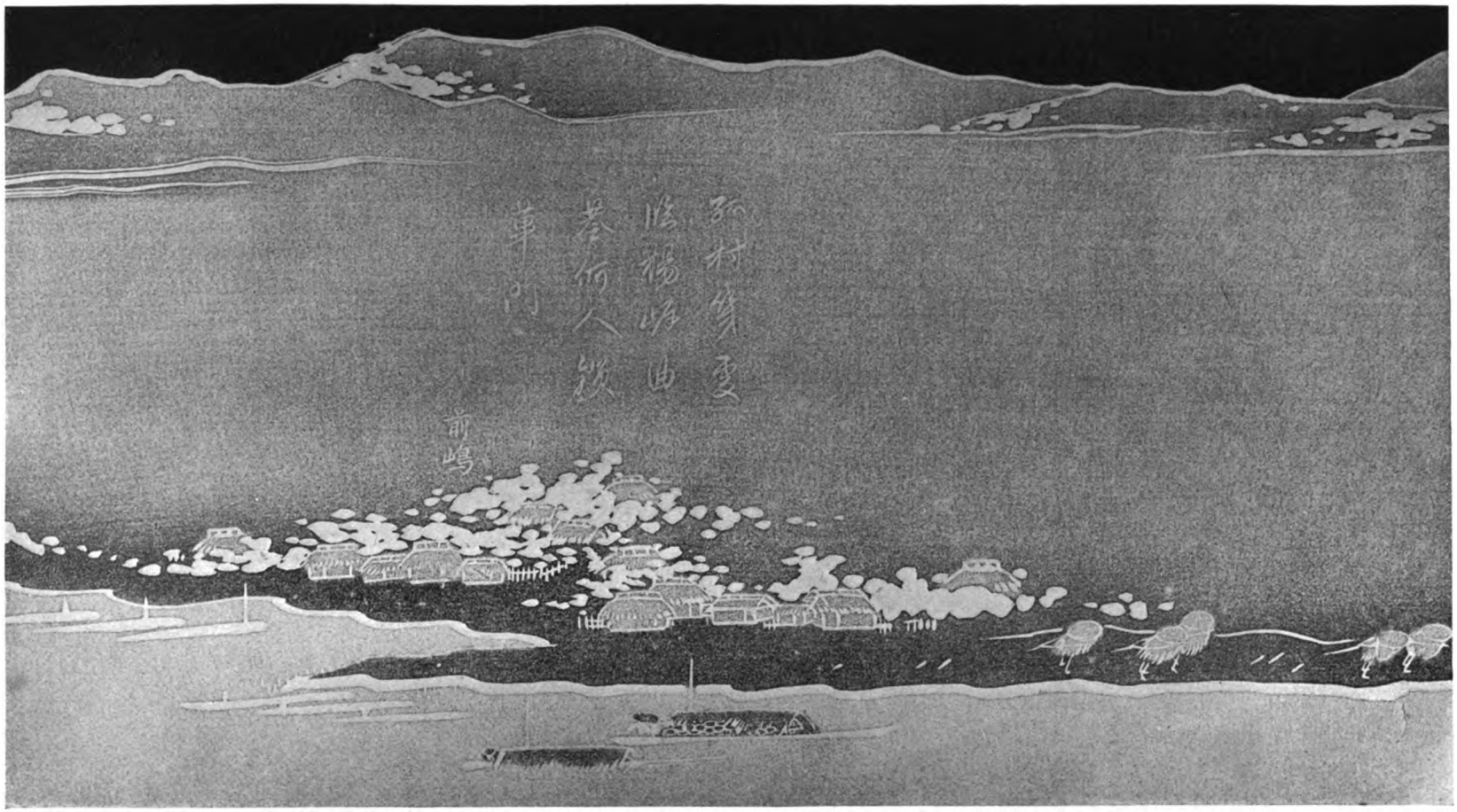

Translation of the inscription : " We are still far from the end of our journey. The clouds and mountains seem very distant "

"THE VILLAGE OF MAYESHIMA." FROM "THE PLEASURES OF BOATING"

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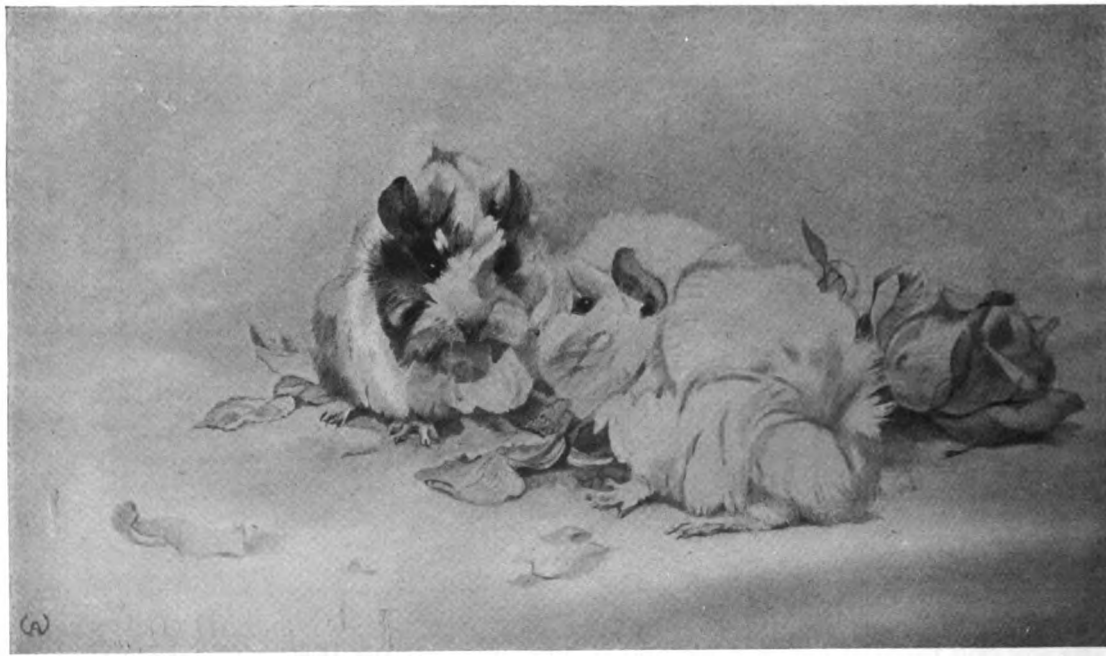
STUDIO-TALK.

From Our Own Correspondents.

LONDON.—By the death of Sir Hubert von Herkomer the modern art world loses one of its most striking and prominent figures. He was not only an artist of high distinction who excelled in almost all forms of practice—a painter, an etcher, a sculptor, a lithographer, a worker in metals, and an inventive genius who developed and perfected the most diverse technical processes—but he was, as well, a really great educator, and he exercised on the art of our times an influence the value of which could scarcely be over-estimated. By his example and precept many artists who are prominent to-day were inspired to take the path which has led them to notable achievement; by his strenuous advocacy of great æsthetic principles many art lovers have been brought to a better understanding of artistic truths, and to a fuller appreciation of the position that art occupies in the life of to-day. He was, indeed, an astonishing personality, a man who with no early advantages of wealth or education rose by sheer strength of character and by indomitable energy to a place in the front rank. Despite persistent ill-health he was an amazing worker and an extraordinarily prolific producer; despite the quantity and variety of his productions he kept the quality of his work consistently at a high standard and gave to it always something essentially personal and characteristic. His death is the more to be deplored because his powers showed no signs of waning and, at the age of sixty-five, he had relaxed no measure of his activities.

Three new Associates were elected at a general assembly of the Royal Academy on March 20—Mr. Julius Olsson, Mr. R. Anning Bell, and Mr. Edward S. Prior. Mr. Olsson is well known as a marine painter, and is one of the leading representatives of the Newlyn School; Mr. Anning Bell, whose work is familiar to our readers, besides being a delightful painter in oil and water-colour, has earned a reputation as a designer of stained glass, and has long been a prominent supporter of the Arts and Crafts Society. He is now Director of Design at the Glasgow School of Art. Mr. Prior is Slade Professor of Fine Art at Cambridge and honorary secretary of the Arts and Crafts Society; by profession he is an architect.

At the Leicester Galleries last month Miss Winifred Austen showed a series of upwards of fifty water-colour drawings of birds and beasts, about half of which were executed upon silk. By courtesy of Messrs. Brown and Phillips we are able to illustrate four examples of this artist's able work, which is remarkable for the cleverness of the draw-



"GUINEA-PIGS" (WATER-COLOUR) BY WINIFRED AUSTEN

(By courtesy of Messrs. Ernest Brown and Phillips, Leicester Galleries)

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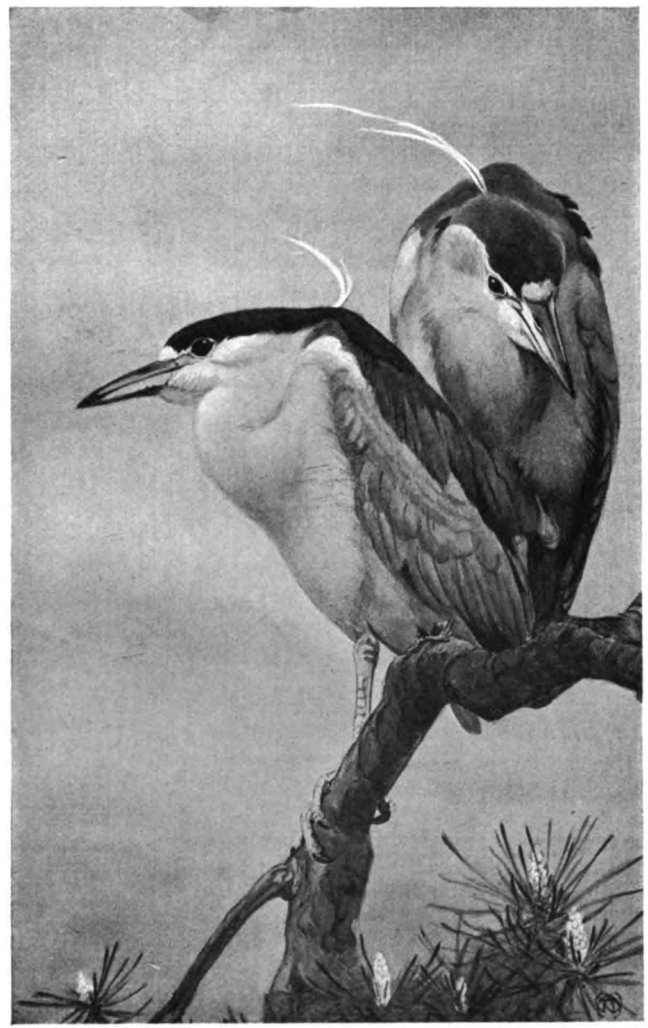
"RED SQUIRREL" (WATER-COLOUR) BY WINIFRED AUSTEN



"NIGHT HERONS" (WATER-COLOUR) BY WINIFRED AUSTEN

(By courtesy of Messrs. Ernest Brown and Phillips, Leicester Galleries)

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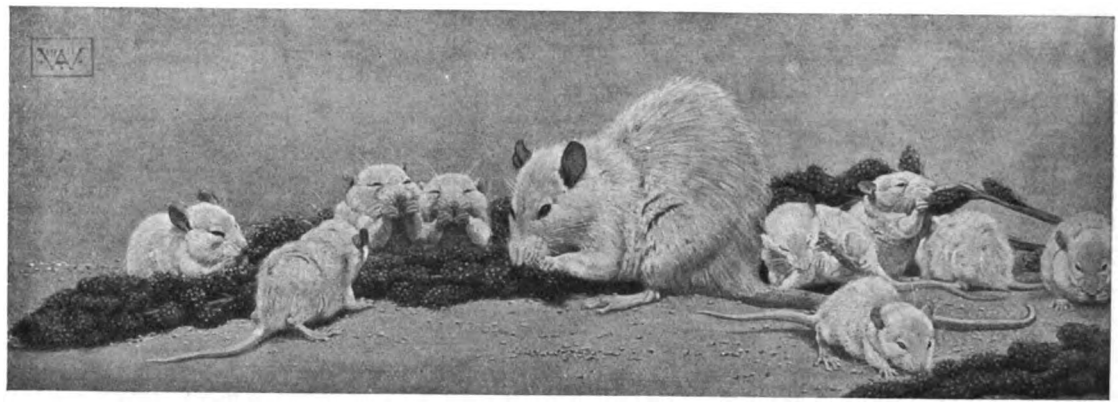

"WHITE RATS" (WATER-COLOUR) BY WINIFRED AUSTEN

(By courtesy of Messrs. Ernest Brown and Phillips, Leicester Galleries)

ing, the subtle modelling and the perfect command and simple handling of the medium. Miss Austen works in a manner familiar to us in the productions of Mr. Edwin Alexander and Mr. E. J. Detmold, but they are all alike in evincing a suggestion of a common source of inspiration—the Japanese.

Those who are familiar with the talented work of Mr. G. W. Lambert are well acquainted with the fact that besides his paintings in oil, a very attractive side of his art is seen in his admirable portrait drawings and studies in lead pencil. We are glad to be able to reproduce four of these drawings from among the series which formed such an interesting feature of the recent exhibition of the Modern Society of Portrait Painters.

The Summer Exhibition of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours maintains the high level which is always looked for at the Pall Mall Galleries. Mr. Sargent makes that periodical contribution to the contents of the galleries which visitors to the summer exhibitions ardently look forward to, and on this occasion he is supported by Mr. Charles Sims's *Spring*, a decorative panel of the utmost spontaneity and charm; the *Old Flour Mill* and *The Croft* by Mr. A. S. Hartrick; and such a perfect specimen of economy and taste in execution as Mr. Arthur Rackham's little drawing *A Nymph of the Hills*. *On the Dogger Bank* by Mr. F. Cayley Robinson; *Seedling Delphiniums* by Mr. Alfred Parsons, R.A., the new President; *Primula* and other flower-pieces by Mr. Francis E. James; *The Bay of Ipso, Corfu, Greece*, by Mr. H Hughes-Stanton: and *The Return* by Mr. W. Russell Flint are notable items of the exhibition.

The first exhibition of the Royal Society of British Artists under its new President did not disclose any marked change. Mr. Brangwyn himself was represented by an impressive centre-piece—and bugle-call to fellow members—*The Bridge, Avignon*, but it is impossible to escape the fact that the prevailing impression of "colour" created by the works on exhibition was uninspiring, though upon examination individual works showed resource in composition and a fairly high standard of finished drawing. Among works to be remembered as giving importance to the exhibition were Mr. D. Murray Smith's *Penarth Head, Cardiff* and *Piazzale Michelangelo, Florence*; *A Golden Day*, by Miss Dorothea Sharp; *Sunny September*, by Miss Helen McNicoll; *Arab Café*, by Mr. Alfred Palmer; *Morning Light, Picardy*, by Mr. Claude F. Barry; *The Sky over the Deben*, by Mr. Emile A. Verpilleux; *The Great Elms*, by Mr. W. Graham Robertson; *Above the Harbour*, by Mr. Christopher Williams; and a triptych *Workless—The Awakening—Homeless*, by Mr. Spencer Pryse.

The Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours is perhaps this season more academic in character than usual. And the tendency which was recently shown to encourage other things than sentimental subject-pictures is less in evidence on this occasion. The hunting pieces of Mr. A. J. Munnings in conforming least to the characteristics of the Institute are the most stimulating exhibits, though other works deserving mention are Mr. Norman Wilkinson's *A Good Breeze*, Mr. Chas. W. Simpson's *The White Duck*, the late Prof. Hans von Bartel's *Dutch Fisherwoman at the Fireside* and *The Shellfisher's Cart*, Miss D. W. Hawksley's *The Voluntary Choir*, Mr. John Terris's *Across the Sands, on the South Coast*, Mrs. Julia Matthew's *Minnehaha*, Mr. Hugh Williams's *Moelwyn*, Mr. Frank Reynolds's

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(Modern Society of Portrait Painters)

"LEONARD CONSTANT LAMBERT." LEAD-PENCIL DRAWING BY G. W. LAMBERT

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"THE FAIR GIRL." LEAD-PENCIL DRAWING BY G. W. LAMBERT

(Modern Society of Portrait Painters)

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(Modern Society of Portrait Painters)

"LUIGI." LEAD-PENCIL DRAWING
BY G. W. LAMBERT

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"IN THE MIRROR." LEAD-PENCIL DRAWING BY G. W. LAMBERT

(Modern Society of Portrait Painters)

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Sally Brass, Mr. James S. Hill's *Hope Cove, South Devon*, Mr. Hillyard Swinstead's *The White Cliff, Seaford*, Mr. Wynne Apperley's *The Arch of Titus, Rome* and Mr. Norman Hardy's *Nets and Fish.*

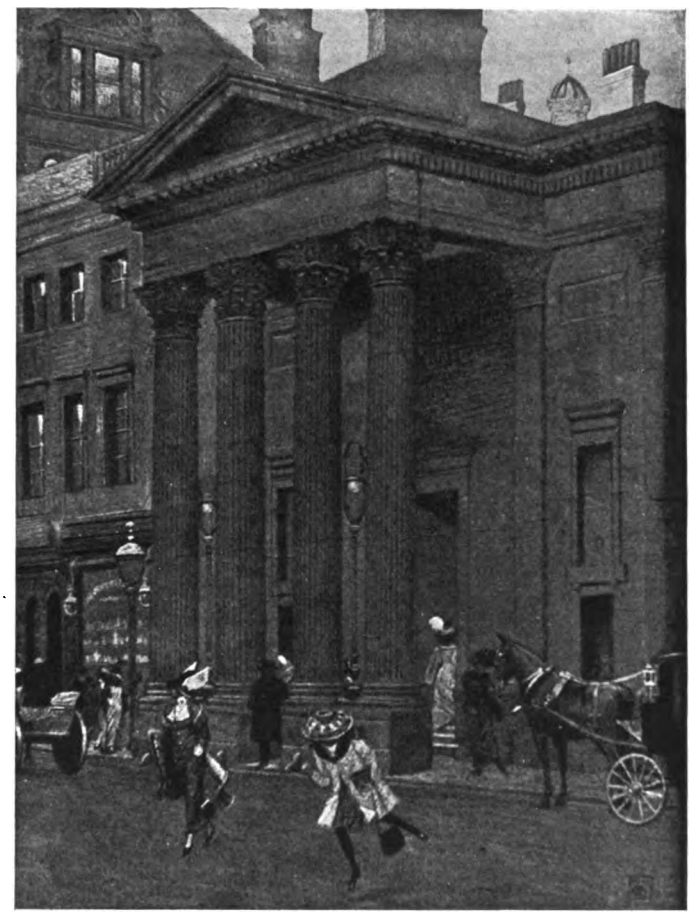
Sir William B. Richmond's recent exhibition in the Fine Art Society's Galleries suffered from an error in point of taste in the choice of black frames for several pictures quite unsuited to them. It was a surprise to find this particular kind of mistake made by Sir William Richmond. His paintings of Umbria and Assisi are peculiarly full of a feeling for Italy, and they all exhibit the refinement of execution which is characteristic of their author. Variety of composition and trained perception of colour prevented monotony in panels representing the same type of scenery under unchanging skies throughout the exhibition.

The landscapes of Mr. Alfred W. Rich—recently exhibited at the Baillie Gallery—always lose in power from a want of austerity of colour corresponding to an impeccable draughtsmanship and a sensitive appreciation of tone. Seen by the side of the art of De Wint, which we imagine must have been an influence in the painter's life, they become almost pretty in effect. This may be the high-road to extreme popularity, but it does not necessarily lead to the artist expressing himself most fully. In the case of a painter with such an exceptional genius for water-colour as Mr. Rich possesses his admirers, first among whom we count ourselves, cannot fail to bemoan compromises made with those who do not care for the best, all the more so when in the same exhibition that painter made it quite clear that he has hardly any living rival in the economy and resource with which he handles pure water-colour.

In consequence of Mr. Spencer F. Gore's death the exhibition of his work which was to have been held this season has been postponed till the autumn. In the meantime an influential committee invites subscriptions with the object of purchasing a representative work by Mr. Gore for a public gallery, the net proceeds to be given to Mrs. Gore. Mr. A. B. Clifton, of 24 Bury Street, St. James's, is acting as hon. treasurer. Mr. Gore died on March 27 at the age of thirty-five.

Mr. Muirhead Bone in his recent exhibition at Messrs. Colnaghi and Obach's Galleries once more proved himself a master of incomparable skill. His successes are still made where he first made them, in direct pencil drawings. The finer the point employed the more he excels. He has executed no pastel, wash, or water-colour that can be set beside the pencil drawings *Boats on the Zattere, Venice; The Port of Genoa;* or *The Castle of St. Angelo, Rome.*

BIRMINGHAM.—In the brief note which appeared in the last number of THE STUDIO in relation to the Birmingham Royal Society of Artists reference was made to the demolition of the old building in



"THE OLD PORTICO OF THE BIRMINGHAM ROYAL SOCIETY OF ARTISTS." FROM A PASTEL BY JOSEPH E. SOUTHALL

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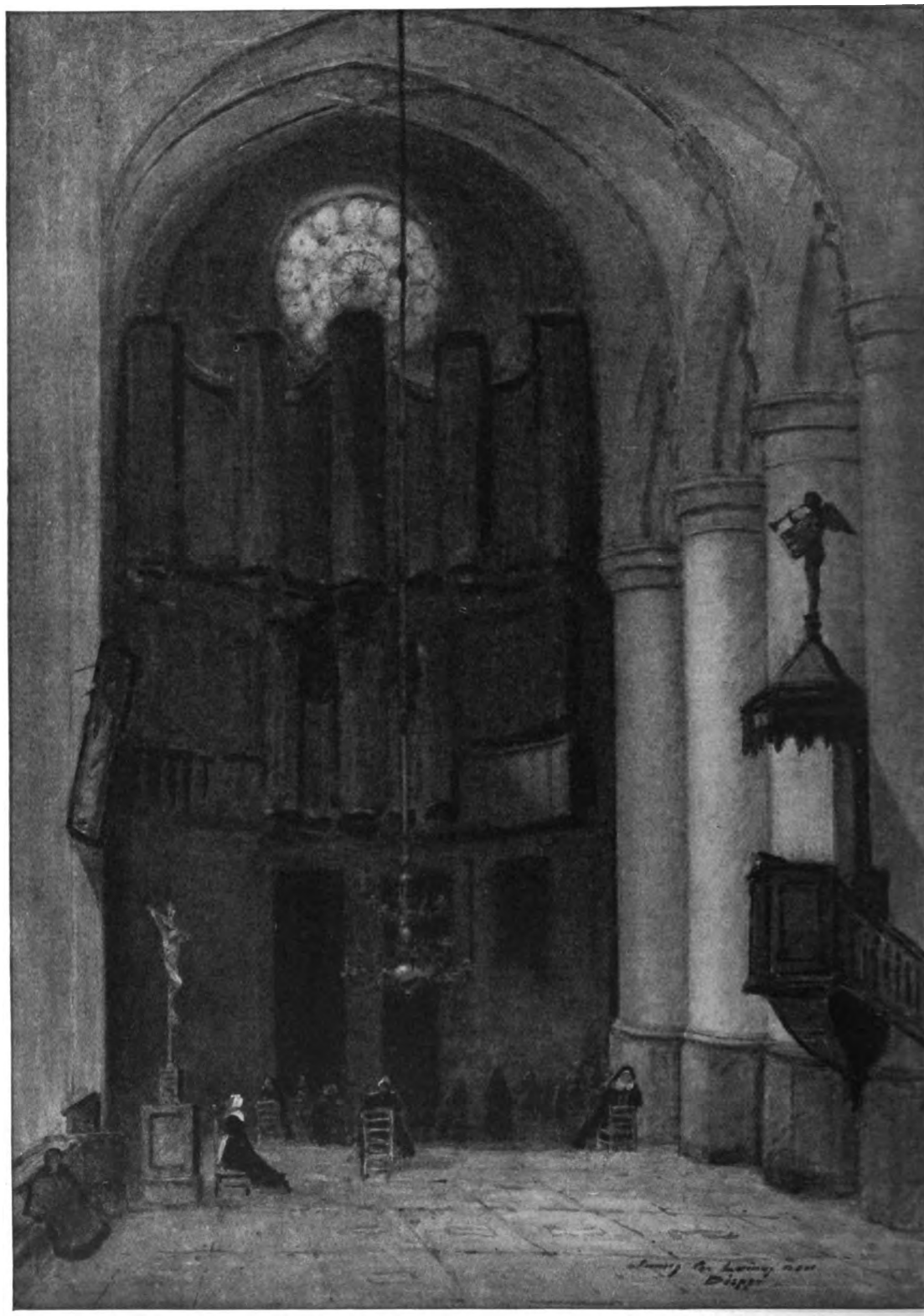

"INTERIOR, ST. REMY, DIEPPE." WATER-COLOUR BY JAMES G. LAING, R.S.W.

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which for so many years its annual exhibitions have been held, and with it the classic portico which has for so long been a prominent feature of New Street. The pastel by Mr. Joseph Southall, a member of the Society, which is reproduced on page 319, forms an interesting souvenir of this structure, now replaced by shop-fronts.

GLASGOW.—James G. Laing, R.S.W., President of the Glasgow Art Club, is exclusively a water-colourist, with all the facility that comes from constancy to a particular medium. His subjects are chiefly architectural, but he gives occasional glimpses of waterways busy with craft and public rendezvous animated with men and women. But he is best known by interiors of the great worshipping shrines: every English and Scottish cathedral, and many Continental ones, have claimed his attention. The fine examples of French Gothic Art make a strong appeal to him. By his simple medium he conveys convincingly the ecclesiastical grandeur, the architectural impressiveness, the reverent suggestiveness of church and cathedral. An excellent example of his work is reproduced opposite. J. T.

PARIS.—M. Ernest Vauthrin, who recently exhibited some of his work at the Marcel Bernheim Galleries, must be ranked as one of the ablest of the painters of seascapes among the artists of the young French school. After Cottet, Simon and Dauchez, Vauthrin has evolved a very profound style in the representation of sky and sea. In his evening effects in Breton harbours there are colouristic qualities of a very high order; the subtlest shades, the most elusive reflections are caught and rendered by this artist in a manner at once most delicate and very attractive to the beholder of his pictures. Side by side with these Breton scenes he exhibited an excellent series of pictures of Holland; and from these one saw that like the old masters Vauthrin had been inspired to some powerful and picturesque effects by the quaint forms and uncommon colour of the windmills. H. F.

BERLIN.—Prof. Wilhelm Wandschneider, the well-known Berlin sculptor, is one of the few German artists who have besides attaining a position of prominence at home made a name for themselves on the other

"LE VIEUX PORT" BY ERNEST VAUTHRIN

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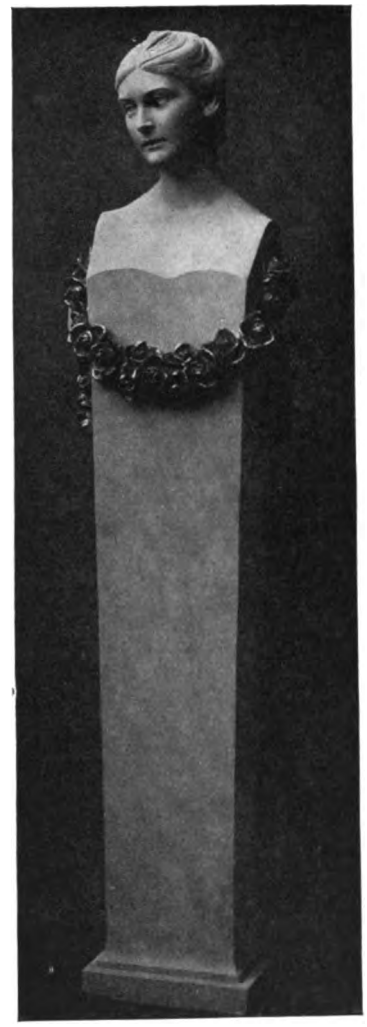
side of the black, white and red boundary posts. In a critical age such as the present and having regard to the unfavourable conditions to which formative art and especially plastic art, is subject—this is a matter that should be specially emphasized. In many of the larger cities of Germany works by Prof. Wandschneider are to be found occupying conspicuous positions in public places. In Berlin itself his monument to Werner Siemens the distinguished inventor, stands in front of the Technical High School, and at the Tiergarten of the Imperial capital there is another fine example of his work in the shape of a life-sized nude figure of a youth holding a wreath, the symbol of victory, in his hand. This work, of which a reproduction is here given, was purchased by the Kaiser at the great Berlin Art Exhibition of 1906 and by his Majesty's command was placed in the Tiergarten. Dortmund has a monument to the Emperor Frederick designed by Prof. Wandschneider, who won the first prize in the open competition and again in the limited competition for the monument; he is worthily represented in Schwerin by a monument to the Grand Duke Frederick Francis III, and in numerous other places by kindred works.



HERMES PORTRAIT BUST. BY PROF. WILHELM WANDSCHNEIDER

Among works executed by Prof. Wandschneider for a foreign destination, two in particular call for mention. One is a monument to Barclay de Tolly at Riga, the Baltic seaport. It is a bronze statue nearly twenty feet high on a granite pedestal, and the general effect is very impressive. The sculptor sent in three designs for this competition and was awarded the three first prizes for them. The other of the two monuments is one which has been set up in St. Louis, the capital of the State of Missouri in America, in honour of the three celebrated German-Americans, Karl Schurz, Emil Praetorius and Karl Daenzer. This monument, called *The Naked Truth*, was for a long time the subject of public discussion and both among artists and the general public gave rise to a heated controversy—in fact it was only through the energetic advocacy of its champions and the persistence of the committee in charge of the awards that Prof. Wandschneider's design was ultimately adopted. As an illustration of it is here given it is unnecessary to comment on it in detail. Prof. Wandschneider is by no means a stranger to the English public. Several of his works—among them the *Beatrice* here illustrated—have appeared in the exhibitions of the Royal Academy in London and attracted much attention.

Perfect freedom to express himself in his own way—this is what Prof. Wandschneider aims at above all else. He is an indefatigable worker and inexhaustible in his fund of artistic ideas. At the present moment he is busy with the carrying out of a large work, and again he is participating in a competition which calls for all the resources of a man of energy. The various works of his which are here illustrated, sufficiently demonstrate the capacity of this versatile artist both for monumental works of imposing proportions and for undertakings of a smaller kind. W. E. W.

At the Gurlitt Salon an interesting selection of paintings and sculpture was offered during March —mostly the work of younger artists full of ardent emotion whose strivings already appear to give evidence of style. The group of works representing the sculptor Richard Langer showed that he has been influenced by Minne and Maillol, which means that he works with Gothic veracity and sensibility. Some heads by Kuldiansky impressed one by their communicative power and by an

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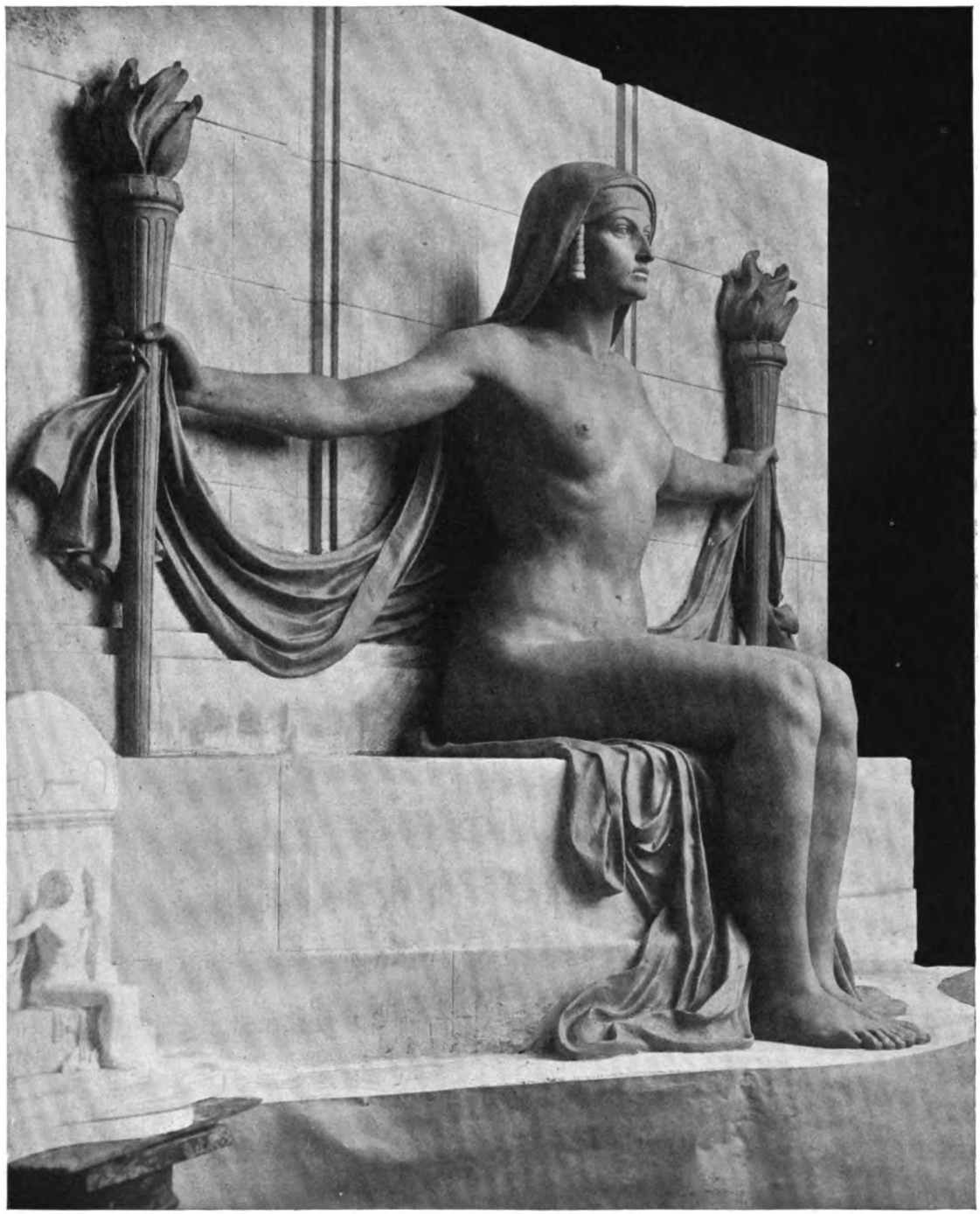

"THE NAKED TRUTH": MEMORIAL TO GERMAN AMERICANS AT ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI. BY PROF. WILHELM WANDSCHNEIDER

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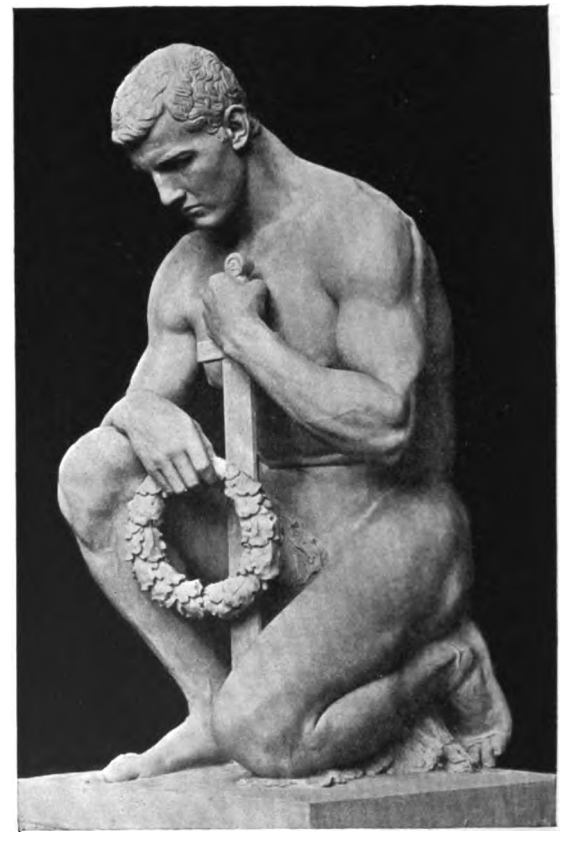
"BEATRICE" BY PROF. WILHELM WANDSCHNEIDER

Egyptian rigidity of form. Feuerbach qualities were discernible in some nudes by Hans Brühlmann, but he also showed himself strongly influenced by Picasso and Cézanne. The miniatures and drawings of Paul Cohen reminded one of old Oriental illuminators and Beardsley.

At Schulte's the prominent feature was a comprehensive collection of Hans Thoma's works. Although one cannot accept the ideal of beauty recurring in his imaginative works, strangely akin to the types of Cranach and Altdorfer, he is delightful when he takes cognisance of his lovely Black Forest valleys and their genial atmosphere and when he depicts the sympathetic simple-minded mountaineers. Such a sound and distinguished realist as Friedrich Kallmorgen could not fail to win new friends with his glimpses of German towns and country scenes and his Dutch pictures. His technique has wisely assimilated modern modes of expression. In the Lesser Ury room one's attention was almost tyrannically arrested by strange colour-combinations and psychic emanations, but a closer study revealed a lack of executive reliability. It confirmed doubts as to the durability of the reputation of this much-discussed artist. Some landscapes by the Swiss painter, Adolf Stäbli, exercised a certain fascination by the gloomy beauty of their tempestuous communications.

The Cassirer Salon provided a rare treat in a Pissarro show which summed up the life-work of this follower of Corot and Courbet, who lived in personal communion with the silent country and the seething city. It was interesting to observe in an exhibition of works by Benno Berneis, in these galleries, how Cubism had been consulted in monumental compositions with a note of tragic imaginativeness.

At the Künstlerhaus the sculptor and painter Henryk Glicenstein gave proofs of a capacity for portraiture and imaginative work. A deep study of nature entitles this realist and philosopher to appear also as a stylist. J. J.



"THE VICTOR" (IN THE TIERGARTEN, BERLIN). BY PROF. WILHELM WANDSCHNEIDER

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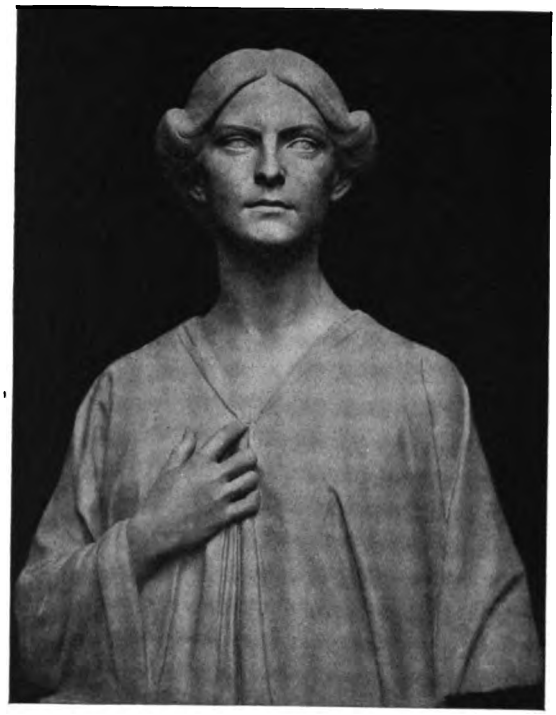

PORTRAIT BUST. BY PROF. WILHELM WANDSCHNEIDER

LEIPZIG.—The International Exhibition of the Book Industry and Graphic Art (Internationale Ausstellung für Buchgewerbe und Graphik), which during the next few months will attract hither a large concourse of visitors from all parts of the world—more especially of course those who are in any way concerned with book production—has been planned on a very comprehensive scale, and in that respect it furnishes a striking example of the organising capacity of its promoters. The majority of the exhibits, which are classified according to sixteen principal categories with a further division into classes, concern the economic and technical sides of book production and have little or no direct relation to art; but art under various aspects always has played an important part in the productions of the press, and the promoters of the exhibition have therefore made it a prominent feature in their programme. Hence the presence of the word "Graphik" in the title of the exhibition. This term is to be understood as comprehending drawings of various kinds (but not water-colours), lithographs, etchings, and engravings, whether from metal plates or from wood blocks. The assemblage of works of this nature is perhaps unique, and in itself affords abundance of interest to all who would follow the present-day development of graphic art in various parts of the world. The numerous methods and processes of reproduction are also largely in evidence.

Another and to the student of the history of art equally important section is the Kulturgeschichtliche Abteilung, the chief function of which is to exhibit the various stages in the evolution of the book and of the graphic arts from its earliest beginnings in the remote past down to the present day as a part of the general history of civilisation. This section has a spacious building to itself—the Halle der Kultur—arranged in two stories, and besides the graphic arts as commonly understood it also takes cognisance of the pictorial, decorative, and plastic arts as practised among various peoples in different stages of civilisation. The manuscript literature of the Far East, Central Asia, and India, of the Near East and European countries prior to the invention of mechanical methods, forms the subject of special groups and sub-groups each under the charge of an expert of recognised authority in his special department of research.

"A GIRL OF TO-DAY"
BY PROF. WILHELM WANDSCHNEIDER

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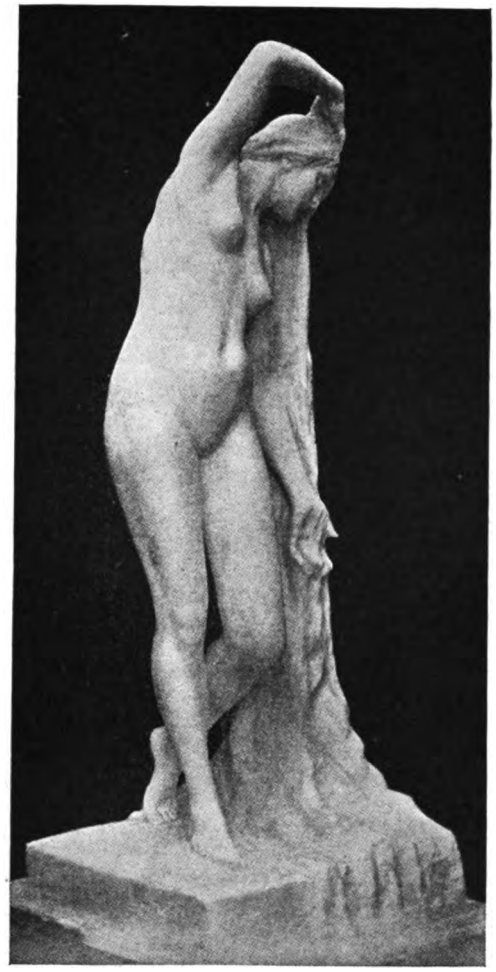

"AQUA" BY AGNES FRUMERIE
(Swedish Women Artists' Exhibition, Vienna)

VIENNA.—At the invitation of the Society of Austrian Women Artists (Vereinigung bildender Künstlerinnen Oesterreichs), an exhibition of work by Swedish women artists was recently held in the Society's galleries, where they received a cordial welcome. The works exhibited showed that the women artists of Sweden are zealously maintaining the best artistic traditions of their country, which during the past century and a half has produced not a few women who have attained to distinction in the practice of art. As long ago as 1773 Ulrica Fredrika Pasch (whose father and sister were also artists of note) was elected a member of the Swedish Royal Academy. Fredrika Bremer, the famous novelist, also showed much skill in drawing and as a miniaturist, though few think of her in this capacity; and another woman who excelled in art was Maria Röhl, who delineated all the chief personalities of her day. And then among others who have made a name there is Amalie Lindegren, who died less than a quarter of a century ago at the age of 77, and was the first woman artist in Sweden to be rewarded with a scholarship and sent to study in Paris, she, too, being subsequently elected a member of the Royal Academy.

The recent exhibition contained some excellent examples of animal painting by Ida von Schulzenheim, who studied at Stockholm and in Paris. Her preference is for dogs and cattle, which she depicts broadly and boldly, every stroke of the brush showing her love of her subject. She is one of three women artists now living whose works are honoured with a place in the National Museum, Stockholm, the other two being Charlotte Waldstein and Hildegard Thorell. Fanny Brate is another serious artist with a fine feeling for colour, her speciality being genre paintings. Anna Boberg-Scholander has a predilection for larger canvases; her best pictures are those depicting the life and movement of the harbours. Gisela Trapp's altar

PORTRAIT BUST BY AGNES FRUMERIE
(Swedish Women Artists' Exhibition, Vienna)

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"TIME" ETCHING BY RAGNHILD NORDENSTERN
(Swedish Women Artists' Exhibition, Vienna)

pieces are treated in an original manner, yet show a leaning to the Venetian School. Hildegard Thorell exhibited some fine portraits, thoughtfully and artistically executed; Stina Beck-Friis, a clever portrait; and Mina Carlson a well-studied self-portrait. Lilly Segerdahl's studies of peasants were both interesting and finely rendered. Elizabeth Barnekow exhibited a portrait of the Swedish sculptor Boberg, remarkable for the characteristic manner in which she has revealed the energetic and sympathetic qualities of the artist. Charlotte Wahlström's Swedish landscapes are treated with skill and felicity. Other painters whose names should at least be noted down are Signe Grönberger, Gerda Tiren, Ida Törnström, Emma Toll, a flower-painter of great merit, Eva Edling, Edith von Knaffl-Granström, whose fishing villages are remarkable for the freshness of colouring and vigour of treatment, and Elsa Hammer-Moeschlin, a painter in water-colours of a fine tone and quality. Some interesting miniatures were shown by Fanny Hjelm.

The graphic art displayed showed that great interest is being shown in this branch of pictorial art: among those whose names should be noted are Eva Béve, whose wood-cuts are remarkably bold and energetic, Elsa Björkman and Ragnhild Nordenstern, both clever and capable etchers, and Thyra Kleen, whose coloured drawings are original, imaginative, and pleasing. The sculpture included several items of excellent quality, such as Ida Thoresen's *Over the Depths*, executed in bronze; *The Sun-Worshipper*, by the same artist, a monumental figure in marble remarkable for spiritual expression and nobility of conception; Agnes Frumerie's *Aqua*, a work of monumental size, graceful, well-conceived, and excellently modelled, and a portrait bust

PORTRAIT OF THE SWEDISH SCULPTOR, BOBERG
BY ELIZABETH BARNEKOW
(Swedish Women Artists' Exhibition, Vienna)

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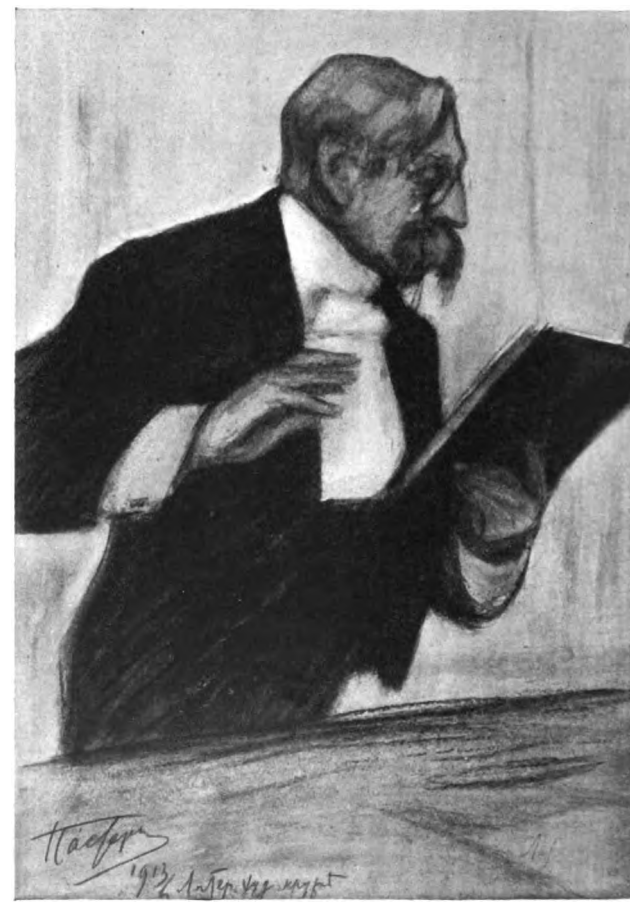
"THE LATE KING OSCAR II. OF SWEDEN."
MINIATURE PAINTING BY FANNY HJELM
(Swedish Women Artists' Exhibition, Vienna)

in which she showed dexterity in the handling of the material and distinct ability as a portraitist; and finally some small bronzes by Alice Nordin and Ruth Milles, both of whom possess a cultured artistic sense and well-disciplined technical skill. A. S. L.

MOSCOW. — This year's exhibition of the two rival societies of Russian artists —the "Soyouz" or Union, and the "Mir Isskusstva" (World of Art)—which took place simultaneously, both suffered from the absence of anything in the nature of "clous;" and they were both, moreover, altogether poor in really important works of art which might have served to focus the attention and interest of visitors. The general level of the "Soyouz" exhibition was higher from a technical standpoint than that of the "Mir Isskusstva," and a calmer tone pervaded it, but on the other hand the display of the latter group, which on this occasion opened its doors to representatives of the so-called "left wing" of the modern school, presented a much greater diversity and consequently was more interesting.

To begin with the ladies, there were at the exhibition of the "Mir Isskusstva" two women artists whose work calls for mention—the talented wood-engraver Mme. A. Ostroumova-Lebedeff, who contributed a series of Dutch scenes, many of them of quite large size, admirably executed in water-colour and full of intimate feeling, and secondly Mme. Serebriakova, who was represented by a large painting of women bathing. In this work the artist has attempted what is a rare achievement among modern Russian painters—a composition with numerous figures, in which a feeling for form is the dominating characteristic, though the effect of the whole is considerably marred by the monotony of the colour scheme. Very delightful, on the other hand, were the two



PORTRAIT OF EMILE VERHAEREN BY L. PASTERNAK
("Soyouz," Moscow)

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"THE NEW PROPRIETORS." BY N. BOGDANOFF-BIELSKI

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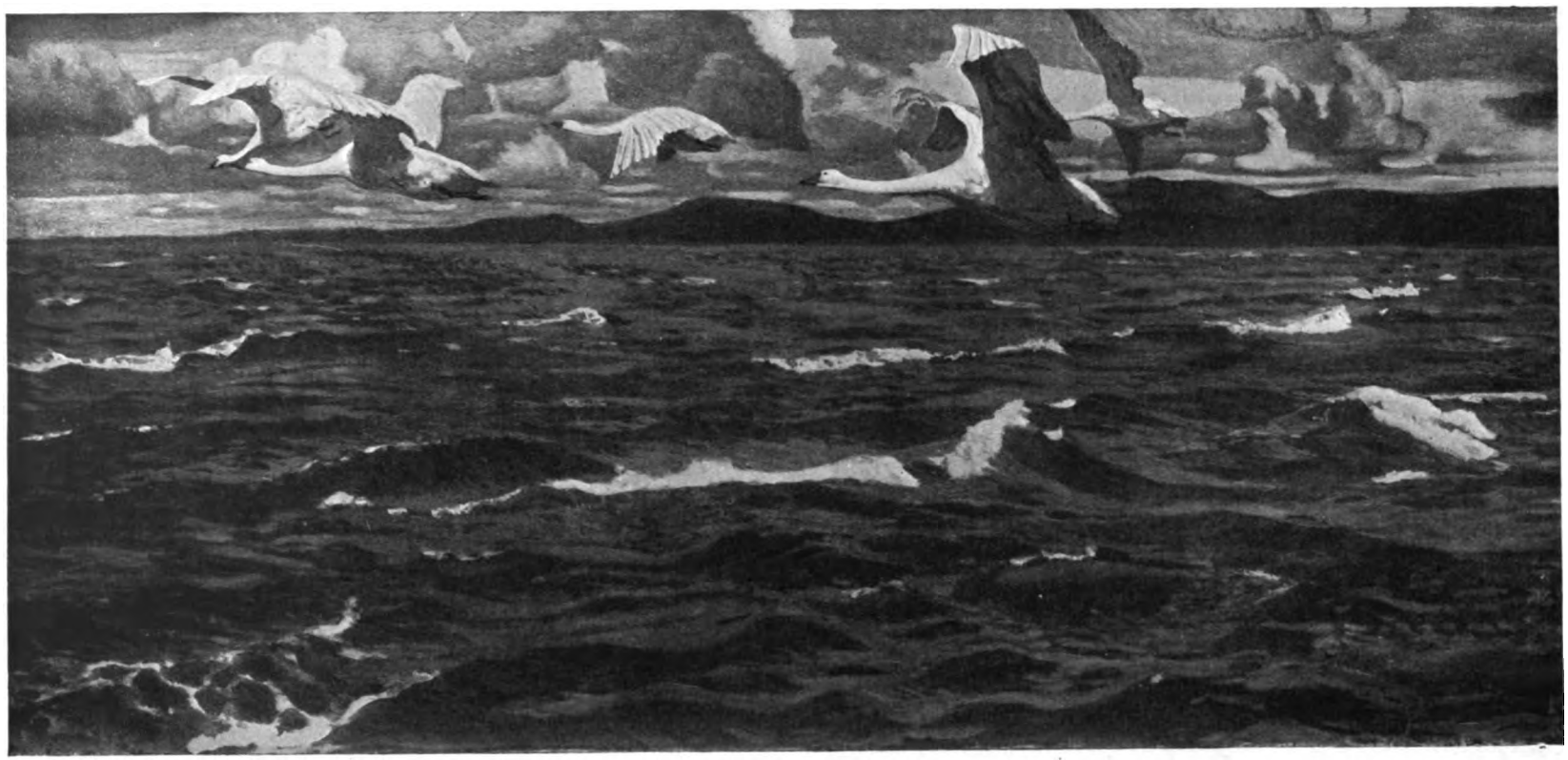

("Soyous," Moscow)

"SWANS." BY A. RYLOFF

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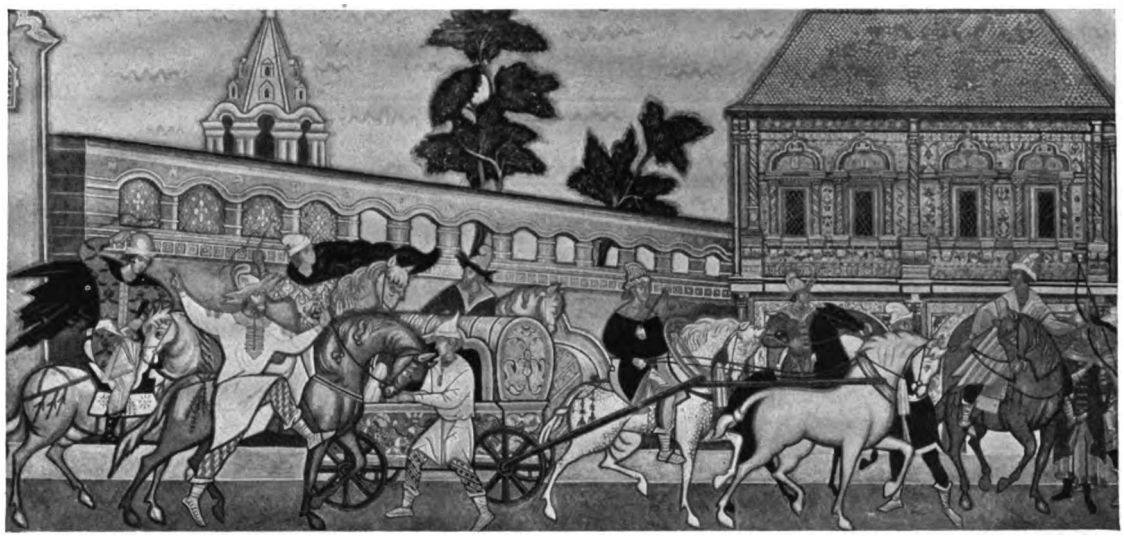

"THE GATE OF KROUTITZY AT MOSCOW" (*"Mir Isskusstva," Moscow*) BY D. STELLETSKY

Russian Orientalists, M. Saryan and P. Kusnetsoff, with their admirable rendering of light effects and harmonious juxtaposition of rich colours and their shrewd characterisation of Persian life and landscape and the Steppes of Central Asia. An original and expressive portrait of a lady was exhibited by N. Ulianoff, but the numerous portraits and other works of B. Kustodieff left a rather cold impression. Among this group of realistic painters mention should be made of V. Schitikoff with his poetic landscapes.

The art of the theatre, comprising designs and drawings for theatre decorations, costumes, and scene arrangements, was as usual very amply represented. Among the numerous works of Alexander Benois one that proved especially attractive was a beautiful composition for a stage setting of Debussy's "Fêtes," but in the case of S. Sudeikin, a very prolific worker in this field, one regrets to observe that his colour is becoming disagreeably crude. The most interesting things in this department, in my opinion, were the costume-drawings of a young artist, V. Tatlin: not only has he therein shown himself the possessor of a style of his own, but he has also displayed no small degree of humour as well as a close study of Russian types. D. Stelletsky proves himself an out-and-out stylist in his paintings, of which the one here reproduced, with a motive drawn from mediæval Moscow, gives a good idea, though one cannot help wishing that in his historical reconstructions of old Russian frescoes the artist would display a little more individuality. K. Petroff-Vodkin's work savours more of the decorative style of western Europe, but so far he has not yet reached any favourable result in this direction, and R. Bogaievsky has done nothing of late beyond monotonously varying his earlier motives. A newcomer so far as Moscow is concerned was a Polish painter Eugène Zak, who lives in Paris; his beautiful decorative compositions, with their harmonious concord of line and colour, presented a somewhat alien appearance amidst such an utterly different type of work as the Russian paintings. As on former occasions the "Mir Isskusstva" exhibition contained an excellent collection of black-and-white work, but in this section I have no new arrival of note to record.

In noticing previous exhibitions of the "Soyouz" I have remarked on the predominance of realistic painting; this, too, was characteristic of the display this year, in which landscape again occupied a large place. There is, however, little that is fresh to be said about the older group of landscape and genre painters, including even the better known of them, such as K. Korovin, Yuon, Petrovitcheff, and that painter who is such a favourite with the public at large, St. Shukovsky. An exception must be made in the case of A. Ryloff, who is steadily coming to the front with his fine and powerful pictures of Northern Russia; N. Krymoff, whose big summer landscape painted wholly in tones of green counted among the best things in the exhibition, and lastly A. Arkhipoff, whose studies of two peasant girls in a sunlit interior excel anything he has done for a long time past. As a portraitist S. Maliutin

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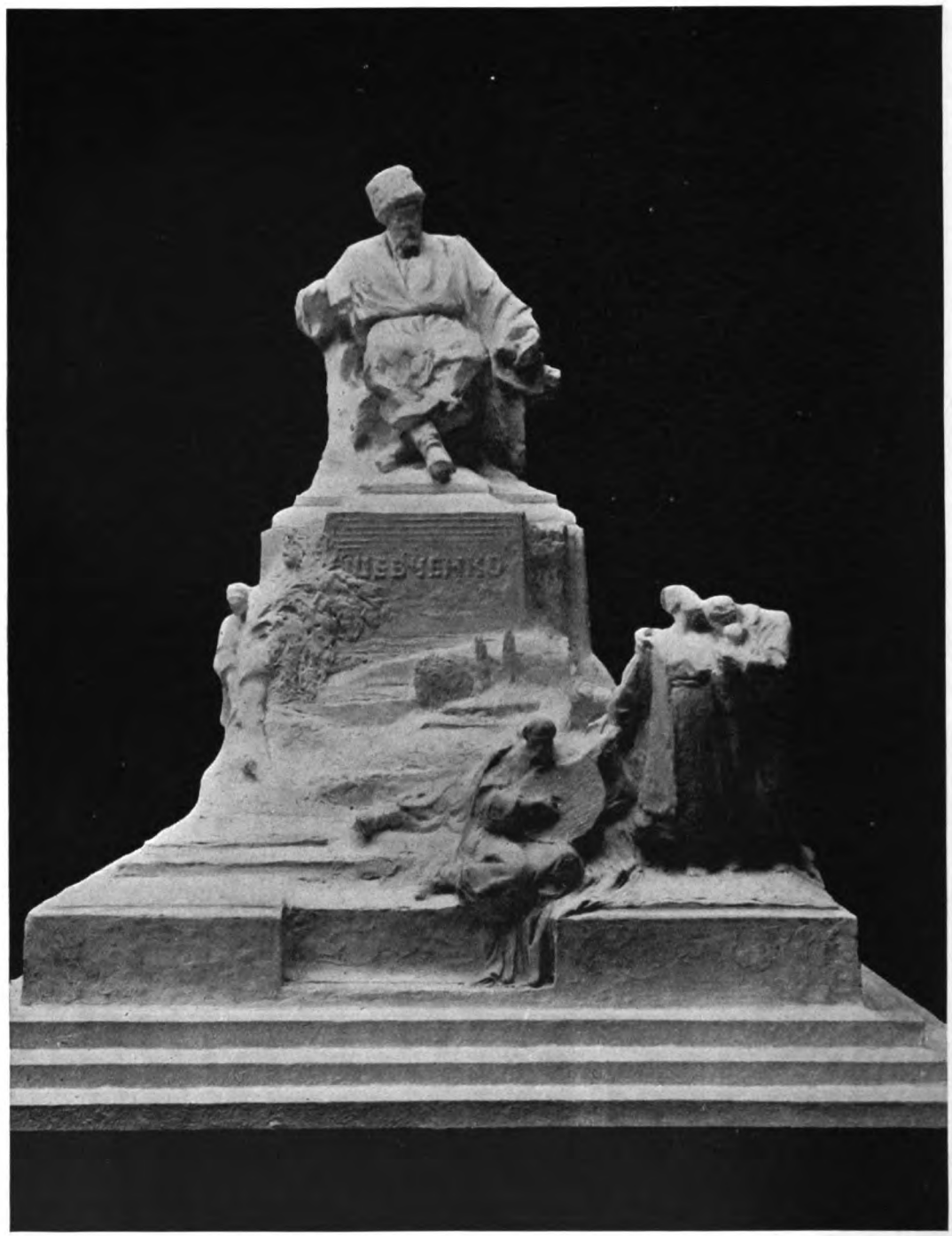

MONUMENT TO SHEVCHENKO, THE POET OF THE UKRAINE. DESIGNED BY ANTONIO SCIORTINO

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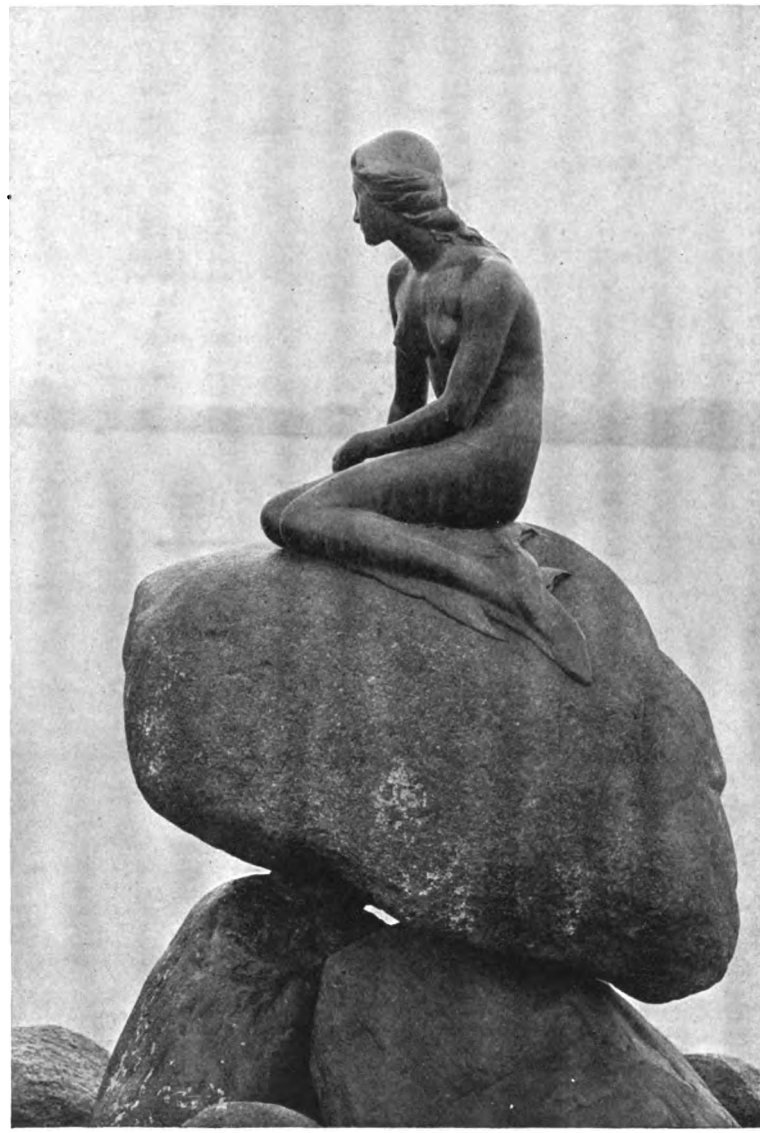
attracted a large share of attention, and in fact his portrait of the painter Nesteroff revealed shrewd psychological insight besides being admirably effective from a technical point of view. And the sculptor S. Konenkoff also excelled as a portraitist in a series of busts, though his chief triumph was a masterly female torso in wood which witnessed to the continuous advance of this talented artist. L. Pasternak's gifts as a draughtsman were well displayed in numerous portraits, of which the most successful were a life-size group of two Moscow merchants and a sketch portrait of the Belgian poet Verhaeren. Mention should also be made of the original studies of M. Pyrin, the tenderly handled interiors of A. Sredin and some interesting etchings by V. Masiutin.

The painting by N. Bogdanoff-Bielsky, reproduced on p. 329, figured in this year's exhibition of the Society known as the Itinerants (*Peredvizhniki*), of which there is not much to report, although Repin was among the exhibitors. In some respects this canvas failed to give satisfaction, but for its able characterisation of the types depicted and for the earnestness which pervades the composition it is undoubtedly worthy of attention. P. E.

ST. PETERSBURG.—The International Competition for designs for a monument to Shevchenko, the celebrated poet of the Ukraine, has been won by Prof. Antonio Sciortino, whose model for the monument is here reproduced. The monument is to be executed in bronze and granite at a cost of about twenty thousand pounds, and is to be set up in Kieff, the most ancient city of Russia and the chief centre of the social life, literature, and art of the region known as the Ukraine. It is a great triumph for a young sculptor like Sciortino, who is only a little over thirty, to come out victorious in such an important contest, but it is not the first success he has won in open competition. In 1911 he competed for the Alexander II monument of St. Petersburg, also the subject of an international competition, and his model was accepted; but unfortunately he was disqualified subsequently on the ground that he had neglected to send the necessary perspective drawing.

Prof. Sciortino was born in Malta in 1881, and on the score of nationality, therefore, may be con-



"THE LITTLE MERMAID" *(See next page)* BY EDVARD ERIKSEN

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"WINTER" BY YAMAMOTO SHUNKYO
(Seventh Mombusho Art Exhibition)

sidered a British sculptor. He received his early training in Malta, and having won a scholarship went to complete his studies in Rome, where he has recently been appointed Director of the British Academy of Fine Arts. S. B.

COPENHAGEN.—There is little history attached to the work by the Danish sculptor, Edvard Eriksen, shown on the preceding page. The late M. Carl Jacobsen, an eminent brewer and most munificent of art patrons, who presented to his native city countless art treasures and a magnificent museum, took an artistic interest in the ballet of the Danish State Theatre, and he commissioned several sculptors to perpetuate some of these graceful dancers, amongst them the *prima ballerina* in a ballet to which Andersen's famous fairy tale supplied the motive. The artist has acquitted himself exceedingly well of his task; the little maiden sits on the big stone as if she had just emerged from the sea, and there is over her that pathetic wistful look which answers so well to one's conception of Hans Christian Andersen's mermaid. G. B.

TOKYO.—The Seventh Mombusho (Department of Education) Art Exhibition was recently held in Uyeno Park, and later the works were taken to Kyoto and shown in Okazaki Park. Daily thousands of people

"TRANQUILLITY IN THE WINTER FOREST"
BY KOMURO SUIUN
(Seventh Mombusho Art Exhibition)

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"VISTA THROUGH THE PINE TREES"
BY YOKOYAMA TAIKWAN
(Seventh Mombushc Art Exhibition)

visited it. Whilst it was open in Tokyo the Emperor too paid a visit and purchased, for the encouragement of art, six paintings in the Japanese style, two in oil and two pieces of sculpture. The exhibition, as was the case with the preceding one, was arranged in three sections, viz., one for paintings in the Japanese style, another for those in the European style, and sculpture, the first being divided into two groups representing what are commonly known as the old and new styles of Japanese painting.

The first division of Japanese paintings was composed mainly of works after the style of Tani Buncho, showing a mixture of the Northern and Southern schools. There were surprisingly few in pure *Nanga* (Southern school) style. Among these few *A Tower in Thick Greenery* by Yamada Kaido had appealing qualities; it showed excellent *bokushoku*, or the colour of the black ink, suggesting the verdant vesture of the hills. There was a certain charm in its impressionistic treatment. *Sudden Rain and Sudden Clearing* by Tajika Chikuson, also of Kyoto, showed some good qualities in the *Nanga* style; but the most popular painting in this division was the painting called *Tranquillity in the Winter Forest* by Komuro Suiun, whose wonderful facility with the brush was revealed in it. It is a moonlight effect, and the tranquillity of the forest, emphasised by the gentle murmur of the brook, accords well with the mood of the man reading at his desk. This painting and Koshiba Shiden's *Sylvan Solitude* on a ten-panelled screen received the highest prizes awarded in this division. There were also historical subjects invariably treated after the manner of the Tosa school. Among them *Prince Nakano-oye and his Friend Kamatari* by Takatori Chisei, though not without some of the shortcomings commonly encountered in similar paintings, seemed to be filled with a proper atmosphere for the subject. As had been the case with previous exhibitions, there were very few Buddhistic paintings. Tsubata Michihiko's *Shinnyo* (Truth), though marked by conventionality, showed some good qualities. Among other works worthy of mention were: *Remaining Snow in Kiso* by Tanaka Raisho, *Monkeys* by Mochizuki Seiho, and *Sound*

"A YOUNG MOTHER" (WOOD SCULPTURE) BY YAMAZAKI CHOUN
(Seventh Mombusho Art Exhibition)

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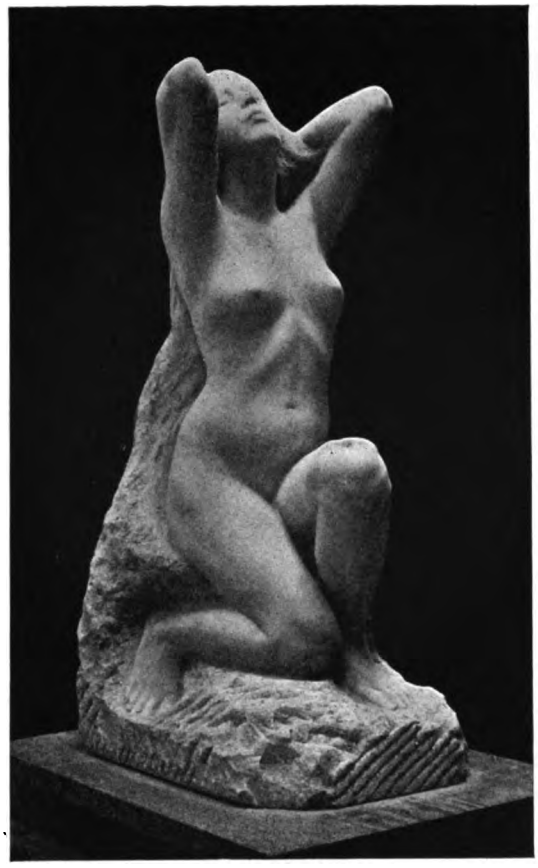

"LOST IN REVERIE" (MARBLE). BY KITAMURA SHIKAI
(Seventh Mombusho Art Exhibition)

of a Hammer in the Mountain by Tamura Goko, and *House in a Pine Forest* by Matsubayashi Keigetsu.

The paintings in the second division (European style) were characterised by new and daring attempts, though there were some more or less conservative in treatment as well as in execution. There were several in this division which received wide and favourable comments. Among the paintings by members of the Art Committee, the following deserve special mention: *Posing for the First Time* by Takenouchi Seiho of Kyoto; *A Riot of Colours* by Terazaki Kogyo of Tokyo; *Spring Journey: at a Post-house* by Konoshima Okoku of Kyoto, a newly appointed member of the Mombusho Art Committee; *The Evening Moon* by Kawai Gyokudo of Tokyo; *Four Seasons* by Yamamoto Shunkyo of Kyoto; *Vista through the Pine Trees* by Yokoyama Taikwan of Tokyo.

Marvellous dexterity in the use of the brush was shown in Takenouchi Seiho's picture of a girl posing for the first time, reluctant to cast off her *kimono*. Here the artist has endeavoured to express the girl's feeling of timidity on her first venture in the new profession; her body shrinks behind the *kimono* which she holds in front of her. Equally attractive was the series of four paintings by Terazaki Kogyo called *A Riot of Colours* and representing Chinese women playing on different musical instruments. The pictures were painted on sheets of Chinese paper, while nearly all the other paintings in this exhibition were on silk. In his easy and unpretentious lines, and in the application of colours, this artist seems to have indicated a new possibility in our methods of painting. The *Spring Journey: at a Post-house*, demonstrated Konoshima Okoku's hitherto unrecognised ability to deal with the human figure; as a landscape painter he had won recognition in previous Mombusho exhibitions. The present painting, which forms a pair of six-panelled screens, though full of

"GOLD DUST" (WOOD SCULPTURE)
BY YONEHARA UNKAI
(Seventh Mombusho Art Exhibition)

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"TIMIDITY" *(Seventh Mombusho Art Exhibition)* BY ASAKURA FUMIO

details, with noble ladies and their attendants just preparing to continue their journey after resting at a post-house, is harmonious in effect and is an excellent rendering of a pleasant day in spring. The quiet and conscientious character of Kawai Gyokudo was well revealed in *The Evening Moon* and *A Wood.*

The *Four Seasons* by Yamamoto Shunkyo showed some appealing qualities. Each season was well portrayed—each with its peculiar charm and characteristics. Take for instance *Winter* (p. 334). Old pine trees are loaded with snow. A terror-stricken crow perches on a dead branch, and a Shinto shrine yonder offers a shelter: the wheel of a mill turns in its eternal rounds, and an opening in the sky reveals a snow-capped mountain peak. The lesson that Yokoyama Taikwan points out by his *Vista through the Pine Trees* is too vivid to be overlooked. There are two frail figures of travellers in the presence of gigantic pine trees soaring high into the sky—how frail and transient humanity here seems, and how formidable and permanent Nature! The contrast is intensely tragic.

Among works by artists other than members of the Art Committee, mention should be first made of those by Kikuchi Keigetsu of Kyoto, Hashimoto Kwansetsu of Hyogo, Yuki Somei of Tokyo, and Katayama Nanpu also of Tokyo, who received the highest honours given in this division. *Day-flies*

"AT LEISURE" (WOOD SCULPTURE) BY YAMAZAKI CHOUN
(Seventh Mombusho Art Exhibition)

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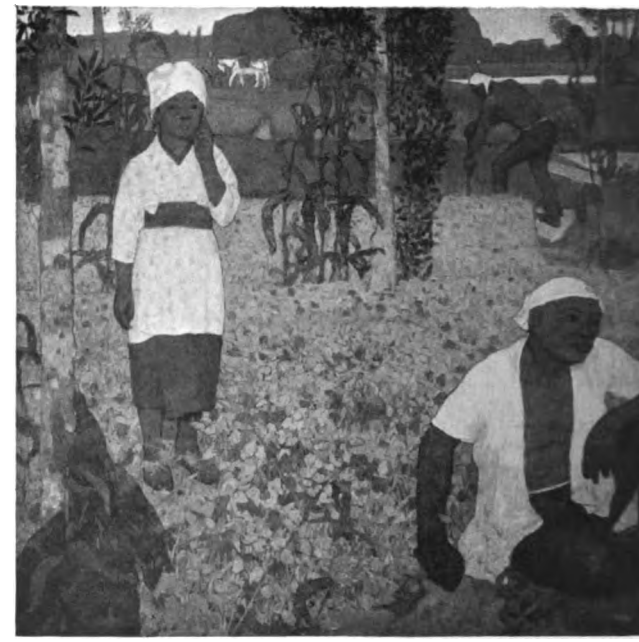
"SPRING JOURNEY: AT A POST-HOUSE" (ONE OF A PAIR OF SCREENS PAINTED ON SILK). BY KONOSHIMA OKOKU
(Seventh Monbusho Art Exhibition)

by Kikuchi Keigetsu attracted the greatest attention, and captivated many an observer. The subject was a boy, who, tired of chasing day-flies and overcome by heat and fatigue, sits drowsing in a boat on the lotus pond slightly shaded by reeds. A difficult task has been accomplished by this picture. Among other works possessing excellent qualities may be mentioned: *A Firefly* by Uyemura Shoen (Kyoto), *On a Festival Day* by Shima Seiyen (Osaka), *Slight Fatigue* by Kaburaki Kiyokata (Tokyo), *A Prayer* by Nishi Oshyu (Kyoto). There were also some works which attracted considerable attention on account of their bold and daring treatment. The most striking among these was *Women-divers* by Tsuchida Bakusen of Kyoto. *Wheat Harvest* by Ono Chikkyo, and *Street Scenes* by Uchida Keisen were other works belonging to this class, and showing the results of an endeavour to find a new mode of expression.

Whatever may be said of the shortcomings of our oil painters, it must be conceded that each year shows their progress. While hardly any particular work stood out pre-eminently in the galleries, the exhibition contained some fair examples of painting in oil and water-colours. Although the influence of Post-Impressionism could be traced in numerous exhibits, the work turned out by the most radical school, represented by the now disbanded Société du Fusain, has not yet found admittance here. The views held by the jury seem to some artists too conservative. They made a complaint about this and finally sent in a request to the Minister of Education to divide the European painting section into two divisions, each with a Committee to consider the works intended for it, as is now the case with the Japanese paintings, but nothing much has come of the matter. Among the oil paintings shown I was glad to see some, though few, which



"BEAN FIELD IN AUTUMN" BY KOSUGI MISEI
(Seventh Monbusho Art Exhibition)

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"A FIG ORCHARD" (OIL PAINTING) BY TSUJI NAGATOSHI
(Seventh Mombusho Art Exhibition)

depicted with a fair degree of success the vital force, the dramatic power of Nature, such as Nakagawa Hachiro's *Before the Shower*, in which one could hear the gale bringing with it large drops of rain, Yamamoto Morinosuke's *Approaching Storm*, in which the immensity of Nature and the invincible force hehind the clouds and beyond the sea were most vividly suggested; and Yoshida Hiroshi's *Morning in Early Autumn*. No less commendable were also such works by members of the Art Committee as *Gazing* by Okada Saburosuke; *Near the Water* by Nakazawa Hiromitsu; *Festival of Kamo Shrine* by Kanokogi Takeshiro and *A Fishing Village in the Afternoon* by Yoshida Hiroshi.

There was an admirable collection of sculpture. Among the wood sculpture excellent workmanship was shown in *Return from the Peony Garden* and *Gold Dust* by Yonehara Unkai; *Kwannon, Young Mother*, and *At Leisure* by Yamazaki Choun; *A Raised Finger* and *Fallen Leaves* hy Hiragushi Denchu, *Tranquillity* by Yoshida Hakuryo. There was a certain charm of simplicity in *At the Dusk* by Ishimoto Gyokai; a strange fascination in *Butcher's Knife* and *Fruits* by Naito Shin. *Lost in Reverie* by Kitamura Shikai was the only piece in marble, and *Precious Moments* by Shinkai Takeshiro, a *Portrait Medallion* by Hata Masakichi were good examples in bronze. Among a number of plaster casts were the following: *A Woman Miner* by Fujii Hirosuke; a nude female figure, *Timidity*, by Asakura Fumio; *On the Way to Shinzan Shrine* by Ikeda Yuhachi; *Contentment* by Shinkai Taketaro, and *Azami* by Ishikawa Kakuji.

HARADA JIRO.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

Art. By CLIVE BELL. (London: Chatto and Windus.) 5*s.* net.—"Imagine," says the author, "a boat in complete isolation, detach it from man and his urgent activities and fabulous history, what is it that remains, what is that to which we still react emotionally?" We may well ask, in reply, whether there would be anything at all to which we should react emotionally were it conceivable that the human mind could perform the gymnastic feat that has just been asked of it—and which surely means no less than the attempt to imagine something while in the very act of arresting the process by which imagination works. The author's own definition for the abstraction which was to survive this process is "significance of form." He repeats the phrase with monotony. But the "form," we take it, is to be significant of nothing but itself. Abstracting "form" from "shape"—with the associations which the latter must involve—we are still to respond to form. Mr. Bell has a seemingly logical method of applying his system. The stumbling-block is at the start. Frankly we find it impossible to fit his fantastic theory in with the most elementary laws of psychology. Criticising things in general the author is surprisingly refreshing. Isolate his aphorisms and many of them impress one as really profound. Among other passages worth quoting we have selected the following: "A form is badly drawn when it does not correspond with a part of an emotional conception." "The hand of the artist must be guided by the necessity of expressing something he has felt not only intensely but definitely." "The artist and the saint do what they have to do, not to make a living, but in obedience to some mysterious necessity." "In art any flood of spiritual exaltation finds a channel ready to nurse and lead it; and when art fails it is for lack of emotion, not for lack of formal adaptability."

Old Paste. By A. BERESFORD RYLEY. (London: Methuen and Co.) 42*s.* net.—We have read with great interest this scholarly account and history of Old Paste and the descriptions which the author gives of the many beautiful examples extant.

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Among the ancients, in mediæval times, and even up to the eighteenth century, coloured paste was largely used with exquisite effect by jewellers, in company with precious stones or alone, but never in competition with rare gems, and hardly at all until the eighteenth century was paste used to give an effect as of diamonds. Its quite modern use as a substitute for or in imitation of these is a debased use of a beautiful material which the author most justly deplores. Except for the admirable colour reproduction of the *Bonus Eventus* panel in lapis lazuli paste in the British Museum, which forms the frontispiece, the illustrations are somewhat disappointing, and far from being agreeably displayed upon the page, of the large size of which due advantage seems hardly to have been taken; and it is not easy therefore to fathom the reason for the adoption of such a big format for the volume and such a very large type for the text.

Murillo: L'Oeuvre du Maître. (Paris: Hachette.) 15 frs.—Few will, we imagine, be disposed to cavil with the judgment pronounced on Murillo by the anonymous author of the introduction to this album of reproductions. After briefly surveying the painter's career and achievements and noting that his fame reached its apogee at the time of Louis Philippe, while at the end of the eighteenth century he was misunderstood and disdained, even in his own country, he says that at the present day "on semble revenir de cette injustice, mais on n'ira plus jusqu'à l'idolâtrie de ce peintre inégal, plus gracieux que puissant, plus joli que beau, qui n'est assurément ni un génie créateur ni un artiste comparable à un Ribeira, à un Vélasquez, ou à un Goya, mais qui fut un charmeur à l'âme affectueuse et tendre, souriante, bien veillante, au talent facile, et à l'extraordinaire faculté d'assimilation." The reproductions, which number close on three hundred, are all in monochrome and do not therefore enable one to appreciate the quality of colour which was Murillo's strong point; but as a very considerable number of his works belong to collections in the United Kingdom—almost as many, in fact, as his own country possesses—the British student of the Spanish school has ample facilities for studying this master at first hand.

Les Images d'Epinal. By RENÉ PERROUT. Nouvelle édition. (Paris: Librairie Paul Ollendorff.) Stitched, 12 francs; cloth, 15 francs. This interesting volume contains the history, illustrated with a very large number of most excellent facsimile reproductions, of the quaint "*images*" which have been for many years produced at Epinal in Lorraine. In mediæval times, when the devout, relying upon the intercession of the saints to guard and shield them from earthly ills and the machinations of the evil one, desired representations—*images de préservation*—of these saints, since the cost of carved figures, of paintings and ikons and the like was naturally prohibitive to the multitude, there gradually sprang up an industry—a kind of family and village craft—in the production of rudely cut and coloured xylographic prints. Though in the course of time these *images* came to comprise diverse subjects, often admirably treated, such as battle scenes, figures of wild animals, historical personages and events, caricatures and much else besides, they still retained, among children especially, their old familiar name of *feuilles de saints*. The author quotes the story of two children who, some thirty years ago, entered a bookseller's in Epinal with the request, "Nous voudrions des saints." The bookseller, well understanding their meaning, but desiring more precise information, asked "Lesquels?" to which the children drawlingly replied, "Des bêtes"! The fascinating text of the talented author René Perrout, to whom Maurice Barrès pays homage in a cordial preface, makes of this a volume of rare interest, and writer and publishers alike must be felicitated upon this new edition of a quaint and curious work.

Gardens of the Great Mughals. By C. M. Villiers Stuart. (London: A. and C. Black.) 12*s.* 6*d.* net.—In works on Indian architecture little if anything is said about the old royal gardens, of which the illuminated manuscripts of the Mughal period give some delightful glimpses, and, therefore, in pursuing her researches among the records and remains of these vanished glories—for, alas! many of the gardens described in the volume are now either extinct or if still existing retain only a trace of their former grandeur—Mrs. Villiers Stuart has broken entirely fresh ground, and the results of her explorations are of unusual interest, both historically and artistically. In one respect the planting and ordering of the Indian garden differed materially from the designing of the European garden: religious ideals played an important part in it, and as the author remarks "not only the general design, but each flower and tree had originally its symbolic meaning and method of arrangement." The "ideal pleasance," according to Turkish and Persian traditions, "was itself a symbol of life, death, and eternity, and should be divided into eight terraces, following the eight divisions of the Paradise of the Koran," while in other cases seven was the number chosen, symbolising the seven planets. Another and far simpler type, laid out in the form of the cosmic

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cross, is seen at Sikandrah, where the tomb of Akbar, the grandson of Babar, the Mughal Emperor who introduced the formal garden into India in the sixteenth century, forms the centre of the plan, while on each side of it are tanks with fountains supplying the water for the narrow canals which once ran down the centre of the raised stone pathways. Watercourses and fountains were indeed an all important feature of Indian formal gardens, the finest of which, or their ruins, are found in beautiful situations centring round a hill-side spring. And it is also clear from the author's descriptions that the Indian garden, whether in the hills or in the plains, partook to a far greater degree than the European gardens of the character of an outdoor dwelling-place, and in fact was regarded as an organic part of the house itself. The volume is abundantly illustrated by reproductions of illuminated pages from Oriental manuscripts, by plans of many of the gardens, and by drawings in colour and black-and-white made by the author herself of gardens and details as now existing.

The Gospel Story in Art. By JOHN LA FARGE. (London: Macmillan and Co.) 15*s.* net.—In the preface to this volume we learn that the production of such a work as this was a cherished project of La Farge's many years before the present volume was actually begun. Death, alas! intervened before the text could be subjected to the careful revision La Farge would have wished to bestow upon it. "Born and educated in the older faith of Christendom, he brought to his task not only the reverence of a believer, but also full knowledge of the widely different forms through which the life of Christ has been expressed by artists." Accompanying the text are eighty full-page reproductions in half-tone of some of the great masterpieces of religious painting.

An Illustrated Catalogue of the Second National Loan Exhibition, 1913–14: Woman and Child in Art. Compiled by FRANCIS HOWARD. (London: W. Heinemann.) £2 2*s.* net.—The National Loan Exhibitions of which the second, recently held at the Grosvenor Gallery, furnishes the subject-matter of this catalogue, have been organised with the praiseworthy object of creating a fund for the acquisition of contemporary British works for the National Collections, and the movement has been generously supported by owners of precious works of art, including members of the Royal family and many titled personages. The collection shown at the Grosvenor Gallery comprised one hundred and twenty-four items, and apart from the intrinsic interest of the individual works the assemblage as a whole was of peculiar value and importance as illustrating the diversity of methods employed by artists of various nationalities and periods in the treatment of subjects having the kinship implied by the title "Woman and Child." A description of each exhibited work is given in the catalogue, and accompanying the letterpress are no fewer than sixty full-page photogravure plates, so that besides being of considerable documentary value—for as things now are it is possible that many of the paintings gathered together on this occasion may some day pass into other hands and perhaps out of the country altogether—the volume is in a high degree attractive as a picture book.

Mary Cassatt: Un peintre des Enfants et des Mères. By ACHILLE SEGARD. (Paris: Librairie Ollendorff.) 5 francs.—Mons. Achille Segard is an art critic of very fine perception, and his valued contributions to the pages of THE STUDIO from time to time have served, we trust, to make his always illuminating writing appreciated in this country as well as in his native France. He has given us in this volume a very able and discriminating appreciation of the work of Miss Mary Cassatt. The now well known and widely admired art of this very interesting painter—American by birth, French by adoption—finds literary interpretation in the enthusiastic and sympathetic eulogies of M. Segard, whose text is illustrated by a number of half-tone reproductions of her beautiful paintings of women and children, always so full of style and so refined in technique. As frontispiece is reproduced a photograph of Miss Cassatt taken about a year ago —the first since very early days. The portraits of her made by Degas about the year 1879 and by Pissarro a little later have, it seems, been destroyed or lost sight of.

The sixth annual volume of *Art Prices Current*, containing the records of sales during the season 1912–13 (October to July), shows an increase in bulk to the extent of forty pages over the preceding volume, owing to the large number of etchings and engravings which came into the market, the indexes of these alone filling more than one hundred and thirty pages. As before, the sales are set forth in order of date and catalogue sequence, and these are followed by separate indexes for drawings, pictures, and engravings. In addition to the sales at Christie's, those at Messrs. Sotheby's and Messrs. Puttick and Simpson's have been laid under contribution. The volume has been carefully edited by Mr. G. Ingram Smyth, and is issued in a neat cloth binding at £1 1*s.* net by the Fine Art Trade Journal.

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THE LAY FIGURE: ON GOOD ACADEMIC ART, AND BAD.

"HAS any one ever attempted to explain what the term Academic Art actually means?" asked the Art Critic. "It is in general use among people who are in the habit of discussing art questions, but it seems to me that it is always very vaguely applied."

"Nonsense! Its meaning is perfectly clear," cried the Young Painter. "It is the recognised term for describing all art that is conventional and old-fashioned and that depends upon fixed rule rather than direct inspiration."

"Is there any kind of art that is not subject to some convention or some rule?" interposed the Man with the Red Tie. "A new fashion in art signifies merely the adoption of a new sort of convention."

"I am not prepared to admit that," replied the Young Painter; "because a new note in art is often a matter of personal expression, the inspiration of a master who refuses to be bound by ancient custom or to follow mechanically in the footsteps of his predecessors."

"But his personal expression is simply the convention that he creates or adapts for his own guidance," argued the Critic; "and when it is accepted and used by his followers, who lack the power to exercise any independent judgment, it becomes just as fixed and definite as any of the previously existing mannerisms."

"At any rate it has the merit of being a departure from what has gone before," asserted the Young Painter, "and that is something to be thankful for. It is unacademic by virtue of its personal quality."

"It seems to me that it is nothing of the sort," returned the Critic. "All art that is subject to the conventions of a school is academic and is limited in its range by a thoroughly well-defined code of rules and customs."

"And if you follow the rules of a school you must be academic," commented the Man with the Red Tie. "So the only alternatives are anarchy or academicism."

"That is about what it comes to," agreed the Critic, "if you look at academic art in a logical way."

"Then for heaven's sake let us have anarchy, if that way lies the only escape from academicism," exclaimed the Young Painter; "every one for himself!"

"That would be all right if every art worker were a really qualified master," said the Critic, "but the difficulty is that a great many artists can never be anything but followers and cannot help being academic in one way or another. Rules are a necessity because without them the man who lacked an independent personality would drift into hopeless inefficiency."

"Therefore academic art is one of the inevitables of existence, a thing we must always have with us," laughed the man with the Red Tie. "We must make the best of it."

"Exactly; now you have hit on the right view of things," broke in the Critic. "Academic art at its best is by no means to be despised, and it has a real mission in the art world."

"I cannot see what that can be," grumbled the Young Painter. "It must always, as it seems to me, stand in the way of progress and hamper the development of art. It must inevitably exercise a deadening influence in all the more important artistic activities."

"Not necessarily," replied the Critic. "Academic art at its worst, when it has sunk into the merely mechanical repetition of a certain formula, when it has ceased to make any appeal to the intelligence and has become dull, stupid, and stereotyped, is, I grant you, a pernicious thing. But there is no necessity for it to degenerate into anything so hopeless: there is no need for it to decay and to lose its vitality."

"Then why is it so often such a dead and useless thing?" asked the Young Painter. "Why do we see so little of it that counts as in any way important?"

"Because the followers of all schools are incurably ready to take the line of least resistance," returned the Critic, "and to substitute mere adherence to rule for the intelligent application of principles. At its best academic art maintains the great traditions on which all notable achievement is based, and keeps alive the essentials without which the personal expression of the artist cannot be made convincing. The greatest and most original master is inevitably academic, but you do not call him so because he has the intelligence and the power to apply the rules of his art in a way that you, not being like him, a genius, would never have thought of. You, who sit at his feet, accept his new reading of the ancient conventions and, as you are not really able to understand it or to grasp its spirit, set to work at once to make it commonplace and unmeaning. He thinks, you do not; that is the difference between you."

THE LAY FIGURE.

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RUSSIAN ART AND AMERICAN
BY W. G. PECKHAM

RUSSIA has more of her children in New York City than has any other nation. No Russian artist has a picture in New York's Art Museum. This is as if New York's Library had no Tolstoi in it. It is as if an encyclopædic collection of music should leave out Tchaikowsky, Rubinstein, Glinka, Musorgsky and Rimsky-Korsakow. In Russia the climate is dramatic. The climatic and racial conditions produce tragedy. Whether or not Orestes lived and suffered, there is no doubt that the children of Russia suffer and experience realities. There is in London a street through which great Oliver's corpse was dragged by the feet at the tail of a cart. There are places in Paris that call shrilly to us with some fiendish story. Every corner in Petersburg or Moscow has some gruesome remembrance. Here wicked von Plehve was recently blown to bits. This cathedral is built where they bombed a good czar. Who did it? Here Peter the Great drove his royal sister to insanity. Nearby on the Neva, lately, the mutinous fleet was to surround the royal yacht, and sink it, with the royal babies. The dungeons under the Neva mean necessary death.

Upheavals of nature produce developments in art. Shakespeare was the product of the same climacteric as were the men who defeated the Grand Armada. Murillo, Velasquez and their train were the fruit of the glory and agony of Spain, as much as were Ferdinand and Isabella and Torquemada of the Inquisition. Out of storm and stress rose likewise Milton, Dante, Michael Angelo and Goethe. Whether the First Cause for Russia is of a celestial or infernal origin, Russia has had elemental exaltations and repressions in the present generation. The emancipation of the serfs, the Nihilistic agitations, the colossal developments in manufacturing, and unhappy wars—all under dark heavens—have produced the musicians, and also Tolstoi, Turgeniev and Dostoievski. What have these people of their own in art and what do we offer them in lieu of their own? I speak not of La Farge, Abbey, Sargent and their peers, but of our popular exhibitions of art. Of our recent Academy Exhibition, the art critic of the *Times* says: "It seemed that painters of landscapes and their adjuncts, vegetable and animal, could see nothing but purple. There were purple meadows, purple trees, purple atmosphere, purple clouds, purple pigs, purple skies—even purple cows." An American painter, writing in Scribner's, speaks of an artist who said that all American colours were "impossible," and especially said of our autumn colours· "*Mon ami, je n'aime pas la nature dans ses robes de harlequin.*"

TOLSTOI BY ELIAS REPIN

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AFTER THE BATTLE BY VASNETZOFF

Purple cows are to the manner born in popular American art. What do we offer our Russians of foreign art? We offer largely the Cubists, the Futurists, the Secessionists. The founder of these painted two nude bathers, apparently not males, with their male escorts standing by on shore, still in bohemian full dress, coats and trousers. Gallery walls may be said to crawl when covered with the works of the Cubists. Raphael and Velasquez always painted as gentlemen. So do the great Russians. Some of the above paint as cads. Passing such in review, our Russians may best say, as with Dante in hell: "*Guarda e passa.*" Again, an artisan is not an artist. An artist nobly produces noble things. A Cubist might be, at best, an artisan. Neither can a great picture be a mathematical problem. If a picture be such, take heed lest it be *pons asinorum*. Walter Pater warns of "the stupidity which is dead to the substances, and the vulgarity which is dead to form." Exchange the two attributes.

PORTRAIT OF VON PLEHVE BY ELIAS REPIN

For freedom and peace with us, what have the Russians left at home? Great artists must have a great people behind them. A sage Japanese writes: "Without national fervour there is no true art." Also, Russia is the greatest, proudest and most serious of empires. Except with the moujiks, when they seek to drown care, frivolity is not known. To whistle would affront the holy images. And Russians, in their way, are patriotic, religious and highly educated—in large part.

The Tretiakoff Gallery in Moscow is for Russian art what the Prado is for Spanish art. In the Tretiakoff, the greater Vasnetzoff has noteworthy

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paintings. A Czar's son of ancient times loved a humble maiden against the wishes of his parents. A good fairy changed herself into a gray wolf and carried off the little couple to eternal happiness. The Vasnetzoff picture shows them galloping over the pond lilies and under the dogwood trees on the good wolf. The picture is perfection in romance and in painting as well. In these days, when people appreciate the *Nibelungen*, Vasnetzoff's pictures of ancient knights should be placed as highly with us as with the Russians. The knights are antique, rugged and noble—more so than one would believe who has not seen them. In the same gallery is a battlefield—when a fight is over. There is some terror in it, and some romance. A beautiful boy lies on his back, with his face to the sky; grim warriors are stoutly clutching one another in death; birds of prey are in the air, and the pretty flowers are still in bloom in the field. Vasnetzoff lives not very far from the Kremlin, in the city which perhaps has more food within its walls for its artists than any other city.

Elias Repin is the son of a Cossack soldier and of a school teacher in a far country village. Repin showed me in his studio a duplicate of Vasnetzoff's *Czarevitch and the Gray Wolf*, which was given to him by the artist as a wedding present. Repin's first painting was *Men Towing Barges*. His academic experience was lengthy, but casual, and it has been well said that it simply taught Repin something else than the Academy taught. For example, the men who tow have a horror in their faces such as has never been reproduced by any Academician. The men work as brutes; they are in agony from the torture of the toils. The bargees, old men, youths and boys, are grim and sweating as they all pull the ropes. They sing a melancholy song, and have the air of men without hope; some are sullen and some feeble. At the Academy in his youth, the professors, being a true faculty, had said: "You paint the god Odin, or paint nothing," and the students all left. Repin became the friend of Rubinstein, Tolstoi and a hundred leaders. These will be found to be the heart, head and hand of Russia in season. Rubinstein's *Tower of Babel*, with the hammers pounding stone, in a sad, barbaric rhythm, indicates the life of the people. As Homer depicted Priam and Paris, so Repin has done the great men of the greatest empire, cabinet ministers, great musicians, artists and writers. Rubinstein's portrait by Repin has thrilling effects of colour, and compelling vitality. Even those who would make the artist's path easy by excusing him from the

A RUSSIAN WEDDING BY MOSKOWSKI

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reproduction of thought, life or emotion can but admire Repin's work. His industry also entitles him to his rank. He made one hundred sketches for the Cossacks, and painted three duplicates of it. He tells the nature of the Cossacks as effectively as his friend Tolstoi. Remorse he paints adequately. Women have fainted at the sight of his pictures. Ganz says, in "Russia of To-day": "A youth of barely twenty-four had at one leap placed himself at the head." "Repin may be compared, as a portrait painter, with the very foremost artists of all times." Our best critic says of one of Repin's pictures: "It challenges comparison with the grim Spaniards at their best." Muther praises his work. There is little of the "purple," or the artificial, in Russian creations, and this year a spectator was so affected by Repin's painting of Ivan that he could not refrain from drawing his knife and slashing the picture. The dramatic has its value in painting, as the old ditty puts it:

> Of the soul the body form doth take—
> Soul is form, and doth the body make.

Repin paints processions. Five hundred churches they say there are in Moscow. Every day you see processions. Men bear sacred images. Burly priests chant deeply and sonorously, and they wear rich-coloured robes. Cripples, invalids, children, pious old women and ladies with their servants lead the way. There are office-holders, peasants, banners—and on the edges the police knouting the pious in truly Russian fashion. The pilgrims sing hoarsely, as with dust in their throats. In *The Return from Siberia* the returned prisoner has a limp in his feet that comes from having worn chains. His body is broken—something has given way. Nobody recognizes him except his mother. His wife is in a mild flutter; his children do not know him and are amused at such a helpless creature. The half glimmer in his eye is the spark in a man who can suffer no more. Again, take the picture of Sophia, the Czar Peter's sister, in her dungeon. Her eyes are almost coming out as she sees her friends in process of execution, according to the arrangement of her illustrious brother. You realize that she is becoming deranged before your eyes. Is there anything in all art more sombre than the picture of Peter's prime minister and his daughters in Siberia? The monotony and savageness of it are in every face, and in the snow without. Again, there is a quiet humour in the expression on the Countess Tolstoi's face, as she smiles at the superior raging of her husband. The coldest critics say of Repin's *Ivan:* "Titian's colours." There is a barbaric splendour in the colour. But why mention Titian, when you have a drama such as Titian never dreamed of? The horror of it makes people cry. There is no unattained striving. Fit neutral tones are in other pictures. Repin calmly portrays the features of such few Russians as are calm; witness the portrait of Rimsky-Korsakow. Look, and you will see that there is a quality of repose, character and personality. Also, Repin has humour, on occasion. Not since Sir John Falstaff has there been depicted such physical humour as you can see in the Cossack soldiers. Each is possessed of a superior joke. They are answering the Sultan's threatening letter, by telling him that they are overwhelmed by his absurdities, and that they propose to call in Constantinople and steal the sultanas. Great Russians are merely grim. Repin comes nearer to being complete, because he has humour

Gallery of W. G. Peckham

IVAN THE TERRIBLE BY MICHAEL PANIN

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IVAN THE TERRIBLE AFTER HE KILLS HIS SON BY ELIAS REPIN

as well. Repin's various Tolstois show work and convincing detail. One, of the half-blind, aged Tolstoi, standing under a flowering tree and holding up his hands, seems to implore God to help Russia. People were so moved by the picture that the police ordered its removal. Repin painted von Plehve showing only his back. That seems to mean that the face would not bear looking at. Is it not a quiet joke? Repin's own photograph is worth considering. One sees in it humanity and appreciation. In Repin's studio, at Cokola in Finland, hangs a great marine picture, *Cossack Pirates*. When the world sees it the judgment may be that it is the greatest picture of our times.

At the time of the St. Louis Exposition Repin and some of the minor Russian artists sent pictures to the Exposition. The pictures were unfortunately consigned to a party named, I believe, Greenwald. After many adventures and after repeated extensions of time from our Government, the pictures were finally sold for tariff duties in San Francisco. Under the law, and perhaps on account of the nature of the consignment, our Government was legally blameless; but it seemed strange to Europeans that we could invite a consignment of pictures for exhibition purposes and then sell them for duty. In spite of the following letter, Repin was most courteous to the writer of the article. Repin is a vegetarian and our cab driver remarked, "He lives on hay soup."

11 October, 1913.
KUOKKALA, PENATY.

Dear Sir—The portrait of Plehve is in the hands of his family. I have no photograph thereof and I do not know Mme. Plehve's address. *Tolstoi Under the Tree* is in Moscow, in the gallery of I. E. Tzvetkow (near the Church of the Saviour). There is no photograph. Rubinstein's portrait is in my hands, but it is being changed and quite unfit for being photographed. *Cossack Pirates* also is not yet finished and no photograph can be taken.

Several years ago a great number of Russian artists were quite ruined by the American duties on pictures (I, myself, lost a picture which was worth over 3,000 rubles). After such a lesson I promised myself not to enter into any connections with Americans in regard to art and artists.

Yours truly,
(Signed) I. REPIN.

In the 27th chapter of "The Resurrection," Tolstoi speaks with friendly intimacy of Repin. One of the impressive things in Russia is the close friendship between the great leaders. Take Tolstoi, Repin and Rubinstein, for example—and a number of others. Indeed, while the church is often antagonistic, Russian piety, the arts in Russia and Russian friendship are strong bonds.

Of Makowski, it need only be said that he alone of all the great Russians seems to have fallen back into French frivolity. Makowski is less convincing. He makes lively pictures of Russian men and women. Look at the bashful bride, her comfortable mother, the ardent lover and guests made jolly with wine.

There are great paintings by Surikoff.

In the Cathedral at Kronstadt a very handsome young Russian named Michael Panin is now doing some strong work. Panin's *Ivan* here reproduced shows the terrible Czar coming out of the Kremlin. The horse behind him snorts in fear. Graybeards bend their foreheads down to the snow in terror. The painting is meritorious in colour and drawing.

THREE ANCIENT KNIGHTS BY VASNETZOFF

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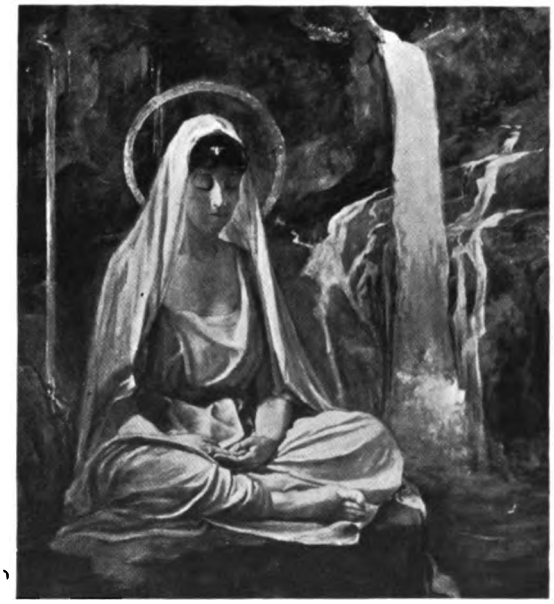
Courtesy The Ehrich Galleries

EARLIEST CHRISTIAN PAINTING KNOWN

IN THE GALLERIES

With the arrival of spring, and with the Carnegie Institute in full swing, the galleries are making their last appeal, while the dealers are busy preparing for their customary departure for Europe. In a measure it is a good time to see pictures, for there is no crowding and the visitor has a better opportunity to enjoy such spectacles as are offered.



Courtesy The Macbeth Galleries

BY JOHN LA FARGE

KWAUNON MEDITATING ON HUMAN LIFE

The Macbeth Gallery has filled its upper and lower galleries with exhibits by fifty American artists, mostly represented by a single canvas, some by two or even three. Some of these pictures are old friends that we have seen at the Academy, such as Frieseke's *La Poudreuse*, representing a cherry-lipped maiden at the toilette table, putting the finishing touches to a well-composed complexion. A better picture by the same artist is *On the Beach*. A young girl walking along beneath a sheltering sunshade is well painted and thoroughly related with the scene; atmosphere and rendering of draperies make it a very pleasing subject. Emil Carlsen's *Venice*, Ben Foster's *Evening on the Hillside*, Richard Miller's nude, Prendergast's curious *Seashore* are old friends to those who visit the current exhibitions at the Academy and elsewhere. *November Haze* demands attention. Carrol Brown's work is very beautiful, but in regarding the little worlds contained in his frames one is reminded of Rousseau's effort to introduce everything that he could gather of the infinite facts facing him. One feels that he is over-conscientious and could have obtained better results with less work. Still, his colour and brushwork have arresting quality.

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There is poetry in his pictures; you feel that he approaches nature with veneration in his heart and a copy of Wordsworth in his pocket. And that is how every landscapist should regard nature if he will wrest her innermost secrets from her.

Max Bohm shows a rustic courtship, entitled *The Lovers;* John Carlson has two strong scenes—*Wintry Brook* and *Open Meadows;* Charles H. Davis has three good canvases, especially *On the West Wind;* Robert Henri presents *Bridget* in the same red robes, stroke for stroke, as *Thomas* at the Pittsburgh Exhibition, but altogether a better performance. W. W. Gilchrist is well represented with *Girl Sewing*, a popular subject shared by Olinsky and others.

One of our illustrations is a water colour by Carlton C. Fowler, who recently exhibited with success at the Braus Galleries, 717 Fifth Avenue. Mr. Fowler is a young New Yorker who, like all good Americans, went to Paris, where he studied under Julien and Caro-Delvaille. He works in oil and water-colour with equal facility, and it is worthy of mention that his father published the first art magazine of any consequence in America, the *Aldine*. The Fowler Exhibition made way for an exhibition of sporting prints, of cock-fighting, hunting and racing. Many of the prints, besides being very interesting, are most rare.

DOORWAY, ROBERT BROWNING PALACE, VENICE — BY CARLTON C. FOWLER

The Ehrich Brothers believe in variety, and their new Galleries have given many interesting displays this season, culminating in an Egyptian Art Exhibition, where the Galleries have assumed the character of a veritable museum, and are full of pottery, pilgrim bottles, panel paintings, and beads, vases and scarabs. The painting reproduced here is on cloth and the figures of Sts. Gabriel, Michael and Raphael have been put on with wax pigments, date about A.D. 600.

Recently was held at the Braun Galleries a very interesting exhibition of the work of Marcel Lejeune, in different media. This young Frenchman has very original ideas in decoration, his costume designing being quite on a par with the work of Léon Bakst.

Mr. Henry Clews, Jr., is once more exhibiting at Gimpel & Wildenstein's Galleries, and it cannot be said that his taste for the *macabre* in art and his red-rag feeling toward the critics have in any wise abated. He dedicates to them a bronze, *The Blind*, and hopes that some of them may see it.

At the Galleries of Henry Reinhardt is also a truly American exhibition by thirty-seven artists,

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Courtesy Maison Braun et Cie.

DESIGN — BY MARCEL LEJEUNE

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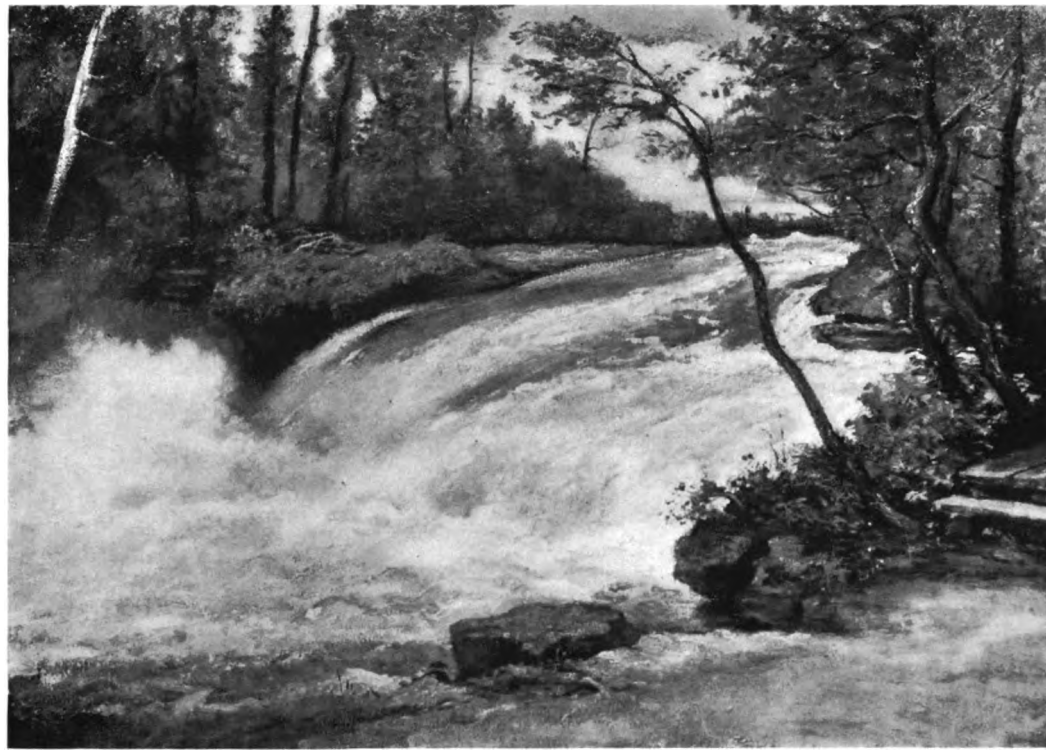
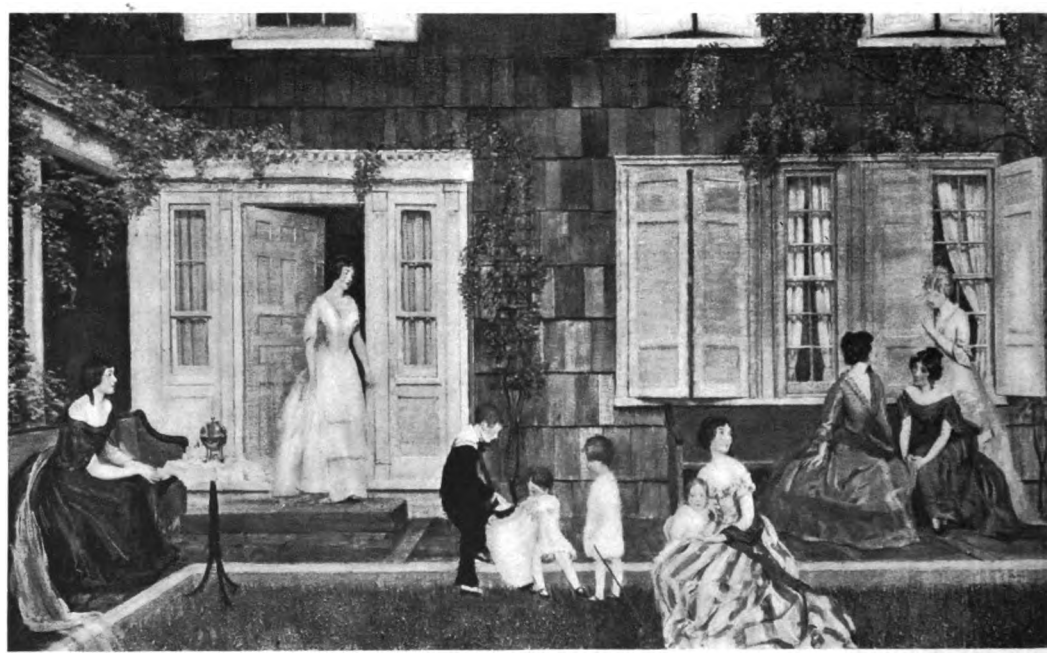


Courtesy The Macbeth Galleries
WATERFALL

BY WINSLOW HOMER

with a picture apiece. Especially worthy of notice are Emil Carlsen's *Old Sycamore*, whose white limbs extend appealingly to a storm-laden sky with fine effect; W. M. Chase's *Friendly Advice*, two women in earnest conversation in a handsome boudoir, painted with splendid dash and observation; a good Bruges scene by Ossip Linde and a fine snow effect by F. K. M. Rehn.



National Academy of Design, Spring Exhibition
AFTER SUPPER

BY CHARLES BITTINGER

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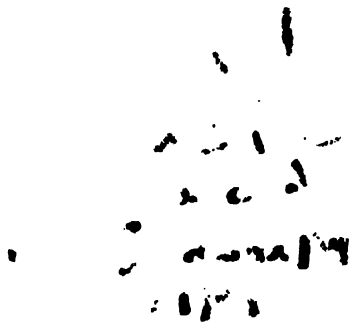

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